★ May 19, 1945

THE NEW YORKER

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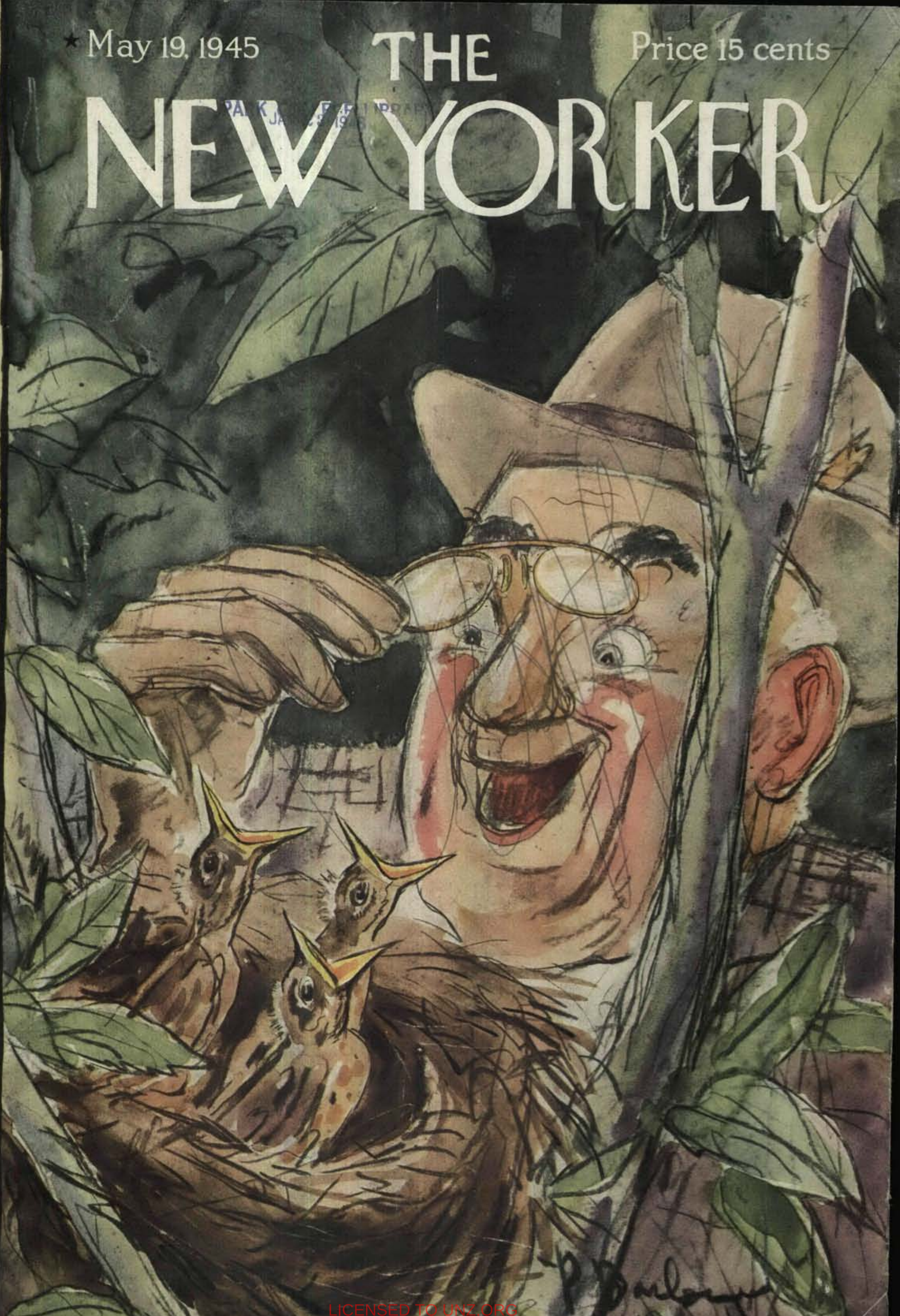

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Some things just naturally go together! A little table, a friendly lamp, the night-blooming perfection of the gardenia . . . And, of course, warm friends to enjoy the Particularly Mellow flavor of PM de Luxe in Manhattan, Old-Fashioned or Highball! *What's to prevent a Pleasant Moment from becoming a Perfect Memory?*

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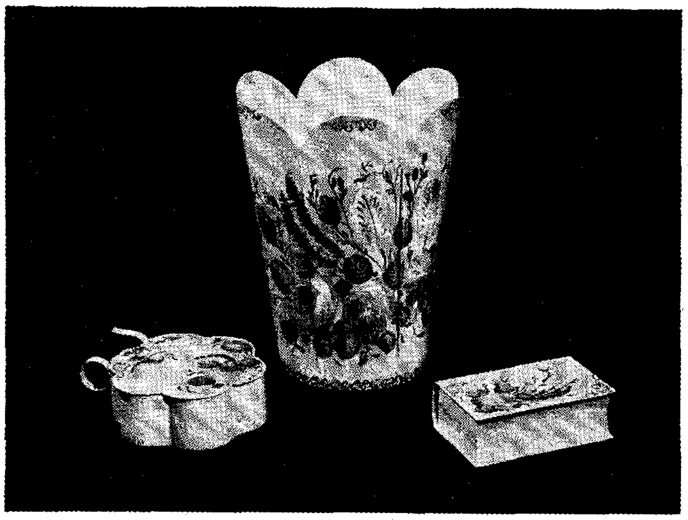

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Antique ivory or black, bright with hand-painted flowers
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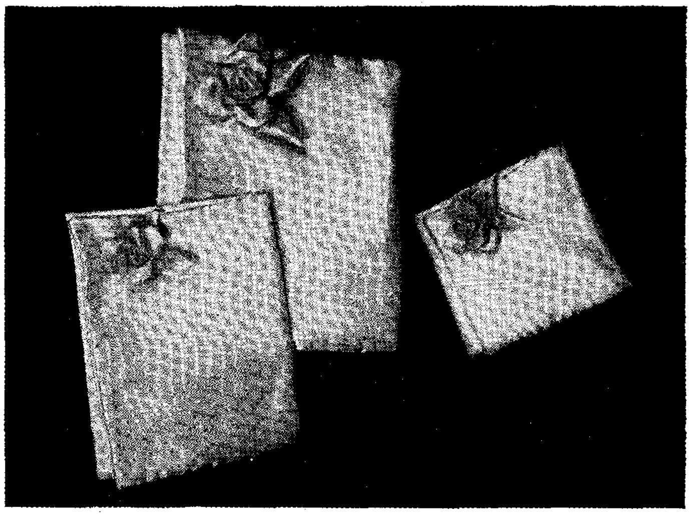
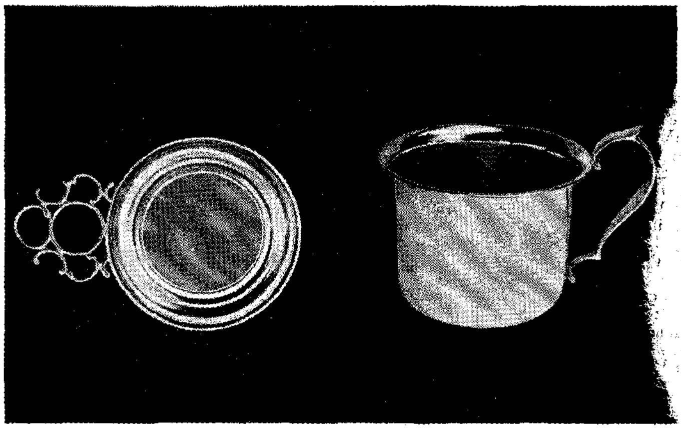
Waste basket, 11¾" high, in ivory, $24; in black, $21.50
Silent butler in ivory, $9.50; in black, $8
Cigarette box in ivory, $9.50; in black, $8



Proud Order

— a place for everything and everything in
its place. 3-piece lingerie set, peach or blue
rayon satin lined with white. Largest size 13"x15½".
$18 the set



For His (or Her) Royal Highness

Sterling silver milk cup. $20.40 including 20%
Federal excise tax. Companion piece—
sterling silver porridge bowl. $21 including 20% Federal
excise tax. Engraved initials, $1.50

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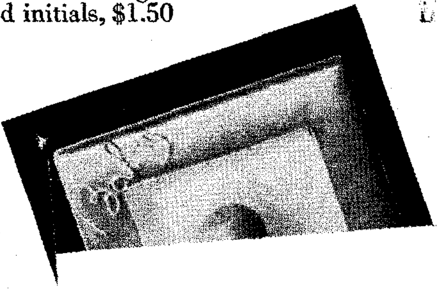

ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK

BERGDORF GOODMAN

5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

"Appalachian Spring," and "Deaths and Entrances," Fri. Eve., May 18. . . . "Mysterious Adventure," "Appalachian Spring," and "Every Soul Is a Circus," Sat. Aft., May 19. . . . "Letter to the World," "Herodiade," and "Appalachian Spring," Sat. Eve., May 19. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Eves. at 8:20. Mat. at 2:30.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(Some places where you will find dance music and/or other entertainment, once more until 3 or 4 A.M., except in the hotels, which are closing between midnight and one A.M. Several of them are closed or have fill-in performers on Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings. Fifty-second Street, at the moment, is apt to be pot luck, for entertainers seem to come and go on ten minutes' notice or less.)

Ambassador Garden, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Jules Lande's orchestra playing its polite dance music in this cool and subterranean summerhouse.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Grade-A merriment by Jimmy Savo, dances by Beatrice Kraft, and slightly overwrought music by Phil Moore's orchestra.

Café Society Downtown, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—This timeless cavern has Imogene Coca and her cantankerous comedy, Josh White and his guitar, jazz piano by Mary Lou Williams and Cliff Jackson, and fervent music by Edmond Hall's orchestra.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Here the dress-for-dinner contingent is making its last, desperate stand. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band. Tea dancing Sat. and Sun.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—For an ornate but pleasant dinner or supper to the chipper dance music of Eddie Davis's and Gil Murray's orchestras.

Monte Carlo, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—One of our largest and most luxurious tropics, fitted out mostl with a

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MAY 17, THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 26.

which includes Slam Stewart, Red Norvo, and Teddy Wilson at work in very odd surroundings. . . . **copacabana,** 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060): Xavier Cugat's orchestra and a show of sorts in which the biggest noise is Georgie Price. Upstairs in the Cabana Room, Joel Herron's orchestra. . . . **astor roof,** B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): large, cool, and full of helter-skelter young people, egged on by Sammy Kaye's orchestra. . . . **biltmore,** Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920): Ray Benson's orchestra. . . . **essex house,** 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Stan Keller's orchestra. . . . **lincoln,** 8 Ave. at 44 (CI 6-4500): Erskine Hawkins' orchestra. . . . **madison,** 15 E. 58 (VO 5-5000): Jerry Lloyd's orchestra (to be replaced by Bob Knight's on Sat., May 19). . . . **new yorker hotel,** 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Sonny Dunham's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **pennsylvania,** 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Glen Gray's orchestra. . . . **roosevelt,** Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Eddie Stone's and Walter Perner's orchestras.

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Mostly for Music—No dancing, unless otherwise indicated—At **nick's,** 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2-6683): classic welkin ringing by Pee Wee Russell, Miff Mole, Muggsy Spanier, and their compatriots. . . . **village vanguard,** 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): just a small hole in the ground, nicely fitted out with Art Hodes' trio, with Max Kaminsky as trumpet and Fred Moore as drummer; Don Frye as solo pianist; the Lion and his Calypso songs; dancing. . . . **downbeat,** 66 W. 52 (EL 5-9511): Sidney Catlett and his new band, Al Casey and his new trio; dancing. . . . **onyx,** 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): Stuff Smith and Ben Webster now collaborating in a new band; also, Hot Lips
puffing, and occasionally blowing
jimmy ryan's, 53 W. 52 (EL
hich includes Danny Alvin
ancing. . . . **three deuces,** 72
Dizzy Gillespie, Don Byas,
band of their own.

RT

ng a wholly new style, in
ere in four years: Associ-
, 711 5 Ave., at 55. Week-
through Sat., May 26.
ent oils: Artist Associates,
11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun.,
May 31.
tive paintings and a mural,
Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Daily
; through Sat., May 19.
rn Parkway—The develop-
in America, with emphasis
ow Homer. Weekdays 10
to 5 P.M.; through June 17.
tist's work from 1922 to
ican Place, 509 Madison,
M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6
17.
, in his first real try at this
paintings: Julien Levy, 42 E.
10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through

llo and Vlaminck: Niveau, 63 E. 57.
10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 30.
o—Landscapes, portraits, and Biblical
: Ferargil, 63 E. 57. Thurs., May 17,
:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.
ollection, 1 E. 70—The pictures and other
treasures which have been in safekeeping
e the beginning of the war are now back in
Museum. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to
P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

Oronzo Gasparo—Pseudo-naïve paintings with firm and intricate patterns: Levitt, 16 W. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 26.

Paul Gauguin—Woodcuts and a few paintings: Klee-
Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30

. . . **durlacher,** 11 E. 57: old and modern paintings and drawings. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through July 31. . . . **downtown,** 43 E. 51: new painting and sculpture by John Marin, Bernard Karfiol, William Zorach, and others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 26. . . . **salmagundi club,** 47 5 Ave., at 12: the seventy-fifth anniversary show. Weekdays 12:30 to 6 P.M. (also Tues. through Thurs. Eves., 8 to 10); Sun., 2:30 to 6 P.M.; through May 29. . . . **rehn,** 683 5 Ave., at 54: Edward Hopper, Reginald Marsh, and many others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through June 2. . . . **passedoit,** 121 E. 57: paintings and sculpture by B.J.O. Nordfeldt, José de Creeft, and others of this group. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through June 30. . . . **brandt,** 15 E. 57: Hedda Sterne, John Graham, David Hill, and Theodoros Stamos. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 29. . . . **international print society,** 38 W. 57: a spring show of American painting and sculpture, with Adolph Dehn, Hugo Robus, and others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 26. . . . **milch,** 108 W. 57: Americans of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, including Winslow Homer and Thomas Eakins. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through June 15. . . . **macbeth,** 11 E. 57: oils and water colors by contemporary American artists. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through June 29.

Randolph Johnston—Sculpture: Clay Club, 4 W. 8. Mon. through Fri., 2 to 5 and 7 to 10 P.M.; Sat., 2 to 5 P.M.; through May 31.

Earl Kerkam—New oils: Bonestell, 18 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 26.

Bernard Lamotte—Water colors and drawings of France: Carstairs, 11 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 19.

Max Liebermann—A large private collection of graphic art by the German Impressionist: St. Etienne, 46 W. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., May 19.

Guy Maccoy and Bernard Steffen—Gouaches, water colors, and serigraphs: Weyhe, 794 Lexington, at 61. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through June 2.

Luis Martínez-Pedro—Drawings, concerned mainly with West Indian myths, by the Cuban artist: Perls, 32 E. 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 26.

Molla—Water colors and gouaches, blending the archaic with the abstract: Pinacotheca, 20 W. 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Wed., May 23.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—A retrospective show of Georges Rouault. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through June 3.

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54—A Kandinsky memorial show, containing over two hundred of his paintings. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through May 31.

National Academy of Design, 1083 5 Ave., at 89—The annual show of the National Association of Women Artists. Daily 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sat., May 19.

Photography—At the **american museum of natural history,** Central Pk. W. at 79: the annual show of the Pictorial Photographers of America. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sun., May 20. . . . **museum of modern art,** 11 W. 53: prints by Paul Strand, from his early abstractions and candid photographs to his recent series on Vermont. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through June 10.

Edmund Quincy—French and American city scenes: Contemporary Arts, 106 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Mon. Eve., 8:30 to 11); Sun., 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through May 28.

Doris Rosenthal—Paintings of Guatemala: Midtown, 605 Madison, at 58. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 19.

Josef Scharl—Recent oils, gouaches, and drawings: Nierendorf, 53 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 19.

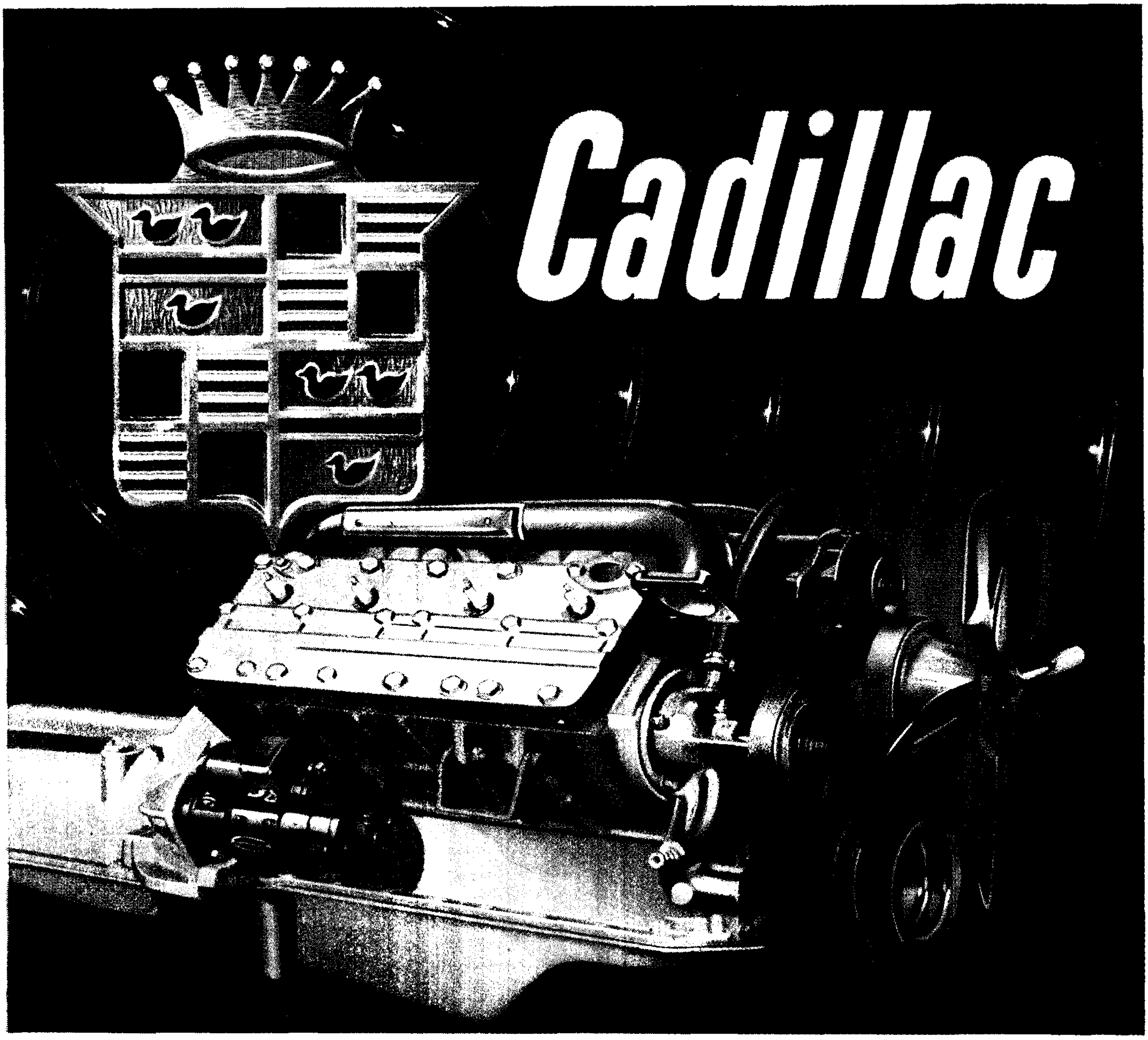
The Steigs—Paintings, sculpture, and drawings by seven members of the family, including William, and photographs by an eighth: New Art Circle, 41 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 19.

s Tanguy—Sixteen new paintings: Matisse, 41 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through June 2.

MUSIC

erican Youth Orchestra—Conducted by Dean Dixon; soloist, Regina Resnik, soprano. Fri., May 18, at 8:45 P.M. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460.)

n Carlo Opera Company—"Rigoletto," Thurs. Eve., May 17. . . . "Aïda," Fri. Eve., May 18. . . . "Faust," Sat. Aft., May 19. . . . "Il Trovatore," Sat. Eve., May 19. . . . "La Bohème," Sun. Aft., May 20. . . . "La Traviata," Sun. Eve., May 20. . . . "Lucia di Lammermoor," Mon. Eve., May 21. . . . "Lohengrin," Tues. Eve., May 22. . . . "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," Wed. Eve., May 23. . . . "Carmen," Thurs. Eve., May 24. . . . "Rigoletto," Fri. Eve., May 25. . . .



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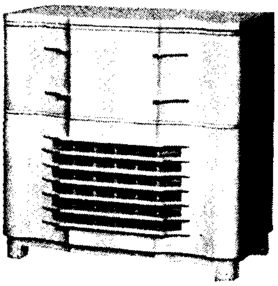

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THE FARNSWORTH

FARNSWORTH TELEVISION & RADIO CORPORATION

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

"La Traviata," Sat. Aft., May 26. . . . "Aïda," Sat. Eve., May 26. (Center Theatre, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Eves. at 8:20. Mats. Sat. at 2:30 and Sun. at 2:45.)

GINA PINNERA—Soprano. Thurs., May 17, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460.)

FRENCH CONCERTS—Romolo de Spirito, tenor; Yvonne de Casa Fuerte, violin; and others; in a program of old and contemporary chamber music. Tues., May 22, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall. BR 9-9447.) . . . Robert and Gaby Casadesus, piano; Zino Francescatti, violin; Martial Singher, baritone; and the Guilet String Quartet; in a program for the benefit of American Relief for France. Fri., May 25, at 9 P.M. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. For tickets, call PL 3-4571.)

SPORTS

RED CROSS BENEFIT—Joe McCarthy, Byron Nelson, and other sports celebrities, as well as stage and screen stars, in a three-hour variety show. Fri., May 25, at 8 P.M. (Waldorf-Astoria. For tickets, call BR 9-2104.)

BASEBALL—At the POLO GROUNDS: Giants vs. Chicago, Thurs., May 17, at 2:30 P.M.; Giants vs. Pittsburgh, Fri. and Sat., May 18-19, at 2:30 P.M., and Sun., May 20, at 2 P.M. . . . YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Chicago, Wed. through Sat., May 23-26, at 2:30 P.M. . . . EBBETS FIELD: Dodgers vs. Pittsburgh, Thurs., May 17, at 2:30 P.M.; Dodgers vs. Chicago, Fri., May 18, at 8:30 P.M., Sat., May 19, at 2:30 P.M., and Sun., May 20 (doubleheader), at 2:05 P.M.; Dodgers vs. St. Louis, Mon., May 21, at 8:30 P.M.

RACING—Weekdays at Jamaica, at 1:30 P.M., through June 2. (Paumonok Handicap, May 24; The Excelsior, May 26.) Frequent trains leave Penn Station Mon. through Fri. between 11:25 A.M. and 1:20 P.M., and Sat. between 10:45 A.M. and 1:25 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

WARTIME EXHIBITIONS—At the CHRYSLER BLDG., 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection of United States Army combat vehicles, artillery, bombs, rockets, and small arms, as well as equipment captured from the Germans and Japanese; also, weekdays from 12 noon to 5:45 P.M., continuous showings of recent War Department films. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. . . . MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY, R.C.A. Bldg., 1250 6 Ave., at 49: a large collection of naval aviation training equipment, including the Norden bombsight and the "Gunairstructor," a device in which the conditions and problems of air combat are simulated. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through May 31. . . . NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, Central Pk. W. at 76: military miscellany—firearms, swords, flags, even diaries—dating from the French and Indian wars through the first World War. Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; other days, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.M.; through July 31.

FLOWER SHOWS—At the NEW YORK BOTANICAL GARDEN, Bronx Pk.: twenty acres of azaleas, hawthorns, and other spring blooms, with, through Sun., May 20, a miniature railway to take you around. . . . HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, 598 Madison, at 57 (16th floor): rock gardens and cut spring flowers. Thurs., May 17, from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.

CIRCUS—The history of the circus in America since 1797, shown in posters and handbills: New York Historical Society, Central Pk. W. at 76. Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; other days, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.M.; through May 30.

COSTUMES—At the METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, 5 Ave. at 82: a large exhibition of imperial robes from the Manchu court of China; also, fabrics by modern designers, inspired by art objects in the Museum. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through June 10. . . . COSTUME INSTITUTE, 18 E. 50: hats and headdresses of the seventeenth century to the early twentieth century, in the museum which has recently been made a branch of the Metropolitan. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through June 30.

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MAY 17, THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 26.

Yasuo Kuniyoshi, and Rockwell Kent, in a sale sponsored by the Artists League of America: Wed., May 23, at 7:30 P.M.

NOTE—The annual flower sale sponsored by the Outdoor Cleanliness Association will be held on the steps of St. Patrick's Cathedral on Wed., May 23 (or, in case of rain, on the following day), from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

ON THE AIR

STATE DEPARTMENT—Archibald MacLeish, James C. Dunn, and Hamilton Fish Armstrong, in the thirteenth in a series of discussions of our international policy; broadcast from San Francisco, Sat., May 19, at 7 P.M., WEAF.

MUSIC—Philharmonic-Symphony, Bruno Walter conducting, Sun., May 20, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . Rochester Symphony Orchestra, Howard Hanson conducting, Sat., May 19 and 26, at 3 P.M., WEAF. . . . A symphony orchestra, conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham, Sat., May 19, at 4 P.M., WJZ. . . . Duke Ellington and his orchestra, Sat., May 19 and 26, at 5 P.M., WJZ. . . . San Carlo Opera Company: "La Traviata," Sun., May 20, at 8:30 P.M.; "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," Wed., May 23, at 8:40 P.M.; WNYC. . . . Budapest String Quartet, Sun., May 20, at 6:05 P.M., WQXR.

NEWS COMMENTATORS—Cecil Brown, Mon., Wed., and Fri., at 8 P.M., WOR. . . . Janet Flanner (from Paris), Tues. at 4:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . George Hicks (from Europe), Sun. at 1:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Quincy Howe, nightly, except Thurs. and Sun., at 6 P.M., WABC. . . . Frank Kingdon, Tues. through Sat. at 10:30 P.M., WMCA. . . . Max Lerner, Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR. . . . Edgar Ansel Mowrer, Sun. at 7:30 P.M., WMCA. . . . Edward R. Murrow (from London), Sun. at 1:45 P.M., WABC. . . . Paul Schubert, Mon. through Fri. at 6 P.M., WOR. . . . Cesar Saerchinger, Sun. at 11:15 P.M., WEAF. . . . Lisa Sergio, Mon. through Fri. at 7 P.M., WQXR. . . . William L. Shirer, Sun. at 5:45 P.M., WABC. . . . Johannes Steel, Mon. through Fri. at 7:45 P.M., WHN. . . . Leland Stowe, Sat. at 7:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Raymond Swing, Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Dorothy Thompson (from Europe), Sun. at 9:45 P.M., WOR.

MOTION PICTURES

COLONEL BLIMP—Very touching and quite dramatic story about the life of a professional British soldier. Roger Livesey represents the spirit of the Empire. (Gotham, B'way at 47; through Thurs., May 24.)

THE CORN IS GREEN—Bette Davis in the part once performed by Ethel Barrymore on Broadway. Miss Davis seems slightly implausible and so does the picture. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

DOUBLE INDEMNITY—Violent and fairly relentless murder story, with Fred MacMurray, Barbara Stanwyck, and Edward G. Robinson. Based on the novel by James Cain. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Thurs., May 18-24.)

GUEST IN THE HOUSE—A very sensible adaption of the Broadway play about an erratic girl who almost breaks up a happy family. With Anne Baxter and Ralph Bellamy. (State, B'way at 45; through Wed., May 23.)

MEET ME IN ST. LOUIS—An adaptation of Sally Benson's stories of her childhood that could hardly be better. Judy Garland is very grownup and decorative in the principal part, and the songs are nice, too. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Thurs., May 17.)

THE SILVER FLEET—First-class British film about a Dutch [illegible] staged his own shipyard [illegible] Rich- [illegible]

bination of Donald Duck, Fantasia, and the Ziegfeld Follies. One of the great man's mistakes. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Fri., May 18. . . . Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; Fri. through Sun., May 18-20. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Fri. through Mon., May 18-21. . . . Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Tues. through Thurs., May 22-24.)

REVIVALS

THE ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER (1938)—Tommy Kelly and May Robson as Tom and Aunt Polly. (Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; Wed., May 23.)

BRINGING UP BABY (1938)—With Katharine Hepburn (a rich girl), Cary Grant (a scientist), and two leopards. (Alden, B'way at 67; Tues. and Wed., May 22-23.)

CARNIVAL IN FLANDERS (1936)—Sly doings in a medieval Flemish town. In French, with Louis Jouvet. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; through Tues., May 22.)

DESIRE (1936)—Stolen pearls, Spain, Marlene Dietrich, and Gary Cooper. (Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; Mon. and Tues., May 21-22.)

GRAND ILLUSION (1938)—German prisons in the first World War. In French, with Erich von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; through Tues., May 22.)

THE INFORMER (1935)—Dublin and the revolution. Victor McLaglen. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Fri., May 25.)

KITTY FOYLE (1941)—Ginger Rogers as Christopher Morley's white-collar girl. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., May 17.)

LAURA (1944)—Clifton Webb, Gene Tierney, and Dana Andrews pretty deeply involved in murder. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Thurs., May 18-24.)

NAUGHTY MARIETTA (1935)—The Victor Herbert operetta, with Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; through Sat., May 19. . . . Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; Mon. and Tues., May 21-22. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Mon. through Wed., May 21-23. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Mon. through Thurs., May 21-24. . . . Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Wed. through Sat., May 23-26.)

THE PRISONER OF ZENDA (1937)—Madeleine Carroll, Ronald Colman, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; Wed., May 23.)

SAHARA (1943)—Humphrey Bogart in an all-male movie about the North African campaign. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., May 17. . . . Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Sun. and Mon., May 20-21.)

SHALL WE DANCE? (1937)—One of the Astaire-Rogers series, this time with Gershwin music. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Fri., May 25.)

STANDING ROOM ONLY (1944)—The housing shortage in Washington. Paulette Goddard and Fred MacMurray. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., May 17.)

THEY WERE FIVE (1938)—About a lottery and a country inn. In French, with Jean Gabin. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55.)

THUNDER ROCK (1944)—The dreams of a disillusioned journalist in a Lake Michigan lighthouse. With Michael Redgrave and Barbara Mullen. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Fri. through Wed., May 18-23. . . . Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Tues. through Thurs., May 22-24.)

TOPPER (1937)—Thorne Smith's novel. Constance Bennett, Cary Grant, Billie Burke, and Roland Young. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., May 17.)

TRUE TO LIFE (1943)—A comedy about love and radio. With Mary Martin, Franchot Tone, and Dick Powell. (Normandie, Park at 53; Wed. and Thurs., May 23-24.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing old films on the following schedule. Unless otherwise noted, showings will be weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M.—THURS., MAY 17: "The Salvation Hunters" (1925), directed by Josef von Sternberg. . . . FRI. THROUGH SUN., MAY 18-20: "Metropolis" (1926), German film, directed by Fritz Lang

RK-RE
FOR RENT
Frank BEAVEN

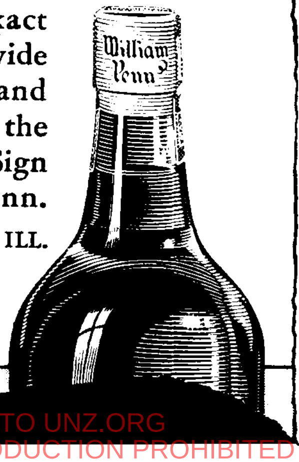
"It's rented to him. He just gave the superintendent a bottle of William Penn!"

POPULAR since 1898, William Penn Blended Whiskey owes its superior flavor to *"high-point blending."* ★ ★ ★ This means that William Penn is blended at the exact point where fine base whiskeys provide the maximum of full rich taste, and softened neutral spirits contribute the ultimate in mellowness. ★ ★ ★ Sign up for enjoyment with William Penn.

GOODERHAM & WORTS LTD., PEORIA, ILL.

Blended Whiskey, 86 proof
65% grain neutral spirits

MILLIONS SAY "WH



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

women to work as much time as they can spare as sorters or canvassers for the United National Clothing Collection; men and women to work for the wastepaper drive, acting as liaison agents between tenants and managers of apartment buildings and hotels. . . . **RED CROSS,** 315 Lexington, at 38 (MU 4-4455): women to take a forty-six-hour training course and then work four daytime hours a week as dietitians' aides in hospitals; women to take an eighty-hour course and then work at least two full days each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc. . . . **AMERICAN WOMEN'S VOLUNTARY SERVICES,** 16 E. 66 (RE 4-6050): women to work three to five hours a day, several days a week, preparing refreshments for service men's clubs; women who can pass a driver's test and then, after completing a course in mechanics and first aid, work two sessions a week, day or evening, in the Motor Transport Service, driving for the Armed Forces and government agencies. (For Motor Transport work, apply at 17 E. 67. RE 7-3700.) . . . **UNITED HOSPITAL FUND,** 370 Lexington, at 41 (CA 5-7150): men to work about six hours a week, day or evening, as orderlies in hospital wards; women to work in hospitals at least six hours a week, during the day, as aides in clinics, wards, offices, and diet kitchens, or as receptionists from 7 to 8:45 A.M. . . . **AMERICAN WOMEN'S HOSPITALS RESERVE CORPS,** 817 Madison, at 68 (RE 7-0100): women to work several hours a week, preferably during the day, as drivers for the Motor Corps; women to work at least one full day each week as receptionists in veterans' rehabilitation centers.

NOTE—The War Manpower Commission is recruiting volunteers for the U.S. Crop Corps, to harvest fruit and vegetable crops and to work in canneries during the summer. Applications can be made at the Farm Section of the U.S. Employment Service, 44 E. 23 (AL 4-8500).

SEVENTH WAR LOAN DRIVE—The War Bond campaign is on, and the A.W.V.S., 16 E. 66 (RE 4-6050), and the C.D.V.O., 1 E. 44 (MU 2-4310), are recruiting volunteers who can work one or two afternoons or evenings a week canvassing or doing clerical work in connection with the drive.

SALVAGE—Wastepaper, which is vitally needed, and food cans should be kept separate from other refuse and given to your building superintendent, who will see that they both reach the proper authorities. Although cans in any condition are acceptable, it will facilitate handling if you flatten them after cutting out both ends. Wastepaper should be tied in easily handled bundles. . . . The government urges that householders continue to save kitchen fat, used in the manufacture of explosives and sulfa ointments, among other things. Your butcher will give you two meat-ration tokens for every pound you turn in to him. . . . Rags are urgently needed for use on ships, in war plants, and by mechanized forces. They can be turned over to any charity organization or junk dealer.

SUBURBS AND COUNTRY—The setups for volunteer work and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most rural communities have some sort of committee in charge of these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for guidance to the War Council at your county seat.

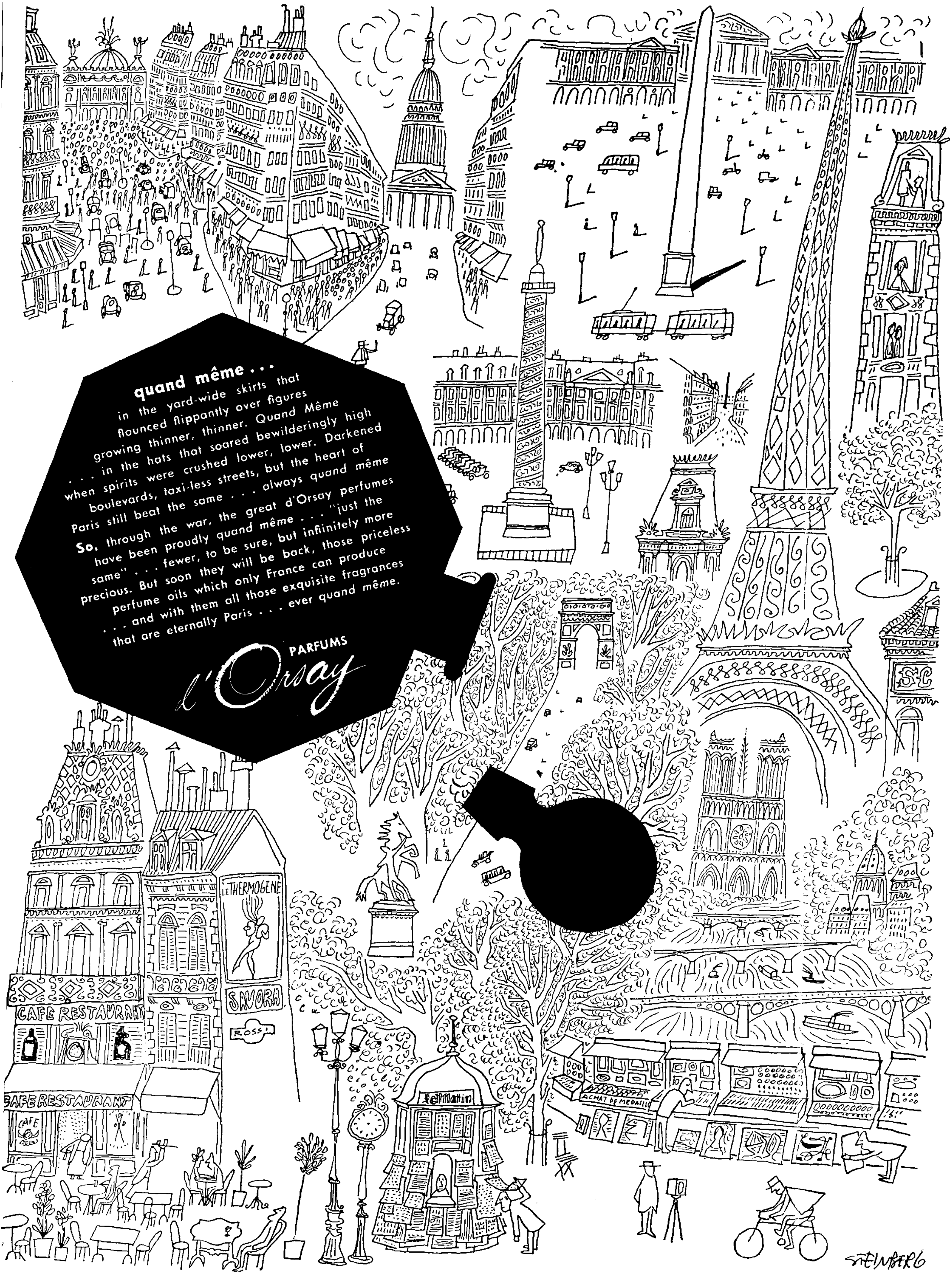
GIFTS, LOANS, ETC.—The need for blood plasma to send overseas is acute. Donors who wish to contribute should call the Red Cross, MU 5-6400, for an appointment. . . . The United National Clothing Collection wants to accumulate, during May, a hundred and fifty million pounds of practical clothing, shoes, bedding, and linens for destitute families overseas. Drivers of laundry trucks will pick up contributions on their regular routes, or, for the location of the nearest depot, call CI 5-7350. . . . The Navy needs photographs and maps of the Japanese mainland and other enemy-controlled territory in the Orient Anyone in the New

furniture, and objects of art, owned by
Vernon C. Brown: Wed. and Thurs., May
at 2 P.M.

AMERICAN LABOR PARTY, 28 Greenwich A
Paintings by five hundred contemporary Ame
artists, including Raphael Soyer, Philip Ever.

[redacted]

ganizations equipped to direct residents of
city into various kinds of work are listed
ow, along with a few of the most pressing
eds of the moment. At the **CIVILIAN DEFENSE**
UNTEER OFFICE, 1 E. 44 (MU 2-4310): men and

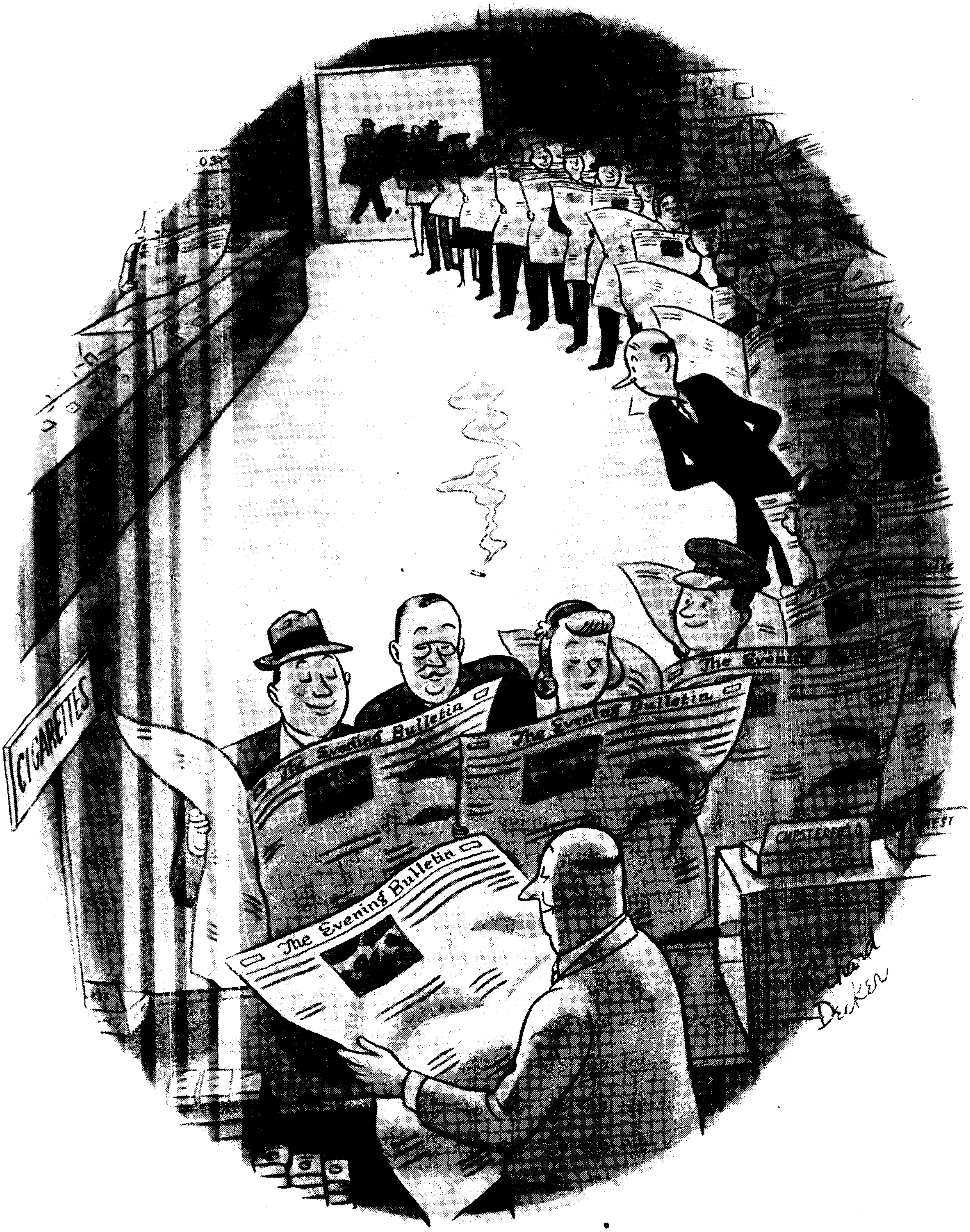


quand même . . .

in the yard-wide skirts that flounced flippantly over figures growing thinner, thinner. Quand Même . . . in the hats that soared bewilderingly high when spirits were crushed lower, lower. Darkened boulevards, taxi-less streets, but the heart of Paris still beat the same . . . always quand même **So,** through the war, the great d'Orsay perfumes have been proudly quand même . . . "just the same" . . . fewer, to be sure, but infinitely more precious. But soon they will be back, those priceless perfume oils which only France can produce . . . and with them all those exquisite fragrances that are eternally Paris . . . ever quand même.

PARFUMS
l'Orsay

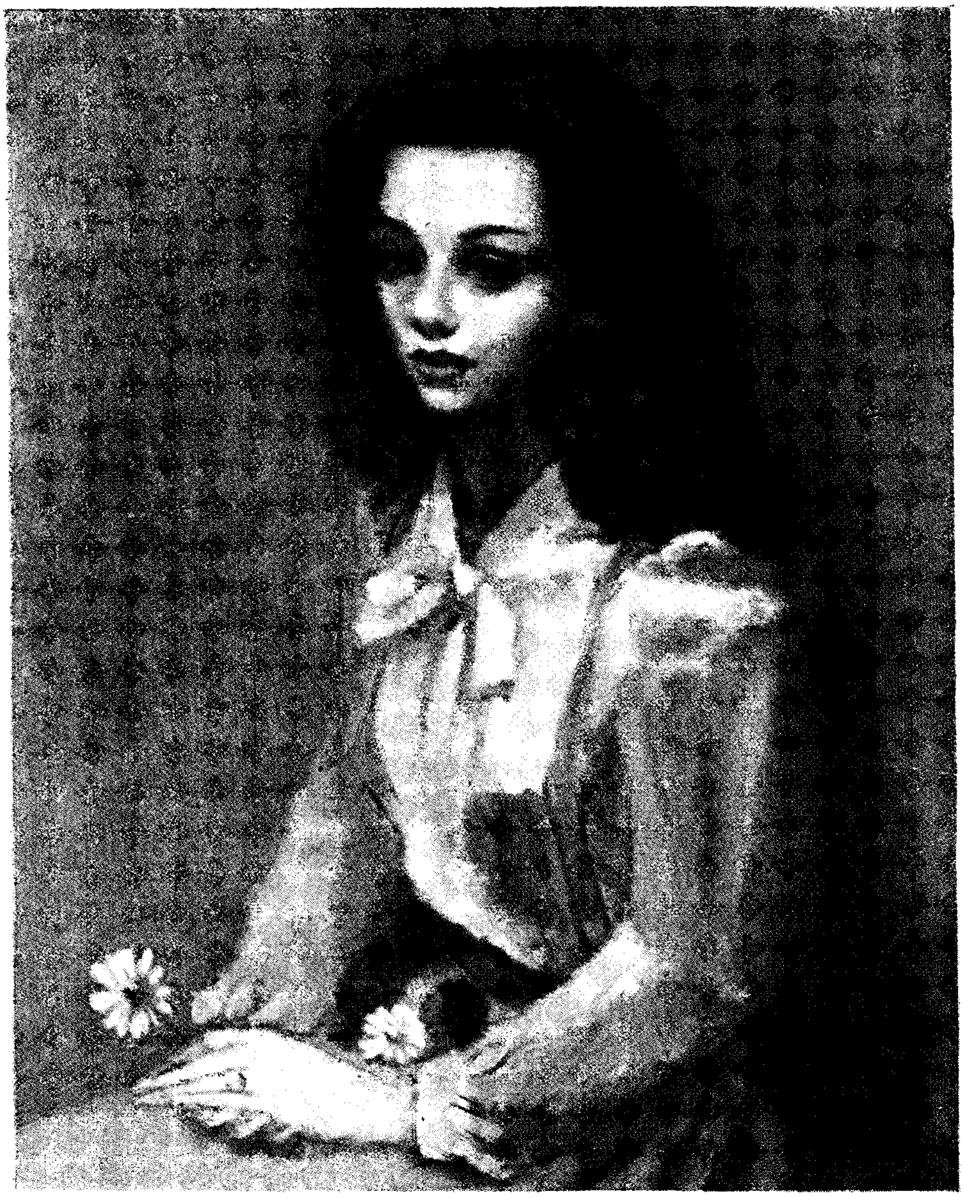
LE DANDY · INTOXICATION · BELLE DE JOUR · TOUJOURS FIDELE · TROPHEE · MILORD


CIGARETTES
The Evening Bulletin
The Evening Bulletin
The Evening Bulletin
The Evening Bulletin
CHESTERFIELD

In Philadelphia — nearly everybody reads The Bulletin

It almost amounts to a mean trick — showing people so engrossed in The Bulletin as to miss that delectable cigarette butt — but it points up our story so well we can't resist it. The truth is that nearly 4 out of every 5 Philadelphians read The Bulletin with punctilious regularity. That's why Bulletin circulation is the nation's largest in the evening field — more than 600,000.

(Advertisement)



PORTRAIT OF JANET, PAINTED FOR THE DE BEERS COLLECTION BY LILY CUSHING

Hasten the Hours Until the dawn when he at last comes home, the engagement diamond on her finger is as a magic, never-setting sun, reflecting the image and the memory of her dear one. For him its steadfast light, his pledge of constancy, focuses his hopes and dreams from across the earth. . . . In after days, the memory of its endearing testimony of their love will make it seem to them more precious, more glorious through the years.

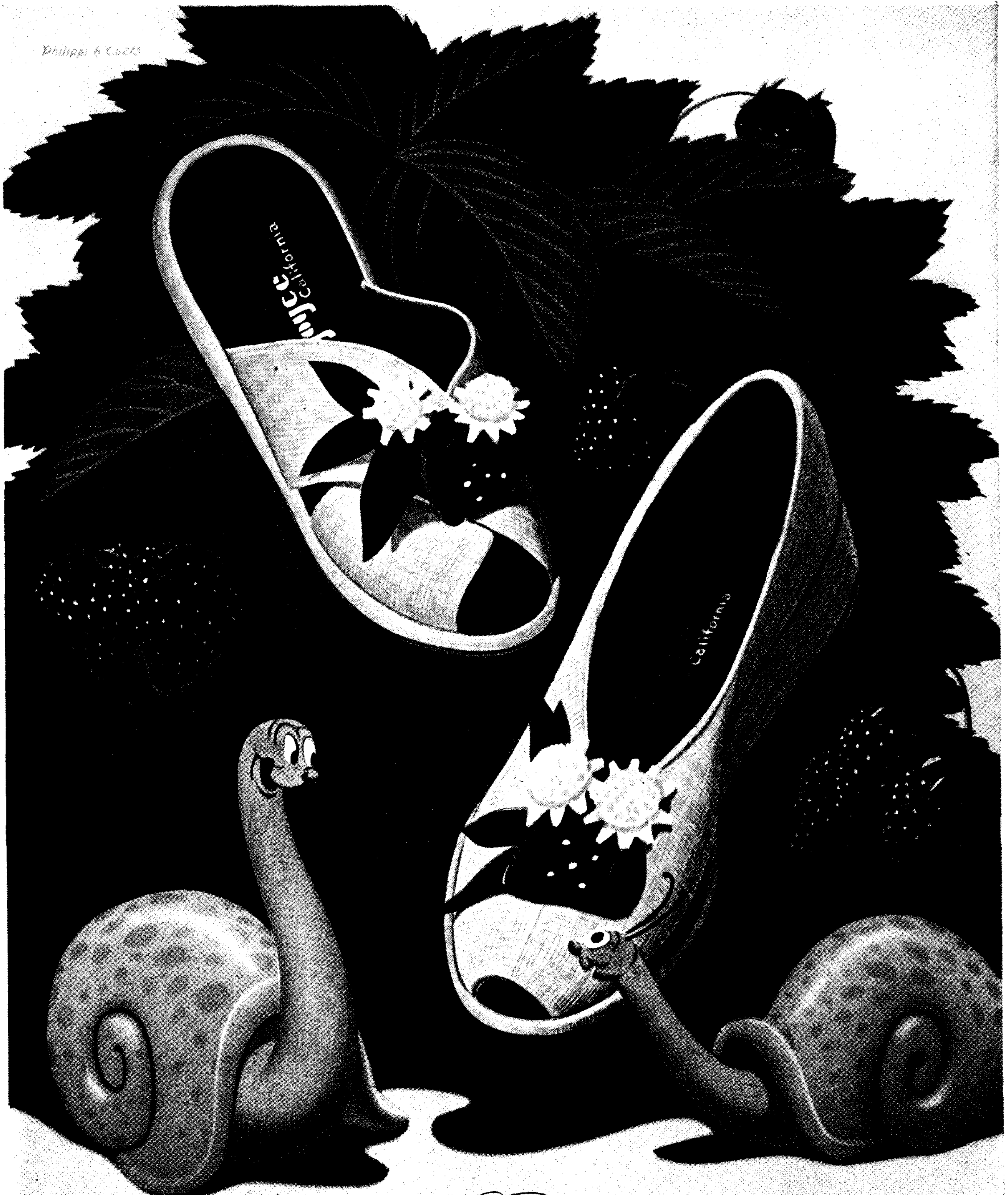
ONE-QUARTER CARAT		$85 to $150
ONE-HALF CARAT		$190 to $375
ONE CARAT		$540 to $835
TWO CARATS		$1375 to $2300

Facts About Diamonds: These are average current prices for unmounted quality diamonds. Add 20% for federal tax. (The exact weights shown occur infrequently.) Size alone does not determine diamond values. Color, cutting, brilliance and clarity have an equally important bearing. You should have a trusted jeweler's best advice at all times when buying diamonds.

Industrial Diamonds—a key priority for high-speed war production – come from the same mines as gem stones. Millions of carats are used in United States industries today. The occasional gem diamonds found among them help defray production costs for all these fierce little "fighting" diamonds. Thus, there are no restrictions on the sale of diamond gems.

DE BEERS CONSOLIDATED MINES, LIMITED, AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

N. W. AYER & SON


Philippi & Cachs
joyce California
California

Strawberry Patch Take your pick . . .

a summertime scuff or slipper in Hayseed Cotton adorned with bright felt berries and blossoms. Scuff, about $2.50, slipper, about $5.00. Unrationed. No mail orders please . . . but we'll tell you where to find them.

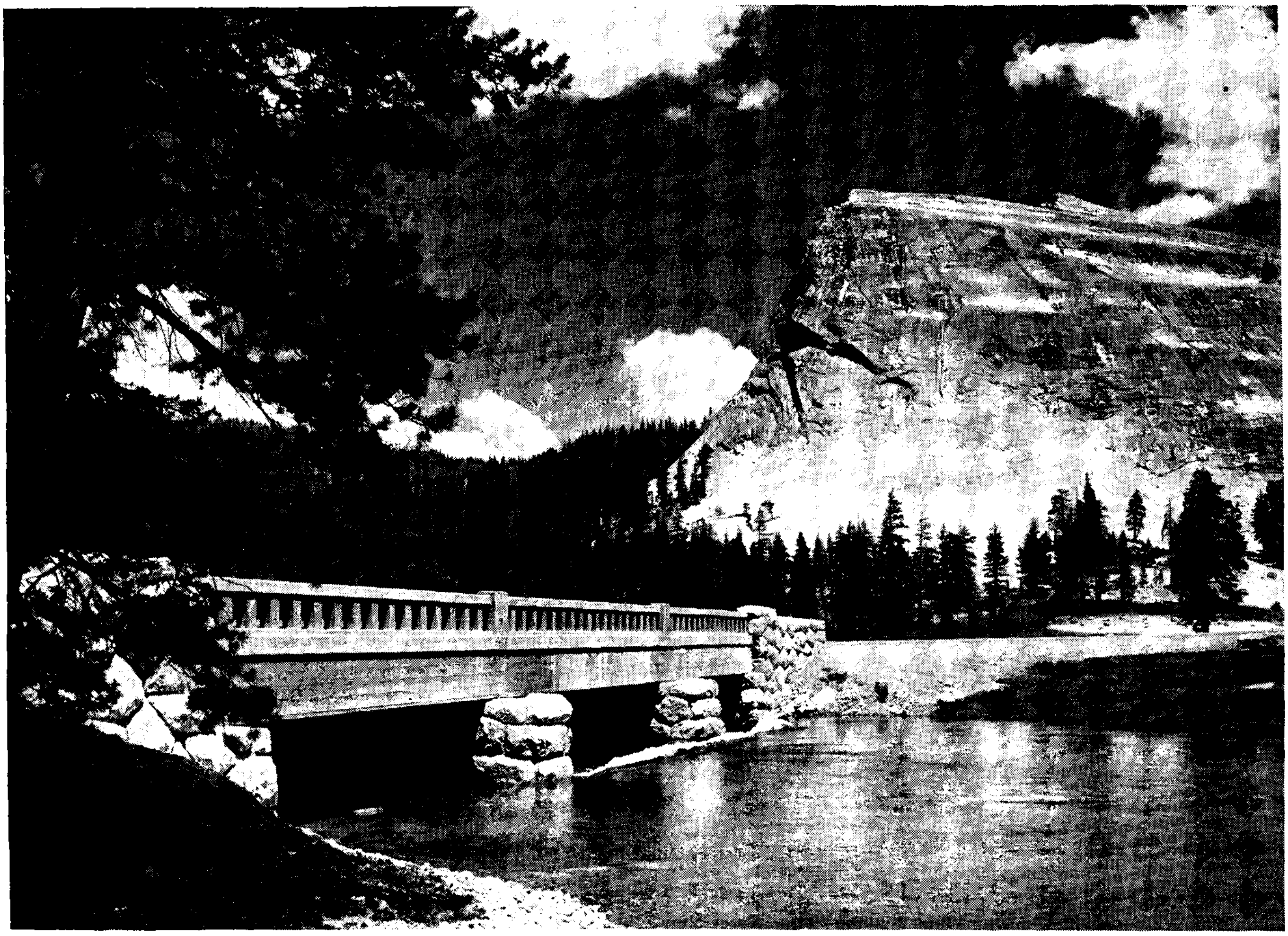
If it doesn't say "joyce" . . . it isn't a joyce. *By* **joyce**

PASADENA, CALIFORNIA

TOMORROW

YOU'LL OVERTAKE

THE FAR HORIZONS



Tuolumne Meadows, Yosemite National Park

PEACE will put an end to your stay-at-home days. The gypsy in you will call out. And a smart new Lincoln motorcar will be ready to help you go a-roaming through town and country . . . Then up gusty cloud-ways to the rim of the world. And down again along quiet lanes where the grouse are drumming. Here will be travel on a grand scale . . . This new Lincoln will be advanced in style. And it will be engineered to world-famous standards of precision. In comfort, elegance and distinguished transportation it will be the finest Lincoln ever to bear the name.

Nothing could be finer

LINCOLN

LINCOLN DIVISION OF
FORD MOTOR COMPANY

Quick Change
MAKE-UP

So easy to look so much lovelier!

Quick Change

LUCIEN LELONG'S
LIQUID MAKEUP

No expert touch is needed to summon a lovelier complexion when your makeup is Lucien Lelong's Quick Change. This creamy liquid, stroked on with your fingertips, warms your skin to radiance in seconds . . . keeps it softly luminous through the day. Artfully natural, never drying, Quick Change gives you the envied look of a woman whose skin is so flawless she needs no makeup. $2 plus tax.

LUCIEN LELONG

(*Advertisement*)

"Gee, I might have known
it was fatal to give her
KAYSER Stockings!"

Matletex* Magic

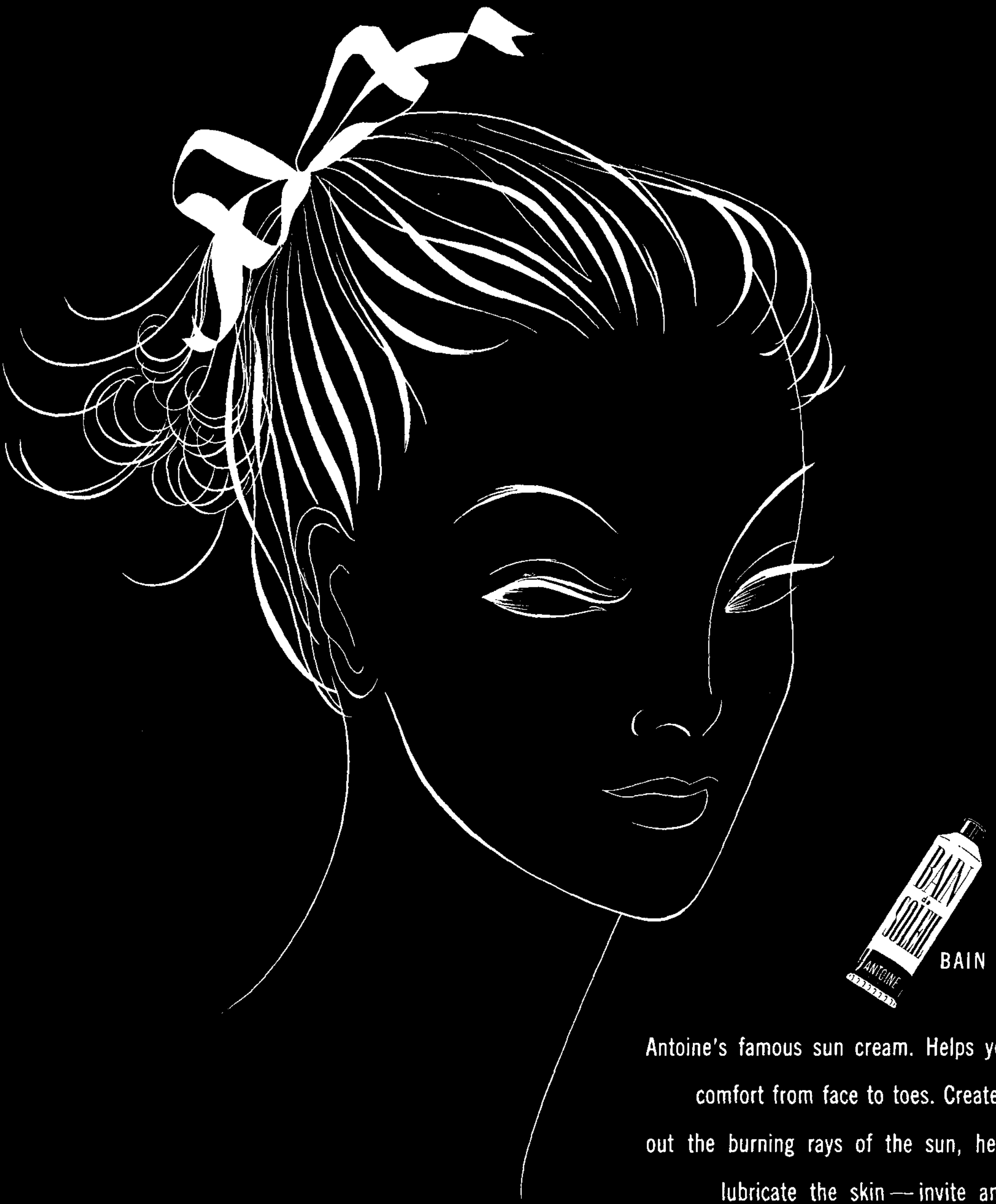
Shown in "Spellbound," Belding's new rayon fabric, spun and woven by Ponemah.

Make Sure it has This Label—Your Proof it's a Cole Original

Cole
OF CALIFORNIA
ORIGINAL

Copr., 1945, by Cole of California, Inc., Los Angeles 11

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



BAIN DE SOLEIL

Antoine's famous sun cream. Helps you bronze in comfort from face to toes. Created by Antoine to filter out the burning rays of the sun, help protect and lubricate the skin — invite an enviable bronze. Unaffected by salt water. A special formula by Antoine, creator of beauty for the loveliest women of the world. At fine department stores.

Antoine, 663 Fifth Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

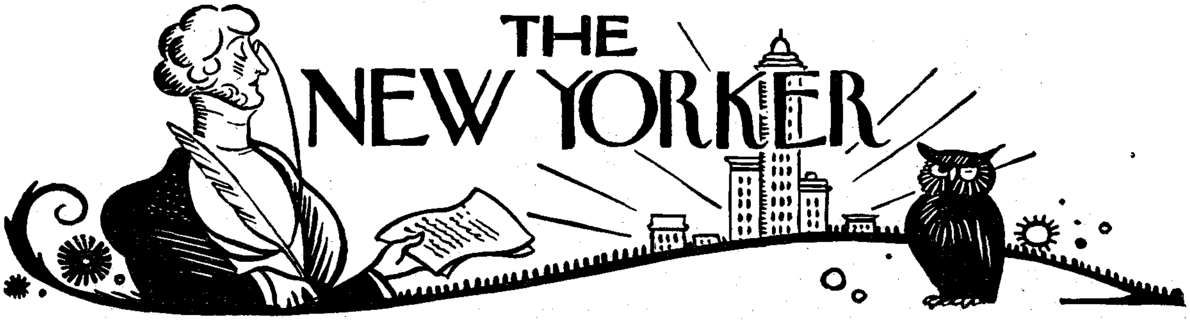
ANTOINE

COSMETICS

Coral Reef

Monteil's new lipstick color . . . lighter, brighter, more feminine . . . beautiful with resort wear, from clearest pastels to deepest burnt orange. Wonderful against sun-bronzed skin. Two Coral Reef shades, one for day, one for evening. Wear it with **Coral Reef Cream Rouge** and the new **Moss Green Eye Shadow.**

Germaine Monteil



THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

NINETEENTH-CENTURY NOTE: On a wall in Barrow Street, some child has chalked, "The vicar is a very nice man."

WE laid over in Hollywood one night last week between trains, to pay a call on a former Easterner in his new setting. It was our first visit to the place, and we came away with no very distinct impression. Except for its air of impermanence and the complete breakdown of its transportation facilities, Hollywood seemed indistinguishable from any other wealthy backwater. We remember arising early and standing on a zebra skin while shaving. We recall that the writers we encountered seemed in good health but that they kept looking behind them, like girls crossing a pasture. One of them confided to us that he had been on the same page for three days and saw no way of getting off it. Writers were working in pairs, or groups, and they seemed more like conspirators than interpreters. On the whole, Hollywood struck us as a difficult place in which to pursue the literary life, with pretty stenographers lounging around in slacks and with a mocking bird outside the window shouting, "Flap-doodle, fol-deroo, fol-deroo, kill it, kill it, kill it."

WE haven't heard what, if anything, is being done about finding a name for the new league of nations. The name "United Nations" will presumably have to be dropped, since the organization is to be an association, not a union, and it is unwise to lead people into believing that they are getting something they aren't. One of the San Francisco papers made an unconscious suggestion for a title the other day when its proofreader was dozing. The paper came out with a reference to "the Untied Nations," a far more accurate phrase than the one intended. The work of transposing the "t" and the "i" now begins in the composing room of time. It may take a long while, but it is worth doing, if only so that the preamble can eventually open with, "We the people . . ." instead of "We, the high contracting powers . . ."

WE see that N.B.C. has ruled that no fifteen-minute news broadcast may be interrupted for the commercial. This is sensible, and will be fine for both listener and advertiser. We were thinking the other night that the radio-advertised product which has always seemed of the very highest quality to us is Johns-Manville's materials, and the reason must be that, although we have been listening to the program fairly regularly for three or four years, we can't recall ever having heard a word of the plug. To us, Tony Marvin, who speaks for Johns-Manville, is one of the truly influential radio voices,
simply because
never heard. T
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a letter—a check, pe
bump into an old flan
asked to collaborate on a play. He can win a prize in a lottery. His spirits can expand as his blood pressure relaxes. And when he finally presents himself to keep the appointment he made so long ago, he can recall only dimly the pain which racked him when he put in the call. Under the doctor's stern gaze, he fumbles for words and paints a thoroughly unconvincing picture of infirmity, all the time knowing perfectly well that his heart is steady as a clock, pressure normal, tongue clear, mind at ease. "Hmm," the doctor thinks, "a hypochondriac."

PROBABLY all of us are a little too matter-of-fact about our eight million neighbors. If we think about them at all, we suppose that the people we pass on the street are bound on errands as prosaic as our own—that they're going to the bank to cash their salary checks, or to the St. James Theatre to see "Oklahoma!" One of them, however, wrote a note that a friend of ours found last Sunday under peculiar circumstances. It was neatly typed on a sheet of white paper, and a dollar bill was pinned to it. It said, "To George M——. Dear George, please
come back. We want
ou to live with us. We
ave plenty of room.
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ravestone in Wood-
he name on the head-
M——. We just
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side you on the sub-
e little man who
ou left when you

had finished your drink at the corner saloon. Quite a city, quite a city.

•

Incidental Intelligence: When Molotov visited Stanford University during his stay in San Francisco, the "Internationale" was played in his honor on the Hoover Memorial Chimes. At the same time, here in New York, the hammer and sickle was flying over the Union League Club, along with the flags of the other United Nations.

Aglow

We went to Douglas Leigh, the animated-electric-sign king, to learn the implications of the dimout when it was imposed in 1942, and we thought we'd better have another talk with him when the lights went on again, last week. When we found him, he'd just finished a broadcast over WOR from the Astor marquee, in the course of which he had pointed out that, "like the unquenched fires of democracy," the lamps in his sixteen signs on Broadway were still in good working order after three years of darkness. The only Leigh sign not in perfect shape was the animated cartoon over the I. Miller shoe store on the northeast corner of Forty-sixth and Broadway. This was covered by a billboard, as it has been for most of the time we've been in the war. By a coincidence, the billboard's lease was within a couple of days of expiring, and Leigh said it wouldn't take long to get the billboard out of the way and then
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The Pepsi-Cola off
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non-Leigh electric
was as bright an
ter's own signs

last week, and Leigh generously remarked that it has been kept in good condition.

The restoration of bright lights to Broadway involved power for some sixty thousand bulbs, Leigh told us, and we were concerned about the sudden demand, so we decided to confer with Consolidated Edison. Edison said it had plenty of juice for all the signs in town and everything else. Then we consulted a man we know at City Hall and found him more interested in the retirement of his boss from public life than electric current. "Street lighting was already back to ninety per cent of the prewar level before V-E Day," he told us, "and restoring the other ten per cent was no trouble at all." He added that most of the darkness we'd been noticing on city streets was due to the brownout of commercial establishments, which was voluntary, and that increased brightness would result largely from the restoration of lighting in shop windows. He thought the merchants would loosen up quickly and that things would be pleasanter for all of us.

Nostalgia

The Navy puts numbers on its landing craft, not having the time or the ingenuity to think up names for all of them. As soon as they reach the combat areas, however, the crews always give them unofficial names. There is one such craft, somewhere in the Pacific, which bears on her bows, in bold white letters, the name "CIVILIAN"

among our read-
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their training the
s dismissed as just a
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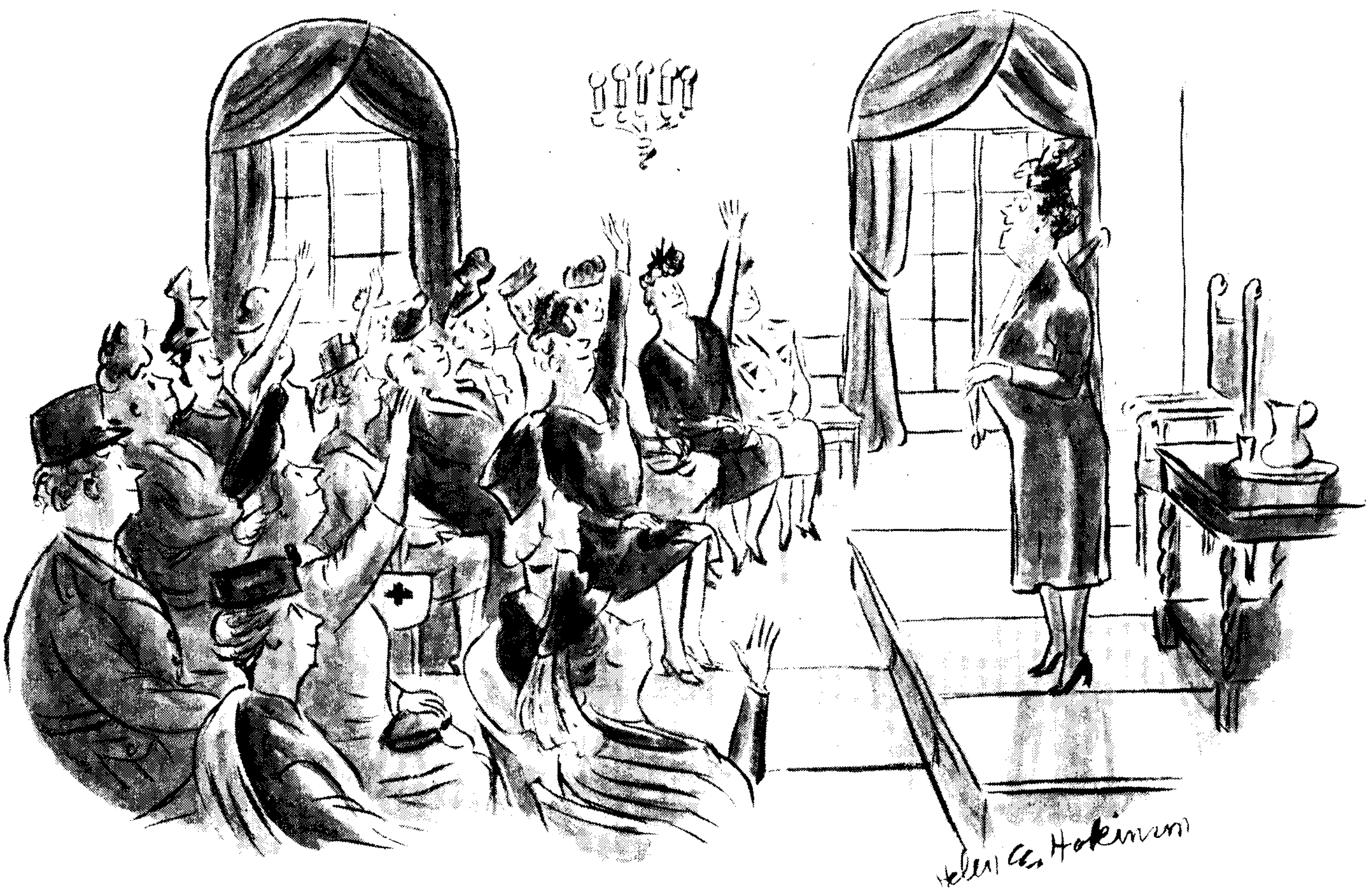
gely explained that
by the incendiaries
gets for the H-Es. It turned out, though, that a vast percentage of the damage done by bombers was caused by the incendiaries and not by the H-Es. This started a trend which resulted in the B-29s' using nothing *but* incendiaries in some of their raids on cities on the Japanese mainland. For instance, in a single raid on Nagoya this Monday, thirty-three hundred tons of them were used, laying waste an area of nine square miles. These incendiaries, however, were not the old-fashioned kind that an earnest warden could put out with a bucket of sand or the tail of his shirt. Quite a few improvements have been made.

When the United States entered the war, the Chemical Warfare Service had only two types of incendiary bomb, the M-50 and the M-54. The first is a four-pound magnesium bomb, an adaptation of a British model—a tube, twenty-one inches long and two inches in diameter, made of magnesium and filled with an incendiary mixture consisting mainly of thermate. Thermate is itself a mixture of powdered aluminum, barium nitrate, petroleum, and thermite. The bomb filling ignites when the bomb lands, creating for one minute a heat of three thousand degrees Centigrade; this touches off the magnesium casing, which flares up and scatters in molten blobs which burn for fifteen minutes. Ordinarily the M-50s are dropped in clusters, which are broken up by an explosive fuse timed to go off when the cluster is about a hundred feet from the ground. As any warden knows, these bombs can be put out with water or sand. Not many of them could be made in the early days of the war, because magnesium was very scarce. We have enough magnesium now and are again using M-50s for certain types of bombing jobs. Doolittle's men, in the first Tokio raid, used a somewhat less satisfactory variant of the M-50—the M-54, which has a steel instead of a magnesium casing.

Spurred on by the magnesium shortage, our chemists came up with an inflammable jelly made by suspending rubber in gasoline. This was the first active agent used in the M-47, a hundred-pound bomb shaped somewhat like a panatela cigar. It has a casing of thin steel which shatters on impact, after which globs of flaming jelly fly as far as twenty yards. M-47s were used to start the Ploeşti oil-field fires in August, 1943. Rubber being not much more plentiful than magnesium, the Chemical Warfare people kept right on and discovered Compound X, whose name conveys something of the secrecy which sur-



"The chair will now entertain suggestions as to what we should do with the Emperor of Japan."

• •

rounds it. This compound, which turns gasoline into a whitish paste resembling cold cream, replaced the rubber jelly as a bomb filling early in 1942. It is based on an ingredient formerly used as a hair lacquer. In the meantime, something known as "fire roe" was developed. As you have probably read, this was discovered by a Harvard professor, Louis F. Fieser, who was merely looking for some way of burning the crab grass out of his lawn. As used in bombs, "fire roe" is a granular powder which looks enough like caviar to have earned its nickname. It is shipped in drums and is mixed into gasoline at the bomber bases. The result is a goo that looks like orange gelatine. Three pounds of this jelly, in a cheesecloth bag, are put into a nineteen-inch length of two-inch steel pipe. This is the power behind the M-69 bomb, which has received wide attention in the press of late. It has gauze streamers which slow its descent and break the fall so that it does not shatter on impact. What happens instead is that the bomb ticks for three seconds, then coughs out the sack of jelly, now burning furiously; it clings to whatever it hits, and, since it spurts up from the ground instead of falling from the air, may go in through a window or under the eaves of a roof. It's hard to put out, too, though how hard is still a secret. Anyway, no local ex-warden could handle it with water or a bucket of sand.

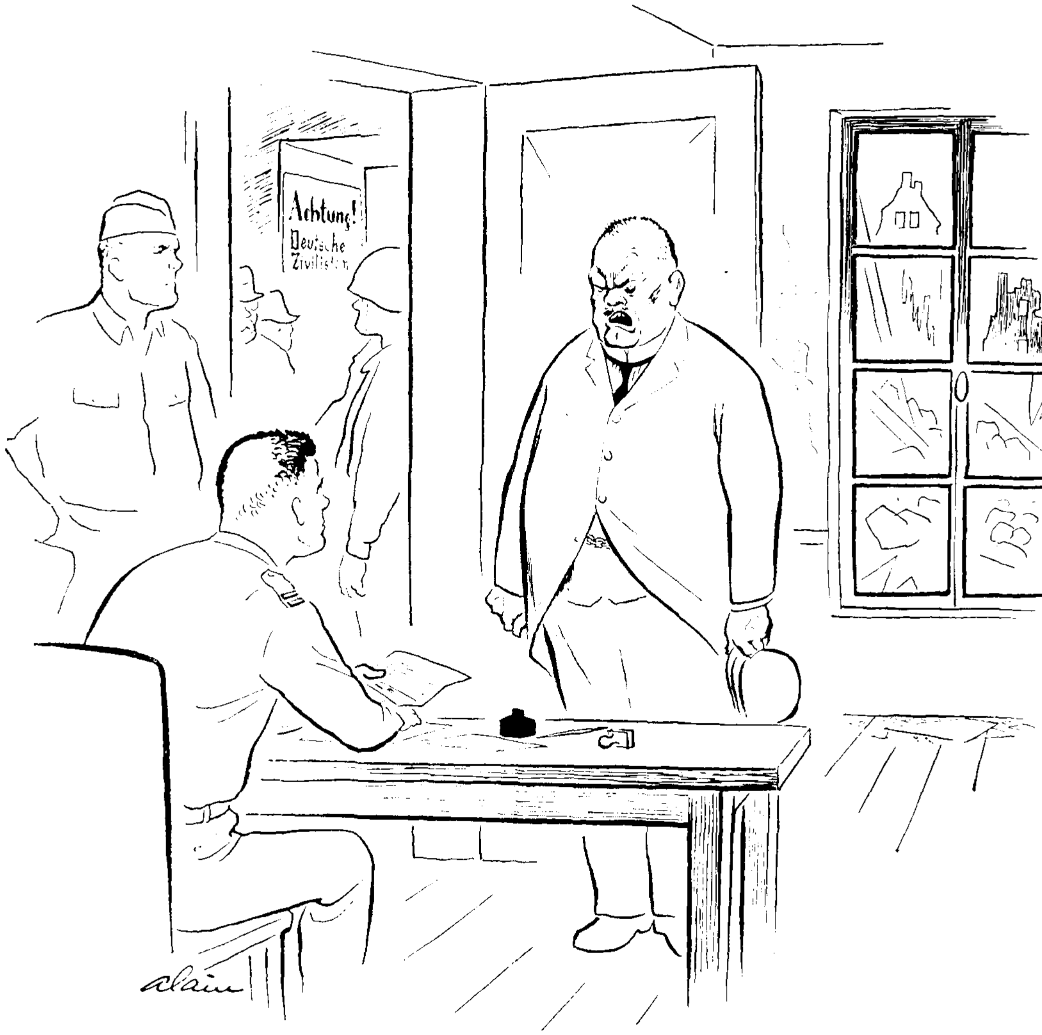
The very newest note in incendiaries is the M-76, which weighs five hundred pounds. Army chemists call it the goop bomb because of the texture of the incendiary compound, which is a rubbery dough and is squeezed into the bomb casings with an apparatus that looks like a big cake-icing tube. Goop is a mixture of crude magnesium, liquid asphalt, gasoline jelly, and various other terrific inflammables. It burns with an even higher temperature than the M-69 jelly, splashes around into all sorts of hard-to-get-at corners, and cannot be extinguished by any means known to man. Maybe we'd just better not have any more wars.

Girded

ON V-E Day, De Pinna, like many other stores, decided to shield its windows against the frenzy of the mob. Accordingly, a corrugated-pasteboard covering was put up, and to protect the covering, a number of "FRAGILE" stickers were attached. Worked out all right, too.

Hark to the Trumpet's Call

THERE were still a few bits of paper from the V-E Day celebration whirling around when we visited Local Board No. 31 last Thursday morning to see a group of presumably typical post-European-war candidates for induction preparing to set out for Grand Central Palace. When we arrived at the board, which has its offices on the third floor of the Delmonico Hotel, about twenty-five men were on hand, some with the down of nonage on their cheeks, others with the dewlaps of middle age. A few were pacing the corridors nervously; the rest were sitting uneasily in a couple of rooms adjoining the Board's main office. In one of these rooms, an older candidate in a well-cut suit and Charvet tie was holding forth. "This fellow I know," he was saying, "spent two years in camp right here in the U.S. and another in Hawaii. If we stick around some camp here for even six months, it'll probably be over." "Where's your friend now?" somebody asked. "Okinawa," said Charvet glum-



"Whoever said I'm a Nazi is a dirty Jewish democratic plutocrat!"

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ly. "I'd like to have ten minutes alone with the files," said a thin-featured man in glasses. "I'd make my record look like confetti." A small, corpulent candidate, well along toward forty, cleared his throat and declared, "We might be finished with the whole thing in two or three hours. Last year, when they first had me up, it was over in no time." His listeners looked pleased. "But then," he went on, "they held me for four days. I had high blood pressure and they wanted to see whether it would go down. They let me telephone and took me for walks around the place, but I never got outside for the whole damned four days. Made me get up at five-thirty, just like in the Army. The old blood pressure stayed right up there." "You get any choice of service?" another candidate inquired. "Don't be silly," said the man with the high blood pressure. "They put you where they need you." "I'd have had a commission in the Navy," said one of the younger candidates, "only they found I had a little hernia." "You still got it?" a man near him asked. "I got it," he said, "and I'm sure as hell going to keep it."

In the other room there was no conversation. The candidates, most of them very young, just sat looking dead ahead. Not until the chairman of the board emerged from his office did they show any animation. "I'm going to call the roll," he said. "Answer 'Present' to your name and number." He droned through Rothschild, Small, Fuletti, Sheehan, Brown, Carter until he reached a Merandez, who did not respond. "He's a Porto Rican," the chairman said. "Probably still on his way up here from the island." The candidates smiled bleakly. The chairman finished calling the roll and said, "You probably all know what you're in for, but I'll tell you about it anyhow. You're going to meet a lot of doctors, who will examine you from the top of your head to the soles of your feet. If you've got anything wrong with you—mastoid, pains in the belly, asthma—bring it up. You're likely to know whether you're accepted or rejected today, and if you're accepted, I'd advise you to do some studying. Be good to know German if you get sent to guard the Nazis." The chairman laughed heartily, and appointed a Mr. Rodriguez as sergeant pro tem for the trip to the Palace.

The candidates went down Park Avenue in small groups, we with them. As they passed a dress shop at Fifty-fifth, a window cleaner paused in his work to shout, "I thought the war was over!" "A comedian," a candidate observed. We drifted from group to group and noticed that most of the conversation centered on the possibility that the Army and Navy wouldn't need replacements after all. "So you pass the physical," a man said. "Who knows they won't just stick you in some kind of pool and never call you?" "Funny thing," another man said. "I almost think I'd be disappointed if they *didn't* call me." At Fifty-first, the candidates passed a clump of soldiers. "My favorite color," one of the boys remarked, "is anything but khaki." Throughout most of the walk, Mr. Rodriguez, the sergeant pro tem, walked alone. He was a stocky and dapper businessman and looked merely like a businessman on his way to work. By the time the head of the procession had got to the Palace door, on Lexington Avenue, some of the men were still rounding the corner of Forty-seventh Street. As the last of the candidates finally went into the Palace, we heard one of them saying, "I wish it was raining. This is too nice a day to be cooped up indoors."

Device

A PART-TIME spy of ours in the District of Columbia was mooching past the Smithsonian Institution the other day when he saw emerging from the building an officer who was, he knew, attached to the Navy's Special Devices outfit. Presumably performing some mission in connection with his work, he was carrying a crossbow and a handful of arrows.

Respects

THE day before Mayor LaGuardia abandoned the city's air-raid-warning system, the Fire Department, which has been in charge of such matters, gave us permission to go to the top of the R.C.A. Building and pay our final, and personal, respects to the large, ugly, ear-splitting siren installed there. Part of the way up in the elevator, we rode with John D. Rockefeller, Jr., but he was so busy thumbing through a paper folder marked "Mail" that we never got around to asking him if he had disliked the Saturday-noon caterwauling on his roof as much as we did. The elevator man directed us to a bleak little office on the sixty-seventh floor, and in it we found Fireman Harold Weisblut, a good-looking young man with curly brown hair, blue eyes, and a love of fine music. He had been listening, on his portable radio, to WQXR. "Keeps me from getting bored up here," he told us. "That and writing letters to friends in the service and reading the papers and maybe thinking once in a while. That's the way I pass the time. I get this eight-hour tour once a week. I mean, I used to get it. This is my last tour, and I can't say I'm sorry. It's kind of a lonely place. You feel cut off from everybody else in the world. I'd rather be down with the gang at Engine Company 34, where I usually am. There's always cleaning and fixing up to be done there and people to talk to—what we call backroom lawyers, fellows who know all the answers and who could run the country single-handed if they only had a chance. Matter of fact, I'd rather be going to a good, hot fire than just sitting at this desk waiting for what's not going to happen."

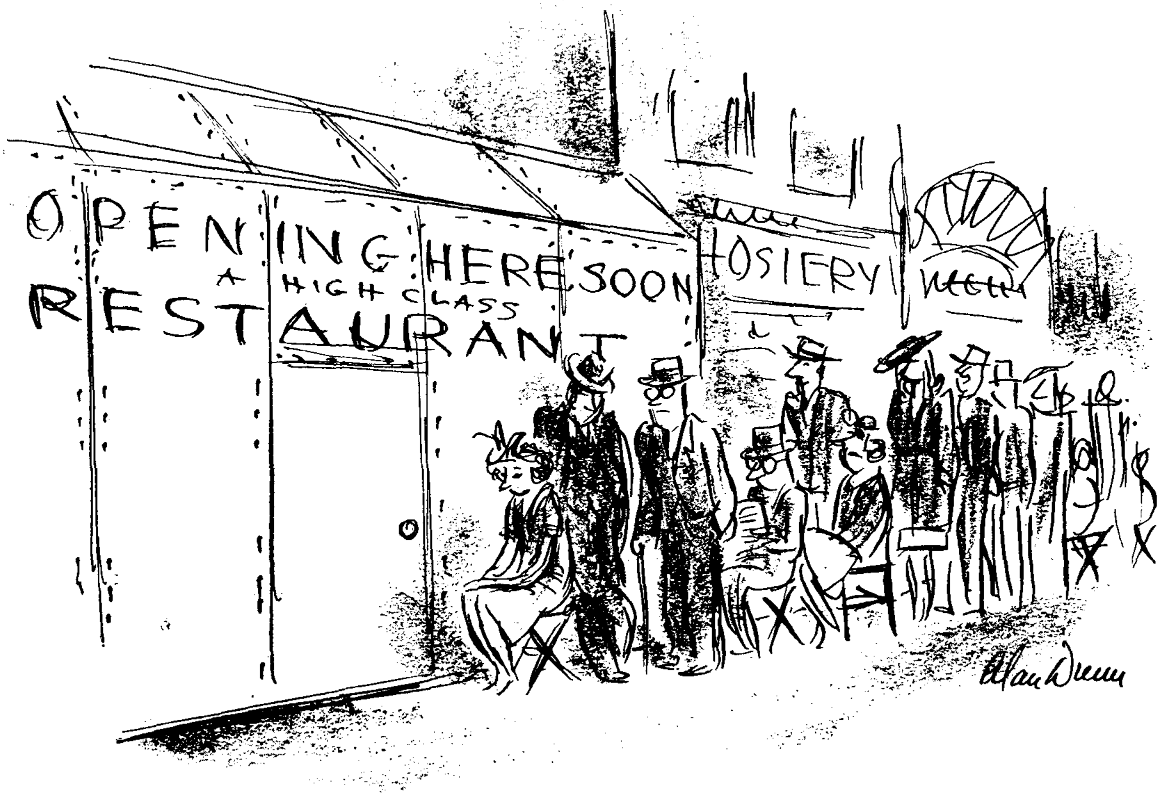
The siren had been manned twenty-four hours a day since several months after Pearl Harbor, we learned, and there had been almost no deviation in the routine of the job from the first day. "We just sit by the phone," Weisblut told us, "and check every hour with headquarters. At least once during a tour we go upstairs and start the siren's engine—give it a good warm-up to make sure everything's ready for what it's turned out never came. This'll be my last chance to ride the big baby. Want to come up and watch?" We did, and Weisblut led us to a stairway. We walked up two floors, to the observation deck, and then climbed a flight of stairs to the roof of the elevator shaft, and there was old bigmouth, looking like an outsized tractor with the wheels off. It even has a driver's seat and a rudimentary instrument panel. It is bolted to steel girders, the girders are bolted to sixteen-by-sixteen timbers, and the timbers are bolted to the roof. Looked to us as if Mr. Rockefeller would have a rough time getting the thing off his premises.

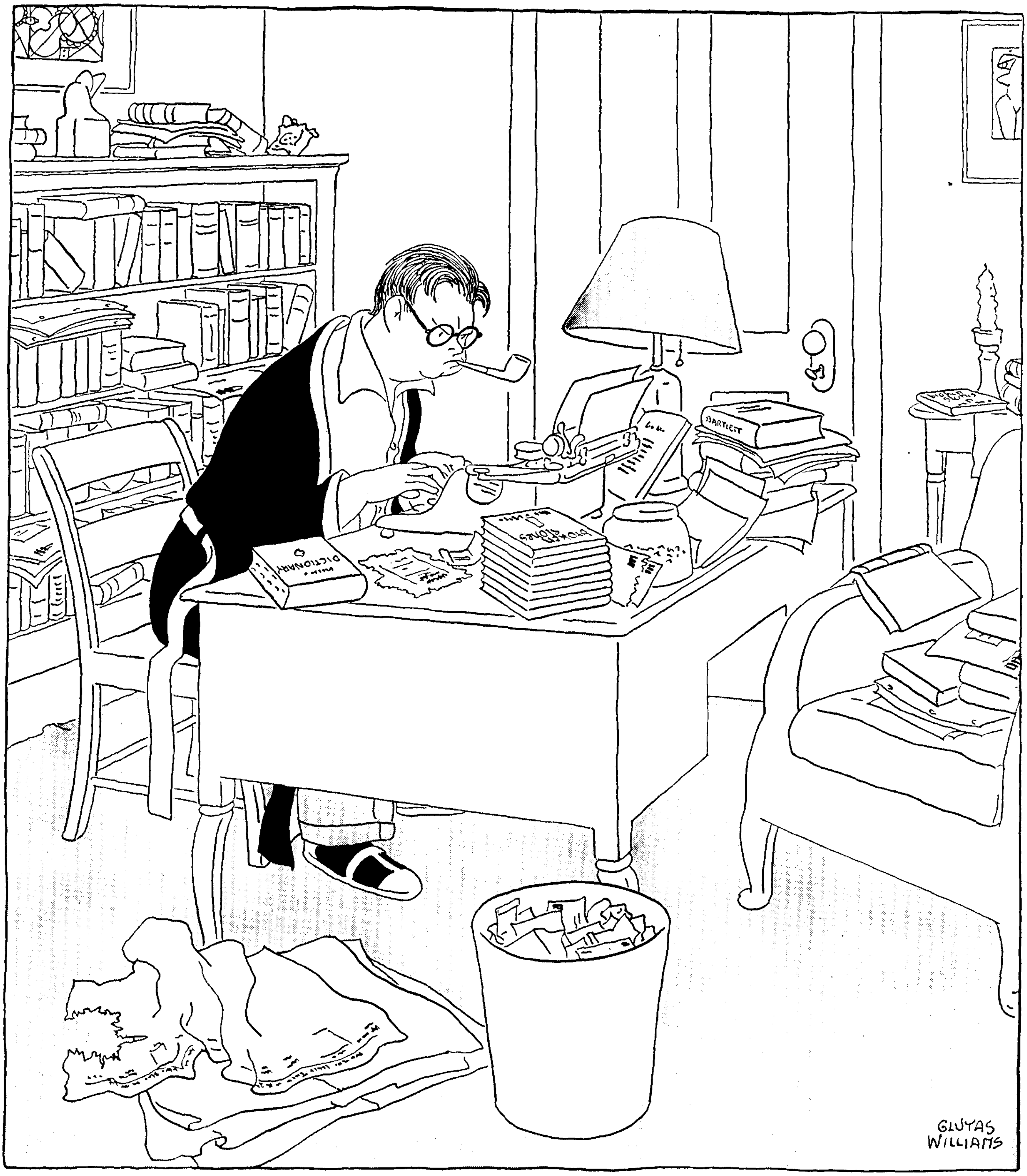
Weisblut climbed into the seat and pushed the starter button. "This is a regular eight-cylinder Chrysler industrial engine," he told us, as the engine spluttered and caught. "We go by R.P.M.s instead of miles per hour, and we use a clutch to engage and disengage the siren; that's how that wobbling tone got into the signals. We lug gas up here in cans, but we haven't used much—maybe a gallon or so a day. I mean we *did* lug it up. This siren was made in conjunction with the Bell Telephone people, and it's really pretty simple." It sounded simple enough, as explained by Weisblut: the loudest, whiniest noise in the whole world, probably, issued forth when a six-bladed rotary chopper interrupted a flow of air delivered by a blower at a speed of something over three hundred and seventy miles an hour. "We never allowed anybody on the roof when it was turned on; afraid it might deafen them permanently," Weisblut said. "We wore rubber plugs in our ears, but the noise wasn't really as hard on us as it was on the people in some of the buildings around here, because the horn always faced away from us. The siren swung around in a circle, to distribute the blast evenly. People often heard it ten miles away, and complained about it, too."

Weisblut walked around and patted the wide-open mouth of the horn. "I'm not sorry, but it's hard to realize I'm never going to get another crack at letting her roar," he said. Then he hesitated. "How would you like to hear just one peep out of her, for old times' sake?" We said we thought a *very* little peep would be all right but that we wouldn't want the noise to get out of hand. Weisblut stepped up the R.P.M.s, engaged the clutch, and the siren started to hum. The first thing we knew, it was bleating in a faint but familiar way. Weisblut disengaged the clutch and the sound faded slowly, almost reluctantly, until it was a practically soundless pulse; then silence.

Little Accident

WE have heard of a lady who hailed a taxicab the other day, a taxicab seemingly in no worse repair than the average, and asked to be taken to Pennsylvania Station. When she arrived and started to open the taxi door, it fell off—just separated itself completely from the cab and lay there on the pavement. The driver accepted this humiliating accident with a certain jauntiness. "Nothing at all, Madam," he said. "Can you lend me a hairpin?"





THE WRITING PUBLIC

"Dear Sir:—The confusion of your reviewer in dealing with my 'Broken Stones' is only equalled by his manifest ignorance of the whole tradition in which it is forged. That he is probably incapable of coping with anything more esoteric than Edgar Guest *is evident in his 'floundering bafflement' over the poem entitled 'If Ever Those Fierce Jewels,' particularly the stanza beginning 'The queen of mink who mocks the tortured calculus of Night,' by which I meant simply to stress that futile hunger for Woman persisting in the hash of dreams, which nevertheless have a certain order and logic of their own . . ."*

LUGGAGE FOR THE SOUTH

LAST January, I was in Shreveport, Louisiana, to give what my agent, with conscious humor, calls a lecture. I had been giving a great many lectures; that is, I had been giving this same one a great many times, though not always under the same title. I was, in fact, on a lecture tour—my first. I carried my itinerary in a leather case, especially made for it and given to me for Christmas by Margaret, one of my twin daughters. The outside flap of the case is stamped "Emily Kimbrough," but on the inside the stamping gives my married name and address in a Philadelphia suburb. Evidently Margaret's feeling was that a professional name was all right on the surface, but for genuine, practical identification, no such nonsense. The itinerary, which had been compiled by the lecture bureau, was bound in stiff blue paper, but by the time I was headed for Shreveport I had drawn it out of Margaret's leather case so many times to check on my passage from town to town that the edges were curled up and the pages dirty. My consultations of the itinerary were perhaps made even more frequent by the circumstance of my having forgotten one lecture. As it happened, I had forgotten it because that same daughter Margaret had developed an acute attack of appendicitis and had been operated on at four o'clock in the morning of the day I was to appear at the Newark Women's Club. The lecture bureau was very kind about my dereliction once it heard the reason, because, it said, I had a reason made to order for women's clubs. Nevertheless, it was not a reason that I felt I would be able to use often and the incident had made me jumpy.

To get to my Shreveport appointment, I came down from Flint, Michigan, on a night train, arriving at the Dearborn Street Station in Chicago at seven o'clock the following morning. I had pulled out my itinerary so many times that I knew even the place on the page where it said that I would leave Chicago from the Union Station at 8:15 A.M. That gave me an hour and a quarter in which to change stations—very little leeway if the train were late. The train was not late, but I was the first one off, scuttling along the platform beside the porter and urging him on with sharp cries, as if I were driving a dog team. The result was that I reached the Union Station with time to spare, and so I telephoned back to my home in Pennsylvania to give messages and to hear once more the voices of my dear ones before I dropped down into the far-off South. We clung to each other over the telephone until I had only five minutes left, and then I wrenched myself away, hurried through the gate and into the parlor car on the next lap of the trip, which was, so the itinerary said, Chicago to St. Louis.

A man was sitting where my ticket said I should be. The conductor, summoned, was apologetic. The man and I were both gracious about it. It was the kind of thing, we said, that happened frequently in wartime. It had, however, I interpolated gently, never before happened to me. I was on a rather extended trip, I told them, my accommodations had been reserved by an organization, and never before had there been an occasion of this sort. The man bowed himself away, saying that in that case the mistake obviously was in his ticket. I settled in, relinquished my ticket to the conductor, and expressed to him the polite hope that the gentleman would be able to find a seat.

In St. Louis I had a wait of three hours. I took a long walk and sent back to the twins some candy from a shop I came upon, which I recognized as one the St. Louis girls at my boarding school used to talk about.

When I got on the train for Shreveport, my porter put my bags in my Pullman car and I went straight to the diner so as to be sure of a seat. By the time I got back to my sleeper, I found my lower berth occupied by someone who had already gone to bed. When questioned by the conductor, the occupant turned out to be a man who said he'd be right out. The conductor then told me he was very sorry but that such mixups did happen occasionally in these wartimes. Meantime, the man in the berth was struggling back into his clothes behind the curtain that bulged and writhed like the Laocoön, or like a man putting on his trousers in a lower berth. The conductor talked to him from our side of the curtain, explaining that my tickets had all been purchased through an agency for a long tour and therefore the chances were that my accommodations were correct and his single purchase was the one in error. When the man emerged, he agreed docilely and apologized for having usurped my place. He went off down the aisle, carrying a shirt, collar, and tie over his left arm, his coat over his right shoulder, and wearing his hat uncertainly on his head, as if he had tossed it there instead of onto a hook, where it had barely caught. He carried a small valise and walked with his neck thrust out to prevent the hat's falling off. The porter followed with a large bag.

When the berth was made up again, I settled into it and had a comfortable night. The porter told me next morning that the conductor hadn't been able to find another place for the man, not even an upper. He had had to sit up the rest of the night in the men's room. I said it was a pity that inexperienced clerks these days were the cause of such things happening.

THE train pulled into Shreveport at half past eleven, three hours late; that was very good, the porter and the taxi driver said. The day was warm and sunny. I could see from the taxi that the streets were wide and that there were not very many of them, or any trees along them except for one row in front of the courthouse. In the Washington-Youree Hotel, a large crowd of people was waiting to register. I made no effort to push my way to the room desk. The lecture bureau always made my reservations well in advance and I had never had any difficulty. When my turn came, I simply said to the clerk, "You have a reservation," and gave my name.

He smiled back at me. "Yes, Miss Kimbrough, indeed we have." I felt a pleasant glow of contentment at being so well taken care of. The clerk poked his fingers in little pigeonholes, drew out scraps of paper, read them, and put them back. He paused over one and came back to where I was standing.

"Miss Kimbrough," he said, "we have a reservation for you for Monday."

"That's quite right," I told him. "I'm here."

"Miss Kimbrough," the clerk said, "this is Friday."

All the other people waiting to register stopped talking among themselves and looked at us. So did the cashier and the telephone girl and the assistant clerk. There was nothing I could think of to say to the room clerk that would make any sense. If you have amnesia, I wanted to tell him, there would be days behind you which were obliterated in your mind. What kind of disease would it be when there were three days ahead of you for which you could not account? It was, of course, nonsense to speak of the fourth dimension, but I couldn't help thinking about it.

I said aloud, "My schedule says that I arrive in the morning and lecture that night at eight o'clock," and I remembered that it also said, "Evening dress requested. Organization will call for you at the hotel and escort you to the club." The itinerary was always rich in detail.

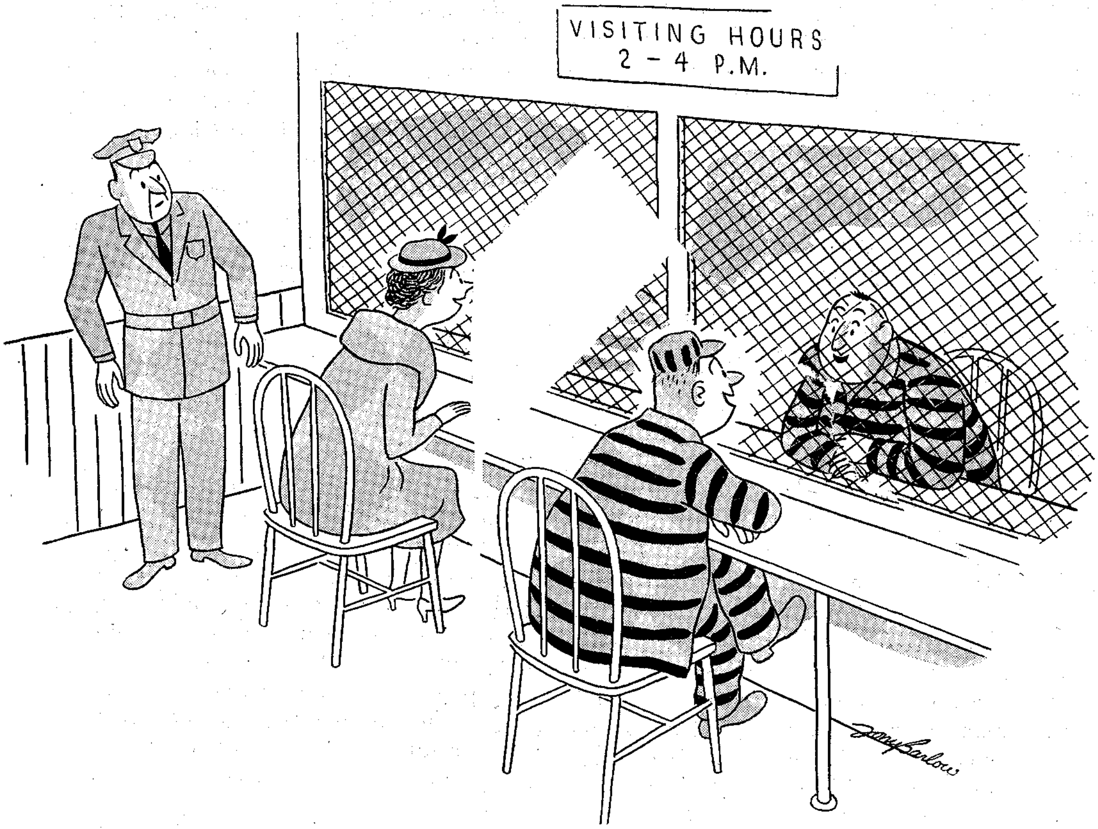
The clerk repeated, "That's right, Miss Kimbrough, Monday. Today's Friday. But," he added with the pleased surprise of a child, "we can give you a room just the same, where you can wait until Monday."

I wondered if he thought it would be better for everyone if I were locked up in it until then, but I only told him faintly that that would be very nice.

When I had got the bellboy out of the room, after an interminable fussing over how to open the window and showing me where the coat closet and bathroom were, I sat down in a rocking chair by the window. I sat there for a long time without doing anything at all, because I couldn't think what to do. First of all, I couldn't think how I could possibly be sitting there on a Friday when it was meant to be Monday. Then I couldn't figure out what the lecture bureau had done with those three days. I still had on my hat and coat; I'd thrown my bag on the bed. I got up from the rocking chair, went over to the bed, pulled out the leather container once more, extricated the dog-eared itinerary, followed with my finger down the page to "Flint, Michigan—to Chicago." I had read it over a hundred times, except for the left-hand column, which had seemed repetitious. I read that now in order not to leave a word unturned. The section read, "[left-hand column] Thursday, January 25th (night of 24th)—[middle column] leave Flint, Michigan, Grand Trunk #5—[right-hand column] 12:30 A.M. [left-hand column] Thursday, January 25th—[middle] arrive Chicago, Illinois, Dearborn Station—[r.-h. col.] 7 A.M." And then my finger shook. The next line read, "[l.-h. col.] *Sunday*, January 28th—[middle col.] leave Chicago, Union Station, Alton Railroad #19—[r.-h. col.] 8:15 A.M. [middle] arrive St. Louis, Union Station—[r.-h. col.] 1:45 P.M." Then, "[l.-h. col.] *Sunday*, January 28th—[middle col.] leave St. Louis, Missouri Pacific #1—[r.-h. col.] 5:50 P.M. [l.-h. col.] *Monday*, January 29th—[middle col.] arrive Shreveport, Louisiana—[r.-h. col.] 8:30 A.M."

Thursday, January 25th, arrive Chicago. *Sunday*, January 28th, leave Chicago.

Three days in Chicago. Three beautiful days in Chicago, where I used to live, where my parents live now, where my old friends are! Three days of idleness thoughtfully arranged by the lecture bureau to take place in the one spot where I would like to be, with time to see everyone and not a single job to do! Shreveport was lovely, so I had heard, but I didn't want to spend three lonely days there and I couldn't very well tell the woman in charge of the lecture that I was three days ahead of time. No chairman could be expected to cope with that disaster. Three days alone in Shreveport. Of *course* my seat was occupied in the parlor car to St. Louis; of course a man had my berth on the train from St. Louis to Shreveport. Why hadn't the conductor looked at the date on my ticket? Why hadn't I looked at it, for that matter? But after all, that was part of a conductor's training. I certainly needed training, too—in reading. Why hadn't my loved ones at home, when I talked to them on the telephone in Chicago, known that I shouldn't have been in such a hurry? They had a copy of the itinerary. I found later that they *had* known five minutes later, after hanging up the telephone, had had me paged in the Union Station in Chicago, and had then given up. The dolts. They know now about sending a telegram to a train. The name of the railroad and number of the train were right there before them on the itinerary. I could have been snatched back at St. Louis and restored to Chicago. But I was not in St. Louis. I was in Shreveport, Louisiana. After I had sat a long while in the rocker by the window, thinking about these things, I thought about lunch.



THE dining room was large and very decorated. I ordered salad and a bottle of beer.

"We don't serve beer in this dining room," the headwaiter told me.

Beer happens to be the only alcoholic drink I take. I do like beer, and if ever there was a time when I wanted it, it was then. I got up from the table.

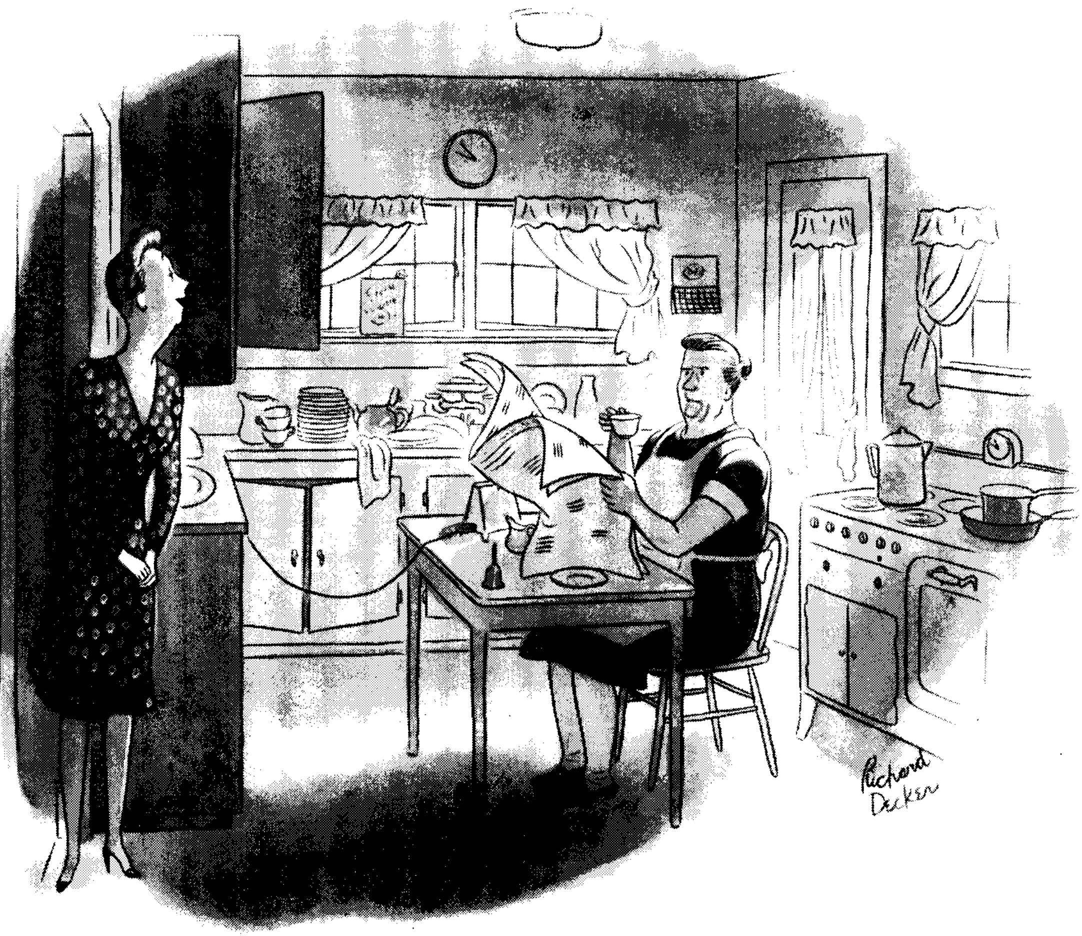
"Never mind the lunch," I told the headwaiter. "I'll try the other dining room."

The other dining room was the coffee shop. I sat up at the counter and ordered a salad and a bottle of beer.

"We don't serve beer here," the waitress told me. "Only in the bar."

"Never mind the salad, thank you," I said, and got up.

The bar was alongside the



"Did you ring, Nora?"

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coffee shop. Over the doorway, a neon sign read, "Ladies not permitted in the bar without an escort." I went back to the coffee shop and told the waitress about the sign.

"That's right," she said. "You have to have an escort." I asked if she could get me one, but she didn't answer. Then I asked if there were any way that I could get beer sent out of the bar. She suggested that I go to my room and try room service. I went up to my room. I ordered from room service a salad and a bottle of beer. Room service said the hotel carried only draught beer, which couldn't be taken out of the bar. I said, "Never mind the salad," and hung up.

WALKING down the street, five minutes later, I wondered if I was putting too much into getting a bottle of beer. I decided that, after all, it gave me a purpose and I had Friday to Monday to carry it out.

The first few places I tried had no beer. I think it was in the fifth place that the proprietor said that they did carry it, and even gave me a choice of brands. I ordered twelve bottles, in my relief and pleasure. The proprietor put them up on the counter, cold and wet.

"Got your empties?" he asked genially.

I began to feel a little fourth-dimensional again. I told him that I did not have any empty bottles, if that was what he meant. He began putting the beer away again. He was sorry, he told me, but he was not allowed to sell beer unless he had empty bottles in return. It was all I could do to keep from leaning on my stomach across the counter and snatching the cold bottles. It was suddenly, too, all I could do to keep from crying. I told the proprietor that I had travelled all the way from Philadelphia and that I had not carried empty bottles as part of my luggage.

"That's too bad," he said, "because we can't sell you beer without we get the empties."

The last bottle was gone from the counter, back down into the ice below. I went out of the store and up the street. It was very hot and there were no shade trees. I had on the only coat I had brought, my best one, and that was mink.

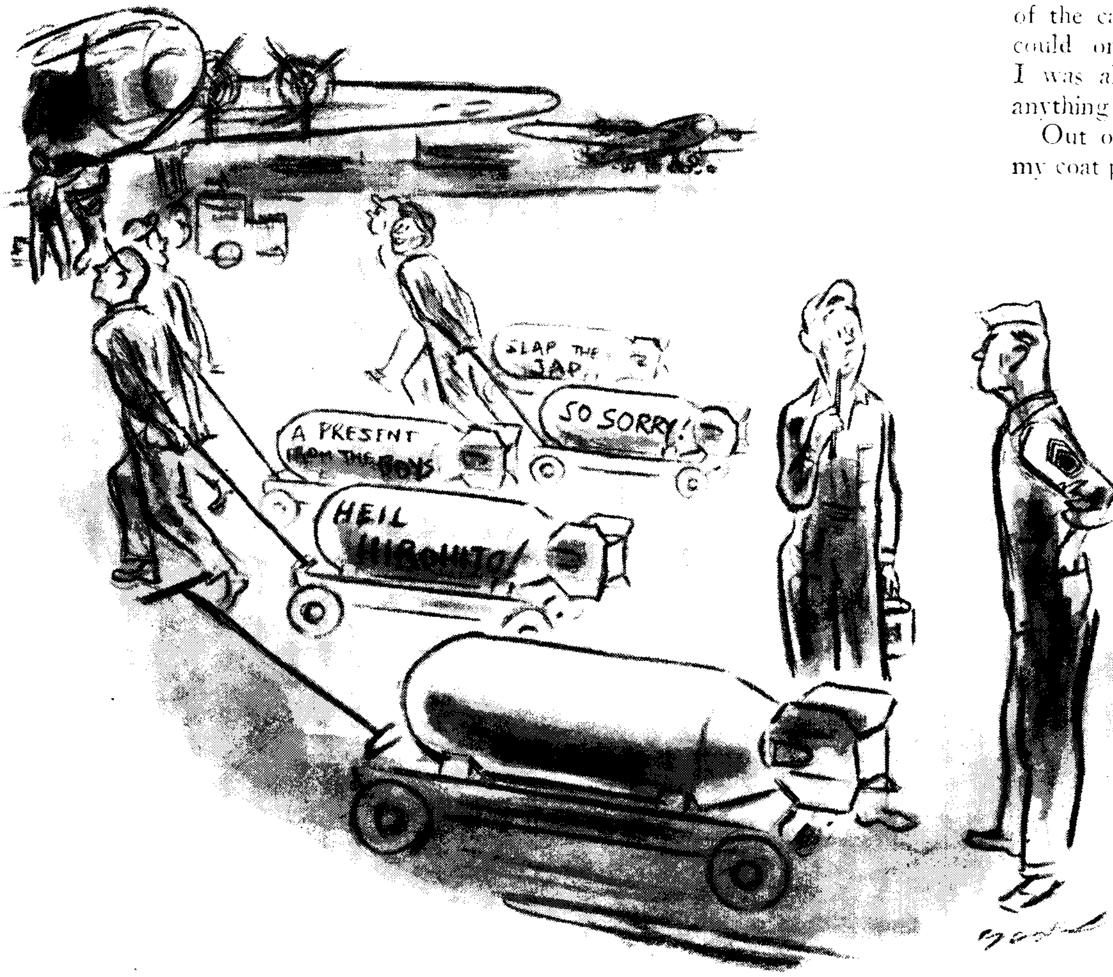
Two or three blocks farther on I found a place that sold beer, but they wouldn't sell it without the empties either. It was at the fourth place after that one that the proprietor agreed to sell me a dozen empties. He couldn't sell me the beer, too, he said, but he would sell me the empties and I could take them back somewhere else and exchange them for beer. He brought out twelve empty beer bottles and at that moment I felt I had never seen a prettier sight. I paid for them and then he said, "Where is your carrier?"

"My what?" I asked him.

"Your carrier," he repeated impatiently. "Something to put these in. How can I sell beer bottles to you unless you have something to take 'em away in? I can sell you the bottles, but I'm not allowed to give you a carrier and you could never carry 'em loose."

Again I was afraid I would cry. I explained that I had travelled from Philadelphia and had not brought a carrier with me. He was sorry, he said, but that's the way it was. He couldn't sell beer, or even empties, unless the customer provided a carrier, a basket, like. I asked if he knew of a place to buy a basket. He couldn't think of any at the minute. I asked him tartly—I was so hot and tired—if he could give me the address of a weaver and I'd get one made. He ignored that. As I started out the door, he softened. I could try the market down the street, he called after me. "Might be they'd sell you a container. Ginger-ale carton or anything would do."

I nodded, because I couldn't speak, and went on down the street. By this time the heat was so intense that sweat began to trickle down the back of my legs. When I got into the market, it was so crowded that I had to wait a long time before I could be served. I noticed a ginger-ale carton on the floor and asked a boy who came to wait on me if I could have it. The boy shook his head. I was by now defeated beyond


SLAP THE JAP
SO SORRY!
A PRESENT FROM THE BOYS
HEIL HIROHITO!

"Gosh, Sarge, I can't seem to think of a thing to say."

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argument. I turned and started away. He called after me, "Not without you buy something to go in it."

I caught sight of a box of cheese crackers on a shelf, dropped it into the ginger-ale carton at my feet, and asked if that would do.

He said, "Sure," and charged me ten cents for the cheese crackers, twenty-five for the carton. I went back along the hot pavement, my hair wet and sticking to the back of my neck. The proprietor who had said he would sell me the empties was behind the counter, just as I had left him, his head leaning on an open hand, his elbow on the counter. He did not change his position, but he brought out from under the counter, with his free hand, twelve bottles, one by one. He packed them in with the cheese crackers and I went out on the street again. For the first time I began to have misgivings about the number I had ordered. Twelve *empty* bottles seemed heavy.

I went on a quarter of a mile farther to the place that had offered me cold beer if I could supply the empties. The man remembered me and pulled out the bottles as he saw me come in the door. He was fat, with white skin, little blue eyes puckered in at the tops of sagging pouches, and strands of black hair arranged like Venetian blinds over the glare of his shining bald head. I handed over the empties and he replaced them, bottle for bottle. I put my handbag over one arm to have two hands for the carton, and inched the carton off the counter onto my front. I sagged under the weight and the sweat ran down my legs. A strand of wet hair tickled my nose. I couldn't let go the carton to push it back.

Until that moment, the proprietor had been almost without motion, but now he came round from behind the counter, swept open the door, and bowed with a flourish like someone out of a Margaret Webster Shakespeare play.

"Good day to you, Madam," he said. "I hope you will enjoy to the fullest extent the cheer of the beer and the hospitality of our Southland."

My chin was hooked over the edge of the carton to help balance it, so I could only mumble, "Thank you." I was also too surprised to think of anything else to say.

Out on the street, the carton kept my coat pushed back on either side, but the sweat trickled down everywhere and itched. My hat was uncomfortable, too. It had slipped back and it felt the way the hat had looked on the man leaving the lower berth on the train; I had to stretch my neck out the way he had stretched his to keep the millinery balanced at all.

The hotel was eight blocks away. I felt with my foot for each curb, because I couldn't see over the carton. When I came into the lobby, the mail clerk called out, "Have a nice walk? You look hot. How do you like our Southern climate?"

I relaxed the grip of my chin on the carton enough to smile, but I didn't say anything. It wasn't much of a smile, either.

Up in my room, I eased the carton onto the wash basin. I was afraid if I bent over to put it on the floor, I couldn't get up again. I sat in the rocking chair by the window until my legs had almost stopped shaking and then I went over to the telephone by the bed and called room service.

"I would like to order lunch," I said. "Just a bowl of green salad."

"I'm certainly sorry," the operator told me, "but the dining room is closed."

After a while I ate the box of cheese crackers, sitting in the rocking chair and drinking quite a lot of the beer as I reread my itinerary. I began planning, too, the best way to handle the increase in my luggage. Because I knew that I would never travel again without twelve empties and a carrier.

—Emily Kimbrough

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. . . Sinclair Lewis was ranked as fourth and Thomas Wolfe as fifth. Willie Cather took sixth place.—*From the Daily Observer, a service-men's paper.*

Come *on-n*, Willie!

TOO LATE TO MARRY, TOO SOON TO DIE

THEY sat at a table in one corner of the bar. They always sat at the same table and ordered the same number of drinks and left the bar a few minutes before midnight. The man looked about forty. He was getting fat and his thin blond hair had faded to the color of tobacco stain. The girl was twenty-three or twenty-four, tall, white-cheeked, and pretty. She was a better-looking girl than, before the war, most men of forty would have been able to buy drinks for at a Greenwich Avenue bar.

The man linked his fingers on the soiled table top, studied his polished nails, and said, "Say something."

The girl's voice was low, and steadier than the man's. It seemed to match her straight black hair and dark eyes. "You always tell me that," she said.

"Well, then, say something."

"Am I supposed to be funny? Am I supposed to make you laugh?"

"I don't care. Just so you don't sit there looking solemn."

"I'm not looking solemn. I'm looking gay. I'm looking at the gay people at the bar. They're so beautiful."

"They're rummies."

"All right then, they're rummies."

The man made an effort to match the forced liveliness of the girl's voice. "I can't say I approve of your language, Miss MacAleny. Miss Mulcahey."

"I'm sorry, Father."

"It's not the kind of language we expect from our girls."

"Forgive me, Father."

"I can't say I approve of your attitude toward the Church, either, Miss MacEldowney. Miss McGillicuddy's Reeks. Remember, God is everywhere."

In a child's singsong, repeating the words of the penny catechism, the girl said, " 'Who made the world? God made the world. Who is God? God is the creator of heaven and earth, and of all things.' "

"Let's not be blasphemous," the man said, and his voice had a sharp edge of disapproval.

"You're not serious!"

"Maybe I am. Maybe I don't think you're being especially witty."

"I'm not. I can't be."

They finished their drinks without saying anything more and, at a sign from the man, the waiter set two more drinks on the table in front of them. The waiter's worn shoes went slap-slap over the sawdust-covered floor.

After a few minutes, the girl said, "What are you thinking?"

"Nothing."

"You must be thinking something."

"I said, nothing. I'm not thinking at all."

"You're thinking of Carol."

The man made a gesture of impatience with his glass, sliding it back and forth between his hands. The girl said, "How *is* Carol?"

"She's fine."

"And the children?"

"They're fine."

"And your house—your lovely, expensive house?"

"It's fine."

"With the silver and china your father-in-law gave you because his little girl likes nice things—isn't that it?—and the Sheraton side chairs and the mandolin or whatever it's called clock—"

"All right, all right."

"You know what I wish?" The girl spoke deliberately. "I wish your silver would melt and your china would break and your house would burn down. I wish—" *But she stopped speaking and the* man leaned back, as if in relief, against the smoke-smudged wall. A young sailor left the bar and entered the men's room, directly across from their table.

"He's going to be sick," the man said.

"Poor lamb. I've been watching him. He's all alone."

"Why don't you take him home with you? Why don't you tuck him in bed and make him some camomile tea?"

"I wish I could."

"Why don't you?"

"For one thing, there's Ellen."

"Oh, for God's sake!" The man's voice sounded bored. "Why don't you heave her out?"

"We've been over and over that. It was Ellen who found the apartment. Where could either of us go now?" They heard the sailor being sick back of the thin pine door. "Besides, he'd think I was just another tramp. He'd much rather have a cute little bobby-sock girl." She turned to face the man, her eyes mocking him. "Isn't it pitiful? Doesn't it wring your heart? I'm of no use to anybody. When *they* went off, all the well-brought-up, carefully scrubbed boys, I was too young for them; by the time they come back, if they do come back, I'll be too old." She traced a heart on the table. "Give me a nickel."

"You're not going to play that record."

"I want to."

"Then I won't give you a nickel."

"I'll ask the waiter for one."

The man spilled some coins on the table, and the girl, picking up a nickel, walked to the juke box beside the bar. She chose a record, placed the nickel on the steel plunger, and thrust the plunger in and out. Then she returned to the table and sat down. She touched the man's cheek. "Ah, it's a lovely song," she said. " 'Too late to marry, too soon to die.' "

THE record was loud and brassy; it seemed to go on and on. The sailor came out of the men's room as the record ended. He looked pale under his tan, and surprised and offended by what had happened to him. The girl said, "Hello, sailor," and her eyes welcomed him. "Want to come over and sit down?"

The sailor looked uncertainly at the man. The man took a drink and said, "You're sick. You'd better get back to your ship."

The sailor said, "Hell, no, I got twenty-four hours." He was still so young that he wanted to walk away without making trouble, but, being a sailor, he wanted to carry some memory of a risky and gallant shore incident to sea with him. He said, "Listen, it was her who started talking, not me. If you want to make anything out of it, I'll be right up there at that bar."

The man grinned and said, "O.K., sailor boy."

"And don't call me sailor boy, hear?"

The man's cheeks sagged when he grinned. "O.K., sailor."

The sailor ducked his head, frowning with almost imperceptible brows.

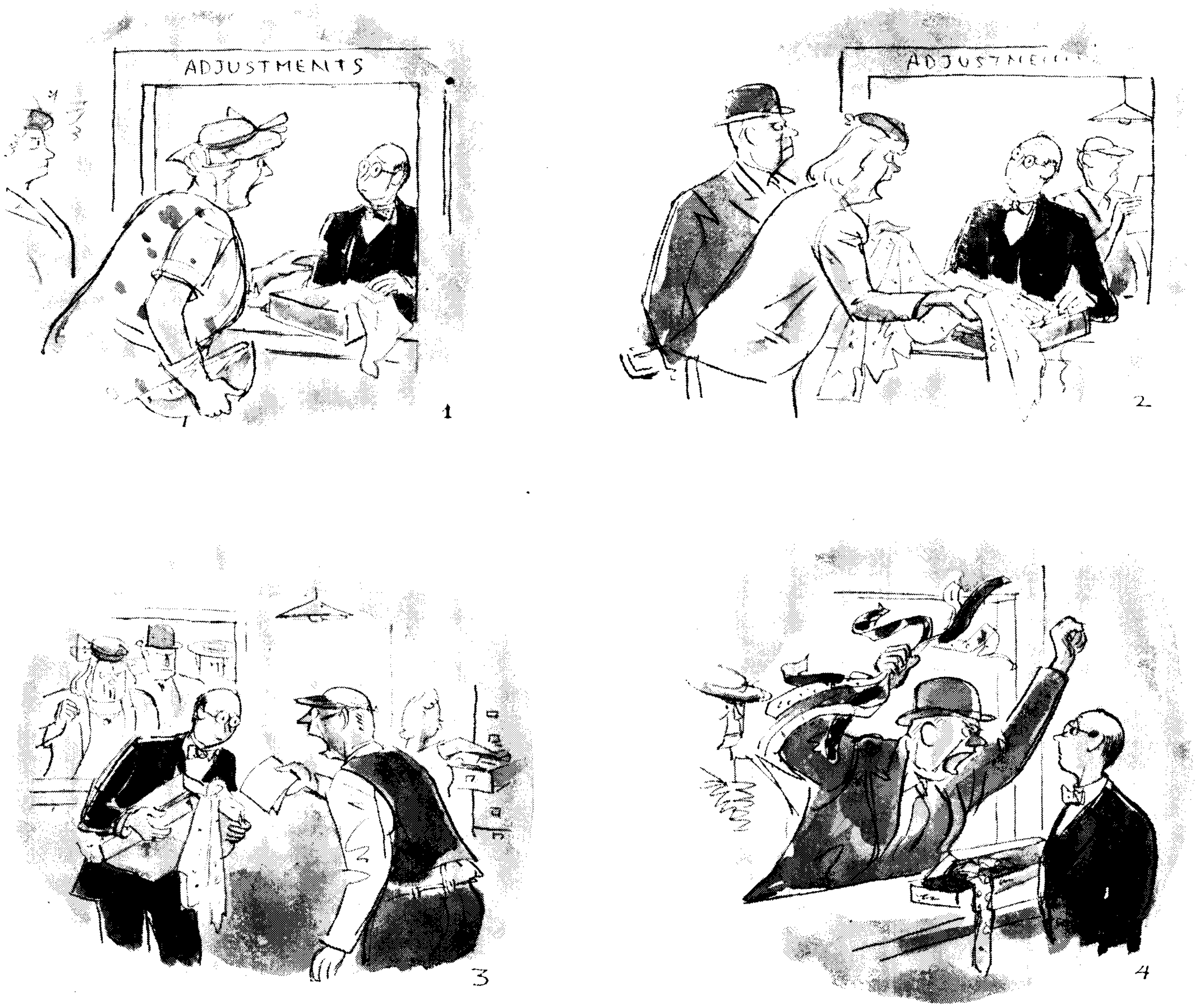
me," he said to the girl, and
owly, with dignity, to the bar.

rl said, "God, you're mean."

an finished his drink. "I let
ambikins thumb his nose at
I?"

mean, mean, mean. Why
me to speak to him?"

d to see *what you'd do. I*
m e what you'll be doing next
n Carol and the children



come back from her father's and I can't sit holding your hand every night in the week."

"Please," the girl said. "Oh, please, please. You don't have to say that. You don't have to." The mascara she had brushed onto her lashes earlier [illegible] evening had begun to print i[illegible]n straight wet lines against her up[illegible]s. "I think I'll go home now," s[illegible].

"Home to your neat little, [illegible] little bed?"

"Home to my neat little, na[illegible]tle bed."

"It's early yet. Ellen w[illegible] we've had a row."

"Ellen doesn't know anyt[illegible] you."

"Don't be an idiot."

"She only knows there'[illegible] She thinks you're tall an[illegible] dark—the Cary Grant typ[illegible] you're twenty-eight and [illegible] been deferred as an aircr[illegible] [illegible]"

They did not speak again until, not looking at him, the girl said, "Now we're even." She covered one of his hands with hers. "We mustn't do this. It's silly. No matter what, I want to see you. At least, I don't want not to see you."

"Finish your drink," the man said.

"Are you angry with me?"

"Finish your drink."

"You *are* angry. Well, I'm sorry."

"Now you're being childish."

"All right, I'm being childish. I'm being anything you like. Only say you're not angry with me."

"I'm not angry with you."

"And you'll see me tomorrow night?"

He nodded. "I'll see you tomorrow night."

The waiter came up to their table. His feet throbbed in his shoes and his eyes looked glazed back of his gold-rimmed glasses. "Want your check?" he said, and it was as if he had said, "Why don't you go home? For the love of God, why don't you go home?"

The man said, "Bring us a couple of more drinks."

"We're going to drink to patience," the girl said. "To all the patient virgins, wives, mothers, sisters, aunts, cousins, and second cousins in the world." She smiled at the waiter, her dark eyes shining. "But we'll drink our drinks fast," she said.

The waiter nodded and turned away, his shoes dragging through the darkened, two-day-old sawdust.

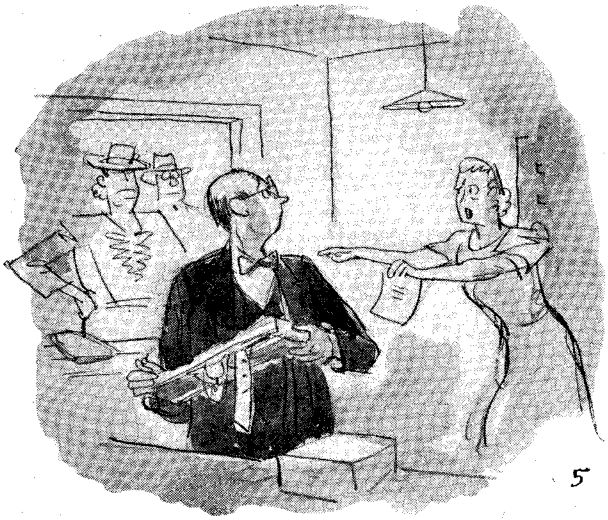
"Give me another nickel," the girl said to the man. "Please. I'll play a nice, cheerful record this time, a Crosby. I promise I will."

—BRENDAN GILL

•

RELIABLE family wants to rent 314 bedroom house, convenient to transportation. DE 9-7444.—*Adv. in the Times.*

Sounds like reliability gone wild.



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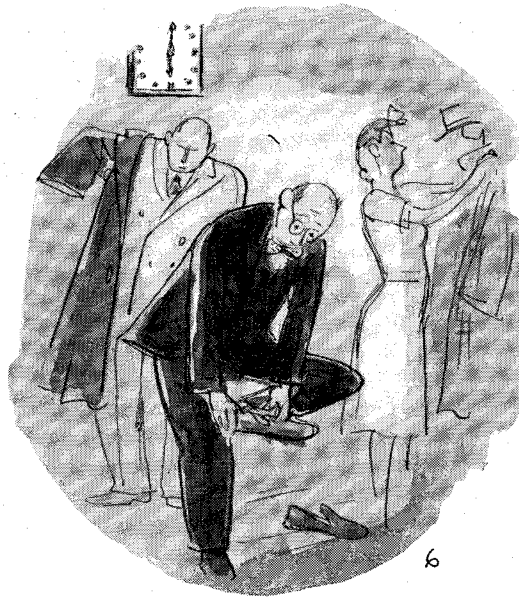

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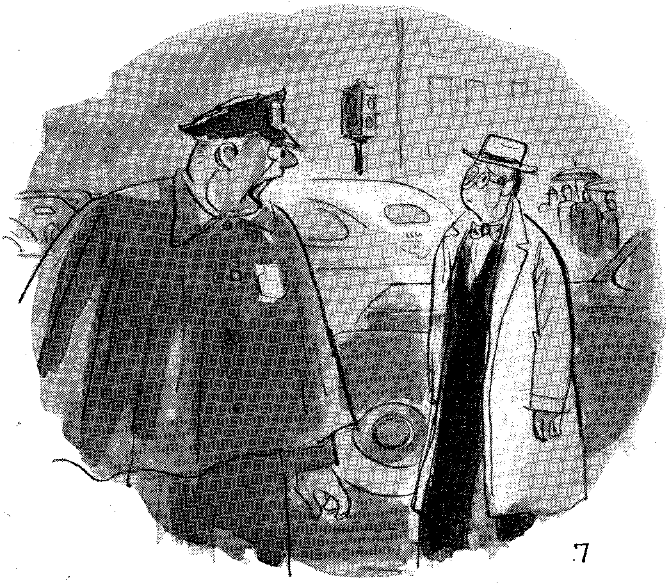

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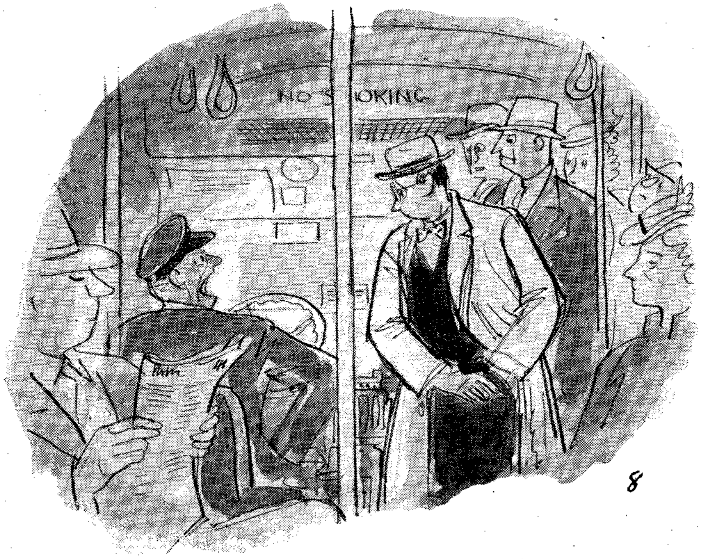

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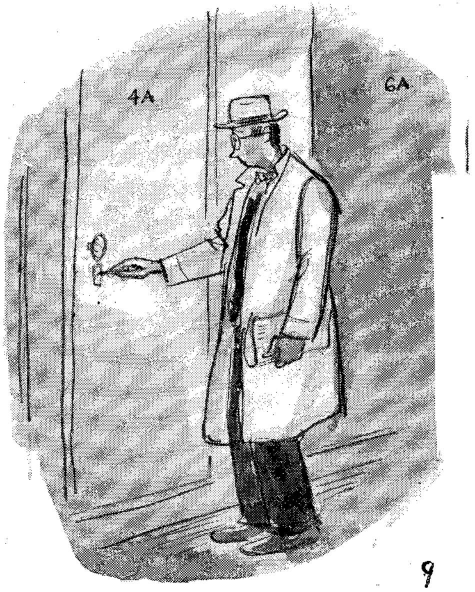

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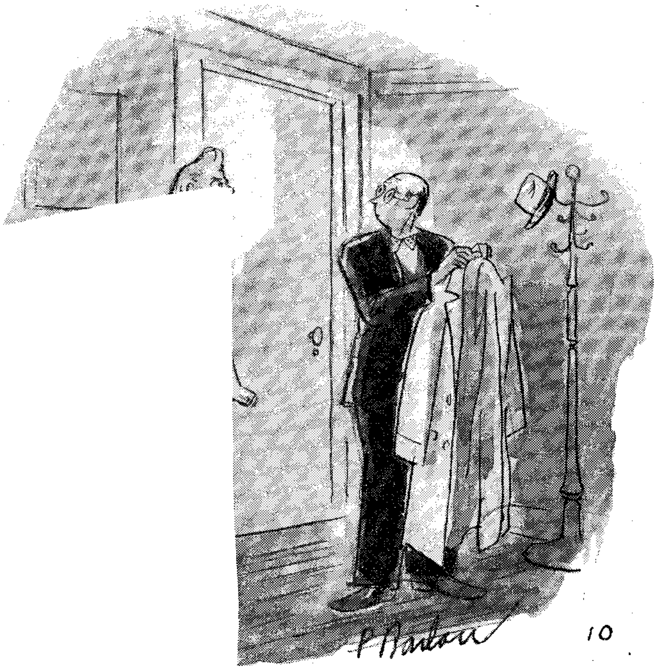


10

A REPORTER ON OKINAWA

I—SUICIDES AND BUSHWHACKERS

SOMETHING of the wide, vaudeville range of European warfare was seen in the Pacific Theatre for the first time when American Army and Marine troops, supported by hordes of ships, boats, planes, amphibious vehicles, land vehicles, and technicians and specialists of every description, invaded Okinawa on April 1st, Easter Sunday. Most of the items of this particular variety show had been seen singly on the Pacific stage before. The Philippines, for instance, offered the spectacle and problem of a large civilian population—something unknown till then in our series of Pacific landings. In the Marianas there were small-scale collaborations of the Army and the Marines, and it should be understood that in many points of training, equipment, and mental attitude the difference between the Army and the Marines is sharper than the difference between the American and the British armies in Europe. At Iwo Jima we employed our first full-dress armada of naval and air support, and in two or three other places there occurred that true rarity of the Pacific war, an artillery duel. But Okinawa had them all and in most respects had them bigger. On this island, filled to capacity by four hundred and fifty thousand somewhat bemused natives and seventy thousand desperate Japanese troops, as the Marines indulged in wild and hazardous bushwhacking, the Army simultaneously fought a great pitched battle of artillery, and ships and planes threw thousands of tons of shells in all directions, I felt for the first time that every piece in the complicated pattern of European war was present. There were also several weird and gaudy patches that were thoroughly and uniquely Pacific.

There was a great deal of Japanese suicide—a branch of hysteria the Jap have developed highly in this war—in many forms, all ingenious. It's tru that our enemies on both fronts hav turned to suicide, but the German saved it for what seems to the Wester mind the logical time—the end—whereas there is no sure indicatio that the current Jap suicide trend mean the finish of the Japanese war effort. The Japanese on Okinawa hav used suicide as a battle tactic and a active defense measure. They ha done so elsewhere, but never so extensively or earnestly. On land and se their arrangements for defense wer both strong and emotional, and every where the emotional quality undermined and nullified the strength. A matter of two thousand Japanese planes, representing an enormous outlay of equipment and first-line pilot talent, were shot down in the Okinawa area in the period of slightly more than two weeks I watched the operation, and though they did some damage to our smaller craft, such as destroyers, minesweepers, and LCSs, and created tensions and minor wounds elsewhere in the huge regatta, the net effect of it all was disproportionately and pitifully weak. Similarly, ashore, the best defensive preparations, which included large ammunition supplies and very strong built-up positions, were not used against us until after we had a grip on the island fatal to its defense and had poured men and supplies in unmolested.

Of the planes shot down, the greater number were bent on suicide, under the terms of the Japanese Kamikaze, or special-attack-force, training, which calls for "death simultaneously with a mortal blow to the enemy." There are swimmers and small-boat crews, as well as airmen and other strange operatives still unmentionable, for security reasons, in this force whose members "are not expected to return." Okinawa was a headquarters for the training of suicide swimmers and suicide boatmen. One morning, I was in a ship off the west shore when daylight overtook fifteen suicide swimmers in a canoe and on a raft aboard which they were approaching a nearby destroyer, and to a man they killed themselves instantly with grenades. The suicide swimmers are so designated because they leave their small craft for the final, personal gesture of attack. Suicide boats are attack weapons in themselves, with explosives and rocket launchers, set to fire upon impact, in the bow.

Our ships were attacked at Okinawa by suicide swimmers, suicide boats, suicide planes, ordinary homespun bombing planes which "expected to return" (though they seldom did), shore batteries, mortars, torpedoes, and even a submarine or two, and on top of that they faced the passive threat of mines. On the day of the first suicide-plane raids, the Navy vessels and transports in the fleet just off our supply beaches shot down some hundred and twenty planes. In addition, a hundred and sixty Japanese aircraft were intercepted and shot down farther out at sea. There was no question that the planes were ticketed for suicide by the Kamikaze formula. Those fliers who managed to penetrate our awesome curtain of flak dived straight and with finality at the ships of their choice, apparently picked at random. None of them would ever have entered this abattoir at all if they had had any thought of escape. They all rammed, or tried to ram, and none got away from the area while I was watching, which I did from a bouncing seat that at times I would gladly have traded for any other, in spite of the grisly fascination of the scene. Planes were coming in at intervals, in small batches, as best they could, and there was no way of telling, when you stepped into a Higgins boat bound across the harbor, under a peaceful sky, what would happen before you got where you were going. I was in an Army messenger boat on its regular run between the flagship and the beach, with its usual cargo of a dozen couriers and passengers, and it was slapping blithely through the waves beneath a hot afternoon sun. The first warning of sudden visitors was an arm of anti-aircraft fire which shot up from a ship close by, to be joined immediately by other arms darting from every direction. Riding the apex of this cone of fire was a two-motored Japanese plane. Its purpose became obvious when the pilot went into a clean, deliberate dive instead of making for higher, freer spaces. Three ships loomed off our port bow—a white hospital ship, a gray transport, and an LST—and one of them was his target. They followed him, groping and clutching. I could see black slugs swarm around him, and red tracer bullets, and this made me realize how small boat, it ne ca ed to, and read the linings of our stomachs. I grabbed my helmet, put it on, and ducked behind the bulkhead. The others did the same. The coxswain had given up purposeful steering by now, having no idea which way to run, and we bounced around aimlessly and watched the wild race between a man intent on his destiny and guns that tried to forestall him. In spite of the plane's speed, it was an unequal race. Halfway down, a trimming of fire suddenly crept over the fuselage, and a moment later the plane twitched in its course just enough to make us doubtful about what its target was. Then the plane hit the water, skipped once, like a flat stone, and broke into pieces. We still couldn't tell which ship it was that the pilot had chosen for his altar of immolation. He crashed between the hospital ship and the transport, and a couple of hundred yards from us, but we did not note such points specifically until after we had picked ourselves off the bottom of the boat, to which we had dived to avoid the fragments of plane flying over our heads.

"Is it patriotic yet to ask for a raise?"

I was telling this story a few days later to a young soldier embroiled in the infantry and artillery business over on the far side of Okinawa, out of sight of the shipping, and he listened courteously. "Is that so?" he said, when I had ducked my final fragment of the suicide plane. "Listen, did you know I fell off a cliff once in Leyte? We were going along . . ."

THE fact is that with three highly specialized operations in progress all at once in Okinawa and vicinity, the active, but submerged, combatants in each branch were apt to lose sight of those in the two others, and of the instruments of synchronization, which were applied at Okinawa on such a vast scale. The battle area was small enough so that wanderers from zone to zone, like myself and the other war correspondents, could watch all three, or parts of all three. But on another day, when a suicide-plane raid almost as big as the first one befell our shipping, I had little mind for anything but the shells from the Jap land guns that were dropping around an Army command post a dozen miles away from the anchorage. Down in Army territory, at the south end of the island, when they did speculate on life in other regions, they would ask, "What about those Marines? Are they making any headway?" Now, the Marines—Okinawa was invaded by one corps composed of two Marine divisions and one corps of four Army divisions—had turned north from the landing beaches into wild, thinly defended country, while the Army, turning south, had bumped square against prepared Japanese defenses and the main part of the Jap defense force. By the time I began to hear the Army's question about the Marines' whereabouts, the Marines had ranged northward, over hill and gully, for great distances—great island distances—and one light-footed battalion had reached the north tip of Okinawa, nearly fifty miles from the landing point. Reports of this sort of thing were mystifying to Army troops, considering their own circumstances, but they were hardly more mystified than the Marines themselves had been at the start of the jaunt north. So far as the Marines were concerned, the Okinawa invasion was like a fierce, bold rush by cops, hunting gunmen, into a house that suddenly turned out to be only haunted. Here and there, the Marines did get fleeting glimpses of an evil presence. One platoon was ambushed in a ravine by a small party of Jap soldiers. The first night ashore some infiltrating Japs slipped into a camp and bayoneted thirteen Marines in their foxholes. But mainly there was just open island, green, fresh, cool, scenic, and empty—empty except for thousands of civilians, whom the Marines firmly ignored and tried to avoid shooting. In their fury of frustration and puzzlement, however, they shot a little of everything else, including a horse that came down the road near an encampment one night sounding like fourteen Jap soldiers. It was mowed down by outposts of a company commanded by an adventurous young Marine from Atlantic City.

The sense of anticlimax was especially acute among the Marines to whom I was assigned during the landing operation. They belonged to the Fourth Marine Regiment, famous even among Marine regiments for its hardihood and fighting record. Its nucleus was a group of semi-Commandos known, at the time they began fighting on Guadalcanal, as the Marine Raiders, and it was commanded now by an old Raider leader, Colonel Alan Shapley, a big, golden-colored fellow with a golden past as the Naval Academy's greatest athletic hero of the twenties. On the way to Okinawa, Shapley had been depreciating to me the idea of supermen or supertroops—Raiders, Rangers, Commandos, and such. He said any regulation regiment of Army or Marines could do as well. But he added, "These boys of mine are very good, and they love to kill Japs. This will be a very tough show, but the boys are full of shooting." On D Day at Okinawa, these boys full of shooting rode in to the beaches in the amtracks, erect and fierce as always in their white war paint and steeled against the withering fire they had been promised for weeks. They rushed up the beaches and before they knew it—in two hours, to be accurate—had crossed their D-plus-three (or fourth-day) objective, the big Yontan airport. The thwarted Marines stared at the Okinawans and the otherwise empty landscape with twitching fingers. It was at this unfortunate juncture that a Japanese fighter-plane pilot elected to make a landing on Yontan Field. Plainly ignorant that Yontan was in our hands, he brought his neat little green fighter down gracefully and taxied to a stop near what had been the Japanese operations office. In five seconds his plane was full of holes of every calibre from every gun around the airstrip. Appreciating that the situation was unfavorable, the pilot got out of the plane with his revolver drawn and was immediately full of holes himself. "I'm sorry the boys were so damn impulsive," said Shapley later. "He would have been a good prisoner."

By dawn of the third day ashore, the Marines I was with were ready to jump off in the final move of forty-five hundred yards, which would bring them to the eastern shore of Ishikawa Isthmus, on the opposite side of the island from where they had landed.

SONG FOR A BEST-SELLER

INSPIRED BY A RUMOR THAT THE GOVERNMENT IS PREPARING RATION BOOK NO. 5 FOR FALL DISTRIBUTION

With eagerness akin to love,
With pulse and spirit pounding equal,
I wait the publication of
My favorite author's newest sequel—
Another opus in the series
Of which no housewife ever wearies.

I know its title—Number 5
War Ration Book, and thus and so on;
Know 'twill prove timely, terse, alive,
But that is all I have to go on.
I palpitate in every sinew
At how the story will continue.

Book Number 1 was brief and taut,
A prologue merely, understated.
Two had a somewhat meatier plot.
Three came profusely illustrated.
But Volume 4, though starting duller,
Wound up with action, interest, color.

In Four did all the passions rage—
Sorrow, delight, pain, disappointment.
What mysteries on every page!
What flies to match each pot of ointment!
From thrill to breathless thrill progressing,
It kept the reader madly guessing.

(In fact, there were but few, I think,
Who really fathomed what it *all* meant.)
So now I stand upon the brink
Of opening the next installment.
Will it conclude the tale, or, hammily,
Go on and on, like "One Man's Family"?

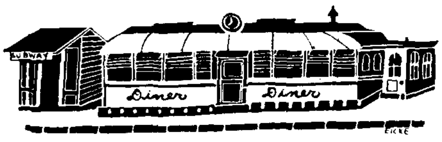
What fate will overtake the Blue?
Will all the Reds remain unbending?
Whom will the Shortage still pursue?
Can we expect a happy ending?
And will Supply burst out of deadlock
To join Demand in holy wedlock?

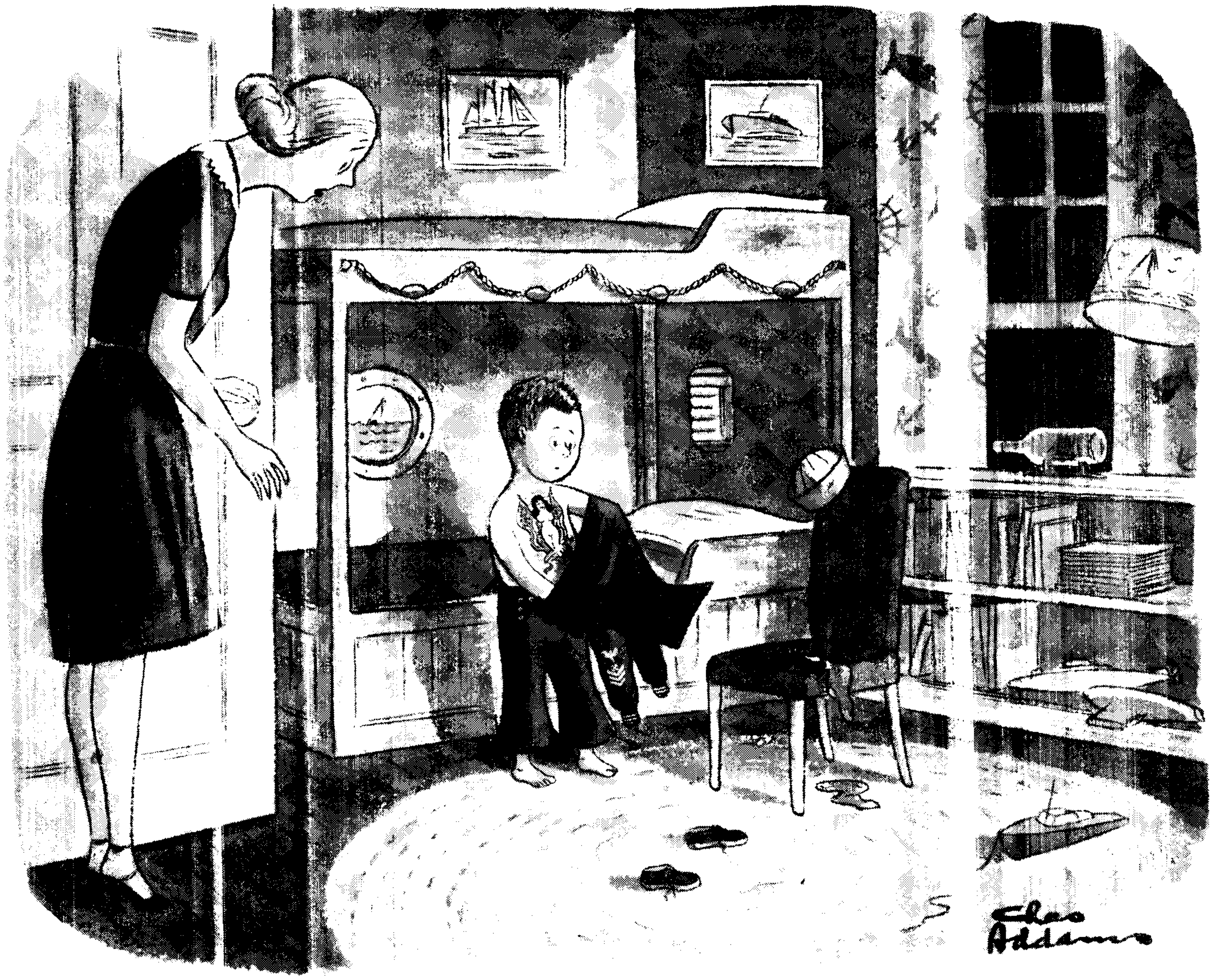
Ah, who can answer, who can say,
Excepting God and O. P. A.?
Until the book at last is mine,
I only wait, and wait in line.

—PHYLLIS MCGINLEY

• •

Three battalions were going to take part in the attack. The night had been an eerie one in our dew-drenched camp on a pine-covered ridge dividing two ravines. There had not been time to flush all the ravines and caves, and we had by now heard the story of the thirteen Marines who were bayoneted in their holes the night before. We watched the pink glow of a brush fire that exploding shells had started beyond the next hill. "By God, this is very mysterious. Know what I mean?" said Lieutenant Colonel Fred Beans, executive officer of the regiment, as the boys looked around desperately for something to shoot. In the matter of civilians, they showed commendable restraint, especially considering that ev-





ery Marine regarded Okinawans as Japs and would split no Oriental hairs whatever except to concede that these "Japs" looked very harmless and beaten down. The Okinawans we saw at first, cowering in the thatched houses of the little village of China—an apt name, since Okinawans are more like Chinese peasants than anything else—or hiding in nearby caves, were all women, old men, and children, every male civilian between sixteen and forty having been herded south by the Jap Army for labor duty.

We learned with interest from a hand radio that an airborne invasion by Japs was expected that night. Those Marines who had gone to bed shivered under their blankets and ponchos; they were South Pacific fighters, unused to crisp, cool nights. Shapley became concerned about a faint wailing sound up ahead of us. Finally the regiment's operations officer, Major Orville Bergren, turned from our telephone with a message. "I got the word on that noise," he said. "The second battalion has a woman and a baby with them that are hurt and crying. They wish to hell we would do something about it, because it is driving them crazy. The man that was with them got killed in the Jap fire in that little counterattack they had this evening. You know how it is. These people are scared to move by day, so they move by night and get shot up. What about it?" "Tell them to take it easy and see that the civilians are doctored, and forget it," said Shapley. "They'll be jumping off soon."

All three battalions launched their final eastbound attack at 0830 and, except for one small-fire fight on the right flank, were delayed only by the roughness of the ground. By 1100, two battalions were on the eastern beaches, and by 1130 the third was in the little coast village of Ishikawa. "Being as how we are working with the Army on this invasion and have the loan of some of their vehicles, of which they got more than there are in the city of Detroit," said Beans, who, like other Marines, was never able to get over his astonishment at the Army's wealth of equipment on Okinawa, "we don't have to walk to catch up with those battalions." Then he turned to Shapley. "I'll go ahead, Colonel," he said, "and set up a new C.P. across the island, and you can follow with the other jeeps." So saying, Beans was off down the road. He returned five minutes later to recover his revolver, which he had left hanging from a branch of a pine tree. That was the kind of campaign it was.

I rode across the island in Shapley's jeep. The roads were narrow and dusty, the villages poor and dingy, but the green island around them was a fine thing to see. Some ridges were so thickly terraced for planting that it was hard to see how they remained standing. We passed across a coastal plain checkered with rice paddies and green squares of sugar cane. Potatoes, beans, garlic, onions, radishes grew everywhere. The civilians, who were now feeling easier, were walking along the roads and saluting us. Nobody returned these salutes until Shapley waved back at a jovial old gentleman with a dirty kimono and bare feet, and then conviviality was general, with some exceptions. A truck just ahead of us was carrying five young Marines and, in the uniform of the Jap labor troops, one young Okinawan who had been badly shot up that morning. Apparently his head wounds had brought on shock, headache, and nausea, for he huddled in a corner of the truck, refusing all attentions. When one of the Marines, during a stop in the journey, lighted a cigarette and put it between the Okinawan's lips, he shuddered violently and pulled back after one puff. The Marines watched intently.

"What do you want to treat a Jap so good for?" asked one of them, whose tow hair stuck out wildly in all directions.

"Why not?" said the man with the cigarette.

"Well, why don't they send some of them back to tell those other Japs how good we treat them?" the first man said. "Then maybe they would treat us good."

The man with the cigarette spat thoughtfully. "Why not?" he said.

"Why don't they send some of them back to tell those other Japs?" the tow-headed boy was yelling balefully as the truck moved on again.

We found Ishikawa to be a deserted village perched on a magnificent bathing beach. Colonel Beans, who had already set up a command post on a hill overlooking some rice and sugar fields, went swimming with the regimental surgeon. I wandered through the village, looking at the lights of a dozen barbecue fires that were beginning to flicker in the dusk. Pigs were roasting, and chickens. Assistant chefs were going up to the fires with handfuls of onions, garlic, and radishes. "They ought to be sticking to their rations, dammit, but I don't know what you can do about it," the doctor said to me as he came out of the sea and began to towel himself. "The main thing is if they just cook that stuff thoroughly enough. Otherwise there's going to be a lot of sick Marines." The doctor was in a disgruntled frame of mind because earlier in the day a man from the regiment's weapons company, following the combat troops into Ishikawa, had been shot through the abdomen while hunting souvenirs in an area not yet searched.

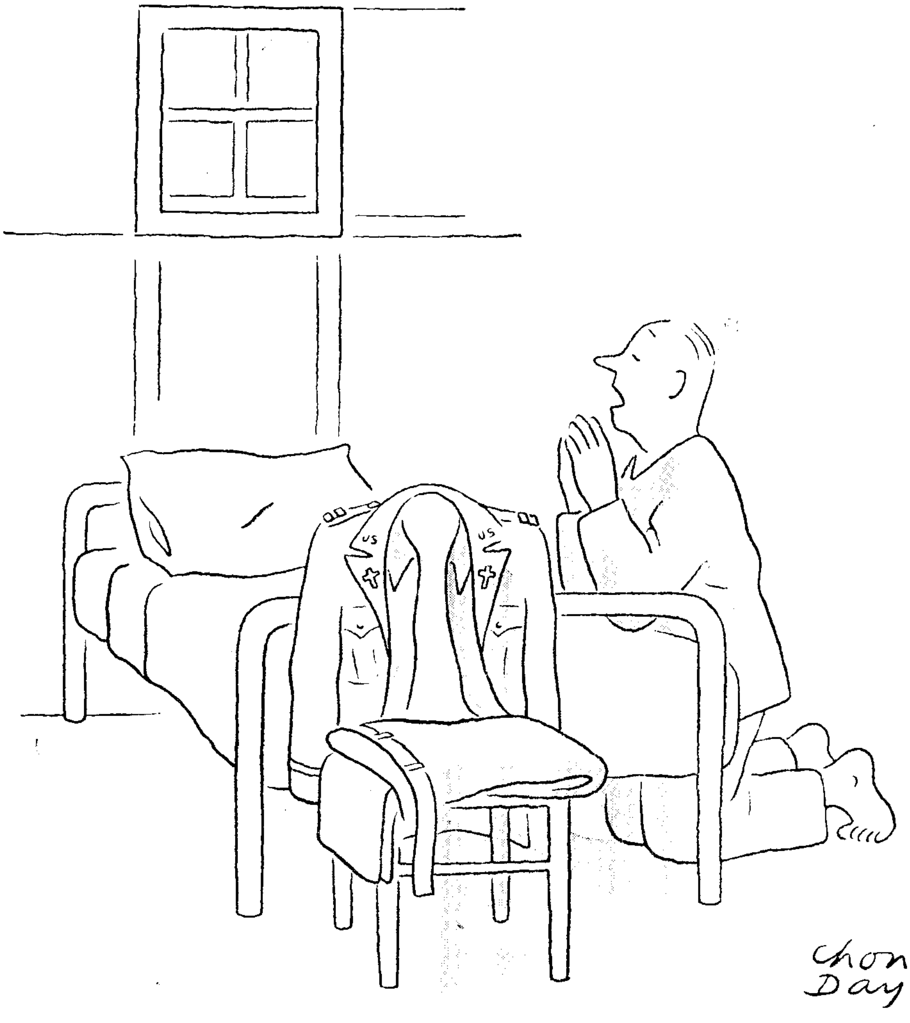
"How's he coming, Doc?" asked Beans sympathetically.

"Oh, he's got a fifty-fifty chance," the doctor said gruffly.

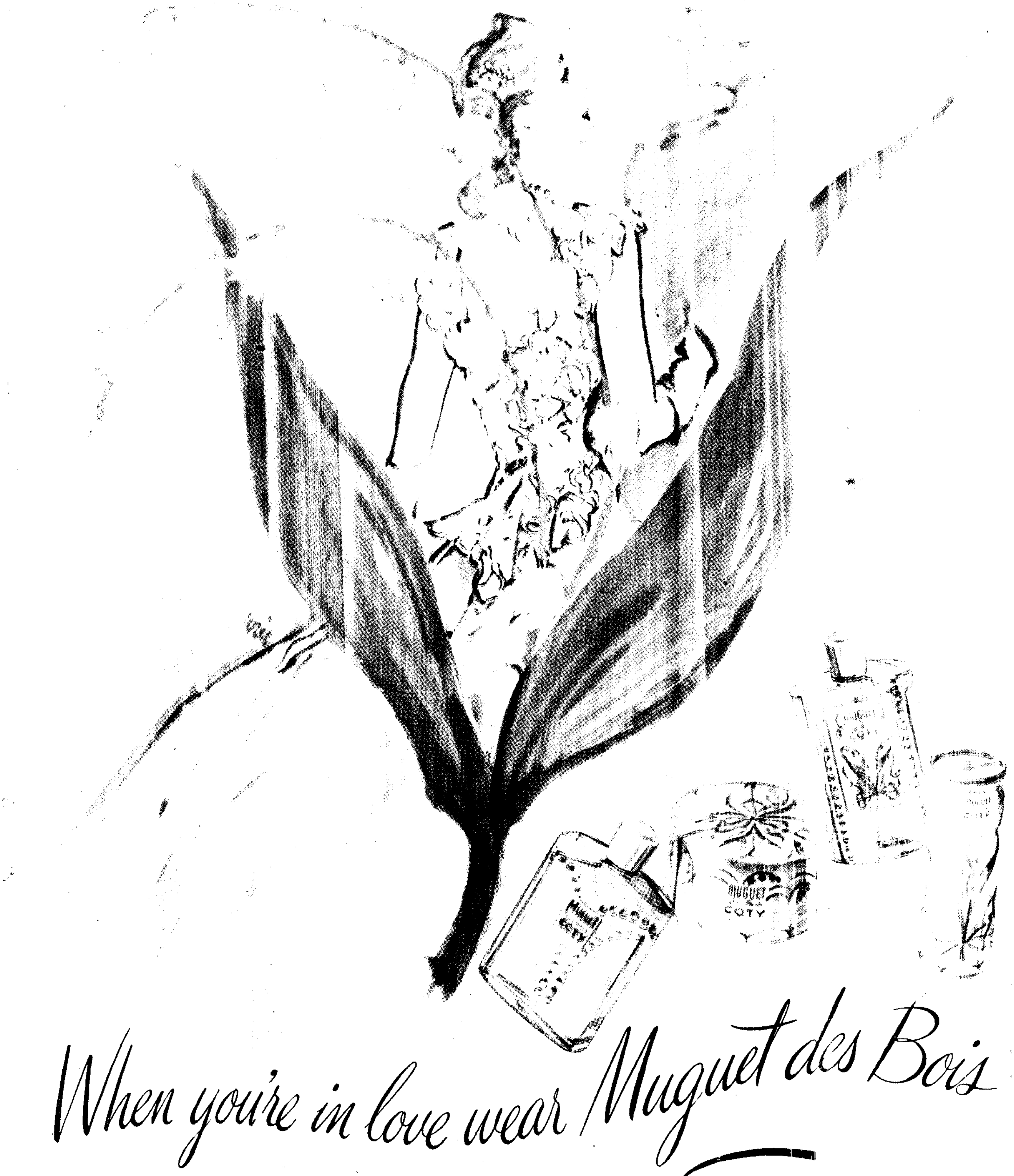
BACK at the C.P., Shapley had put a sprig of blue flowers in the buttonhole of his shirt and was outlining the day's progress to the general commanding the division. A couple of mess sergeants were cooking soup in a bucket, against the chill of the coming evening; it got cold as soon as the sun went down. Other Marines were gathered around an old woman in an old black kimono, who was squatting in a corner of the camp and eating C rations with chopsticks. "I guess the Japs didn't cut her in on those new kimonos," one Marine said. A shipment of kimonos, just in from Japan, some lined with flaming red silk, had been found in the village. A Marine gave the woman a cigarette, which she began to smoke. Apparently all older Okinawan women smoke. She was an unusual case, however, for when she had only half smoked the cigarette, she threw it away and produced a long, slim opium pipe, with a tiny bowl, and got to work on that. "No kidding, this old dame startles me," said a Marine. Another Marine said, "I seen one of them with a pack this afternoon that I couldn't lift it myself and another guy helped me with it, and she put it on her head and she just walked away as easy as anything."

The good, rich smell of hot chicken broth filled the clean air, and the Marines went up to the bucket, dipped their canteen cups in, and stood around drinking. It looked a little like a picture of a Civil War camp, with troops lounging in their high-crowned, peaked utility caps and their green utility clothes, now gray with dust.

Over in a newly dug foxhole, two Navy photographers who had just caught up with the regiment began to swap dirty pictures for souvenirs. A great many photographers are traders, and they have evolved a smooth underground commercial arrangement whereby a set of pornographic negatives is kept in some such headquarters as Guam and made available to all photographers who wish to make their own



"... *and please make me a major.*"



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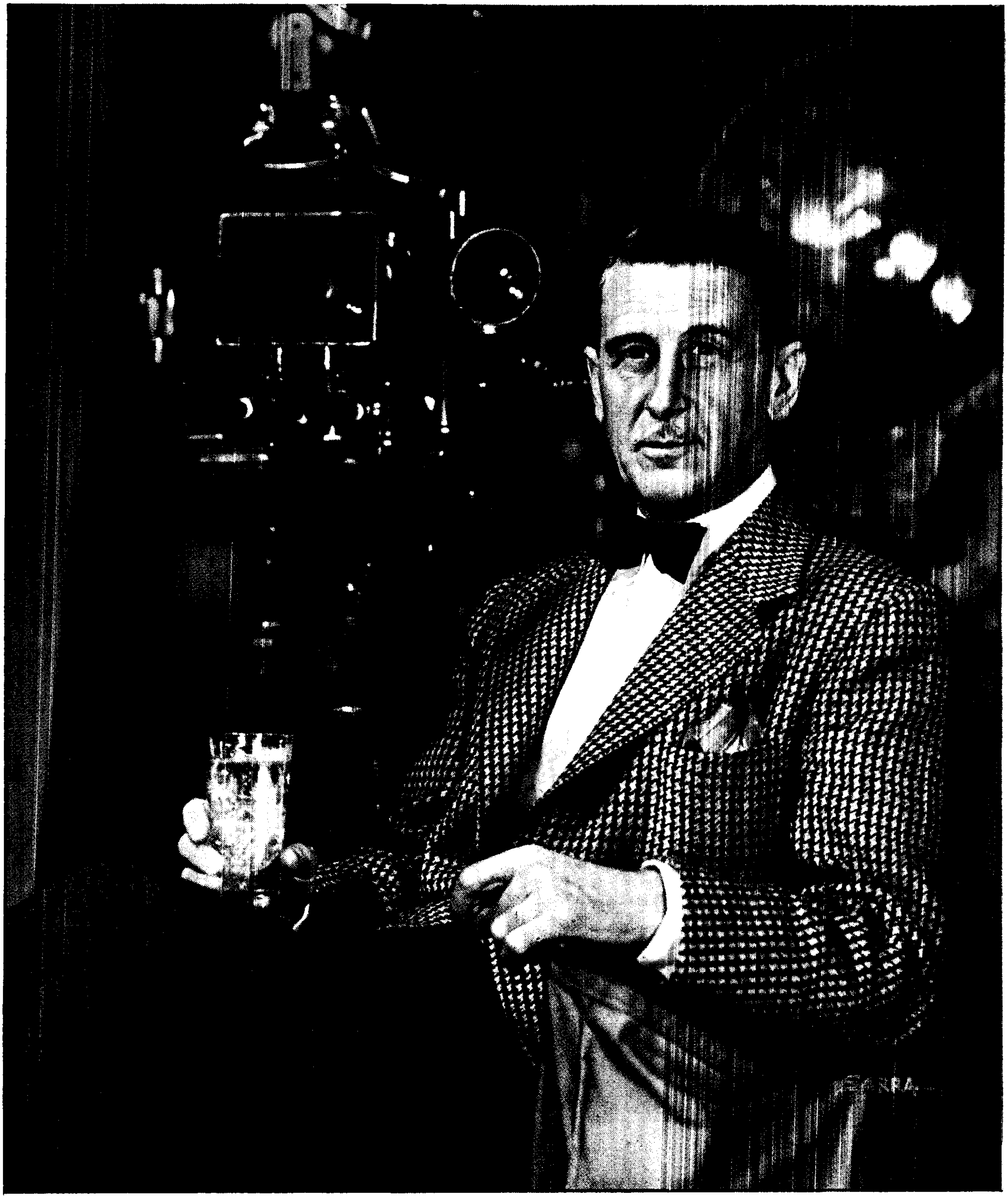

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ALFRED de LIAGRE, Jr., presents
the Voice of the Turtle
by JOHN VAN DRUTEN
K. T. STEVENS • HUGH MARLOWE • BETTY LAWFORD
CHICAGO — Selwyn Theatre

LELAND HAYWARD presents
FREDRIC MARCH
in
A Bell for Adano
by PAUL OSBORN
Based on JOHN HERSEY'S Novel
with MARGO
Directed by H. C. POTTER
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2nd YEAR Albert Bannerde presents
GERTRUDE NIESEN
FOLLOW THE GIRLS
Staged by HARRY DELMAR
featuring JACKIE GLEASON
Buster West • Tim Herbert Valentinoff
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"No. I on the Hit Parade." Walter Winchell
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Based on life & music of EDVARD GRIEG
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Mystery Comedy
10 LITTLE INDIANS
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prints for trading purposes. Bidding was brisk in our camp. One sailor gave a Marine twelve pictures for a little stained Japanese flag and an opium pipe. After a while everybody began to look around for a warm place to sleep.

Shapley's staff had lent me a cot and a blanket, and I spread the blanket and my poncho over me and lay thinking about infiltrators. The valleys and caves around the camp were mainly unflushed and unsearched. Pretty soon it was no longer necessary to imagine sounds or magnify little rustlings in the dark. I heard a good, substantial sound on my left, and it got closer and louder—it was something any lifetime subway passenger could immediately identify as a Jap soldier crawling on his hands and knees and making a slight added shuffling noise caused either by asthma or a knife held between his teeth. I glanced at Colonel Beans' cot and saw that he was healthily comatose. I reached under my bed for my canteen to use defensively, and felt my hand being nosed and then licked, in the slow, appreciative manner of a connoisseur, by something which gradually took shape in the darkness as a goat. I found in the morning that it was a white goat. It stayed with me all night, occasionally going under the cot and butting me morosely through the canvas. "It's not a matter of this goat liking you better than anybody else," said Beans when he woke up, apparently fearing that I might have derived some false vanity from the experience. "You're in a Marine camp, and goats are naturally attracted to Marines. We've been having this kind of infiltration all over the Pacific. It's a wonder more of them don't get shot."

HAVING crossed the island, the Marines now began a campaign of systematic bushwhacking through the wild and rugged northern two-thirds of Okinawa. The Fourth Regiment moved up the eastern coast in leapfrog style: the lead company of the lead bat-

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Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
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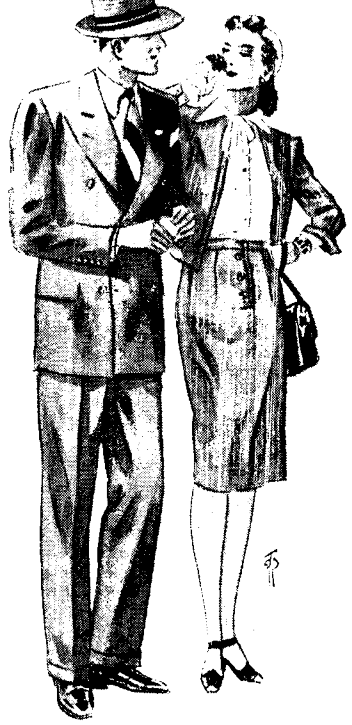

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talion would turn left up the first road leading inland to search for Japs, while the next company went ahead to flush the next road, and so on till the first unit, its work done, moved up through the others to take the lead again. Warships cruised alongshore parallel to this advance, ready to lend support with their big guns in case of trouble. However, little game was found till the Marines began to scour the big Motobu Peninsula, on the west shore of the island. There—as on the tiny island of Ie, off Motobu, on which Ernie Pyle was killed, almost at the end of a quick and otherwise unnoteworthy little special campaign—Japs to the number of perhaps two regiments, scattered at the time of the landing, had re-formed into tight defensive pockets, and it took some fighting to break these up. The Marines who had been baffled and gun-eager on landing day finally got their shooting on Motobu Peninsula. Some were killed and wounded, but not to the extent of really impressing their colleagues. One of my last memories of this phase of Okinawa is of a Marine six feet three in height running up to the field hospital carrying a dead snake, perhaps eighteen inches long, by the tail. "Look at this son of a bitch!" he yelled excitedly to the medical corpsmen who were tending the wounded on litters. "He almost got me! If I hadn't been expecting something like this ever since we landed, he would of got me!"

We had heard by now that the Army, at the other end of the island, had run into one of the greatest Jap defensive battles of the war, and since the story was now there and no longer among the Marines, I went south.

—JOHN LARDNER

(*This is the first of two articles on the invasion of Okinawa.*)

•

PERSONABLE YOUNG ENSIGN wants to meet attractive girl, 18 to 24 years, with imagination, good sense of humor, who likes dancing and outdoor sports and does not smoke. Box M.F. 1532 Chronicle.
ANY girl in trouble or distress apply to Brigadier May Wilmer, the Salvation Army headquarters, 115 Valencia st., San Francisco. MArket 5202.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

And so it goes.

•

THAT'S TOO BAD DEPARTMENT

[*From the Washington Star*]

Mrs. McLean wore a black crepe gown, moulded to the figure, and a silver fox stole. Her only ornaments were the famous Hope diamond, diamond-studded earrings and several diamond bracelets.

THE RACE TRACK

They're Off and Running

IT may be premature to hum "Happy Days Are Here Again." On the other hand, I'm afraid that I can't [illegible] noith a horseplayer crony who, vorites were that seven out of nine fa- opening last Saturday, the Narragansett lot of people must be wishing [illegible] that a Vinson hadn't lifted that ban [illegible] that Well, all the favorites hav been beaten many an after noon at Narragansett and no body minded too much. M possibly prejudiced opinion i that on Saturday the big crow that simply wanted racing and th the spectators would have bee pleased if Devil Diver had w visions of the Inaugural Purse he could have easily, if he had been on hand that day—than they were over the triumphs of that pair of considerably less distinguished animals, Bar Willow and Castleman.

BY now everybody knows that the New York season will begin next Monday. There will be a fortnight of racing at Jamaica to start with, and Belmont, Aqueduct, and Empire City, which follow, will have three weeks apiece. The Saratoga Association will have four weeks, from August 6th to September 1st. I regret to predict, as C. Knapp will regret to hear, that the meeting will be run at Belmont Park. The transportation situation will be the same as in 1944. The Long Island Railroad will run extra sections of regular trains, but, to discourage the holders of A cards, the track's automobile parking lots will stay closed.

It's a little hard to understand why the start of the New York season is being delayed. Several tracks have already opened. Both Narragansett and Sportsman's Park, a gay little half-miler in Cicero, Illinois, opened last Saturday; California's Santa Anita, Baltimore's Pimlico, and the Keeneland meeting at Lexington, Kentucky, opened this week. Putting on a race meeting is a fairly complicated proceeding, but the Jamaica management wasn't caught entirely unawares. The stands and grounds have been kept swept and garnished for a month. The loose ends of the pari-mutuel department will be tied up at dress rehearsals of the sellers and cashiers this week. Right now, the major preoccupation of the management, and of Jack Campbell, the racing secretary, is taking nominations for the stakes races to be run at the meeting. The Experimental Free Handicap, for which all the better three-year-olds are eligible, will be run next Monday. I'm sorry to say that I haven't the slightest notion who's going to win it, because Esteem, who[illegible] I admire, developed a cough the other morning. The Paumonok will be run on Thursday and the Excelsior on Saturday. Devil Diver, one of this department's pets, is training wfully well and may start in ne of these two races. He is led to run in the Grey Lag, d. The Wood Memorial, most important event of the l which serves as a public [illegible] classic races for three-year-olds, will be run on Memorial Day.

There are, by the way, three hundred and thirty colts and fillies of that age in training now at the Long Island tracks. Step right up and take your pick. Mine is Pavot. The Kentucky Derby, one of the classics I was just speaking about, which will be run at Louisville on June 9th, closed with a hundred and fifty-five nominations, an unusually large number.

NOTES ON A SALVAGED RACE CARD: A colt was foaled in Frenchy Rosen's barn at Aqueduct last week, the first time such a thing has happened at a race track in ever so long. . . . The grooms and exercise boys at Belmont had what they called a Victory for Racing celebration after they heard over their radios that the ban had been lifted. . . . The first casualty of the training season is By Jimminy, who went lame after a workout. . . . Colonel Martingale, who had been farmed out to Lend Lease or something during the shutdown, is back watching the morning gallops and preparing a list of Horses to Remember.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

OUR FORGETFUL AUTHORS

[*From "Passing Strange," by Richard Sale*]

Two minutes later I seized the baby by its left foot and extracted it. Some baby. A nice plump boy. "Nine pounds if he goes an ounce," I said cheerfully.—*Page 42.*

Then she came over and planted a wad of lipstick on my cheek. "That, my boy, is for the perfectly beautiful little daughter you gave me an assist on."—*Page 253, same mamma, same baby.*

LISTEN: MAY 19, 1945

At midnight on V-E day, CBS listeners heard Molotov, in San Francisco, acknowledge the surrender of Germany and pledge his country to continue to fight for a free world. His words concluded the network's 150th broadcast of the day.

Between December 7, 1941 and May 8, 1945, CBS broadcast a total of 52,834 war programs. Of these more than 20,000 reported the forward march toward victory. The balance — some 32,000 programs—urged the American people to back up their fighting men.

Columbia's unremitting efforts since Pearl Harbor to keep the American people clearly and fully informed were summed up by Paul W. Kesten, executive vice-president:

"In 1918, America was conscious of a mission successfully completed. Today, there is recognition of a responsibility that must be continued, if peace is to be assured. Today marks a pause only long enough to turn the full force of our attention westward—to San Francisco and to Tokyo...We at Columbia will devote no less energy tomorrow than we did yesterday to the further successful prosecution of the war, and securing of the peace."

★

Last autumn when it became reasonably apparent that war in Germany might end within reasonable reach of some time or other, Norman Corwin was commissioned to do something about it. So he wrote a great and prophetic program called *On A Note of Triumph.* It went on CBS at 9 p.m. EWT, May 8. A torrent of approval poured in, and the program was repeated Sunday, May 13 at 11:00 p.m. EWT. Simon & Schuster brought the text of it out as a book on May 16. You will be well advised to read it, at least every May 30 — and (better) often between times.

★

Please remember to buy that War Bond

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BROCK PEMBERTON presents
Frank Fay in "Harvey"
A New Comedy by MARY CHASE
with JOSEPHINE HULL
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MADY CHRISTIANS • OSCAR HOMOLKA
in JOHN van DRUTEN'S
I REMEMBER MAMA
from Kathryn Forbes' 'Mama's Bank Account'
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"Always funny, sometimes profoundly touching." —CHAPMAN, Daily News
The HASTY HEART
A New Comedy by JOHN PATRICK
HUDSON, 44th St. E. of B'way. BR 9-5641
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Eddie DOWLING & Louis J. SINGER present
LAURETTE TAYLOR and EDDIE DOWLING in
THE GLASS MENAGERIE
A new play by TENNESSEE WILLIAMS
with Julie HAYDON • Anthony ROSS
PLAYHOUSE THEA. W. 48 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

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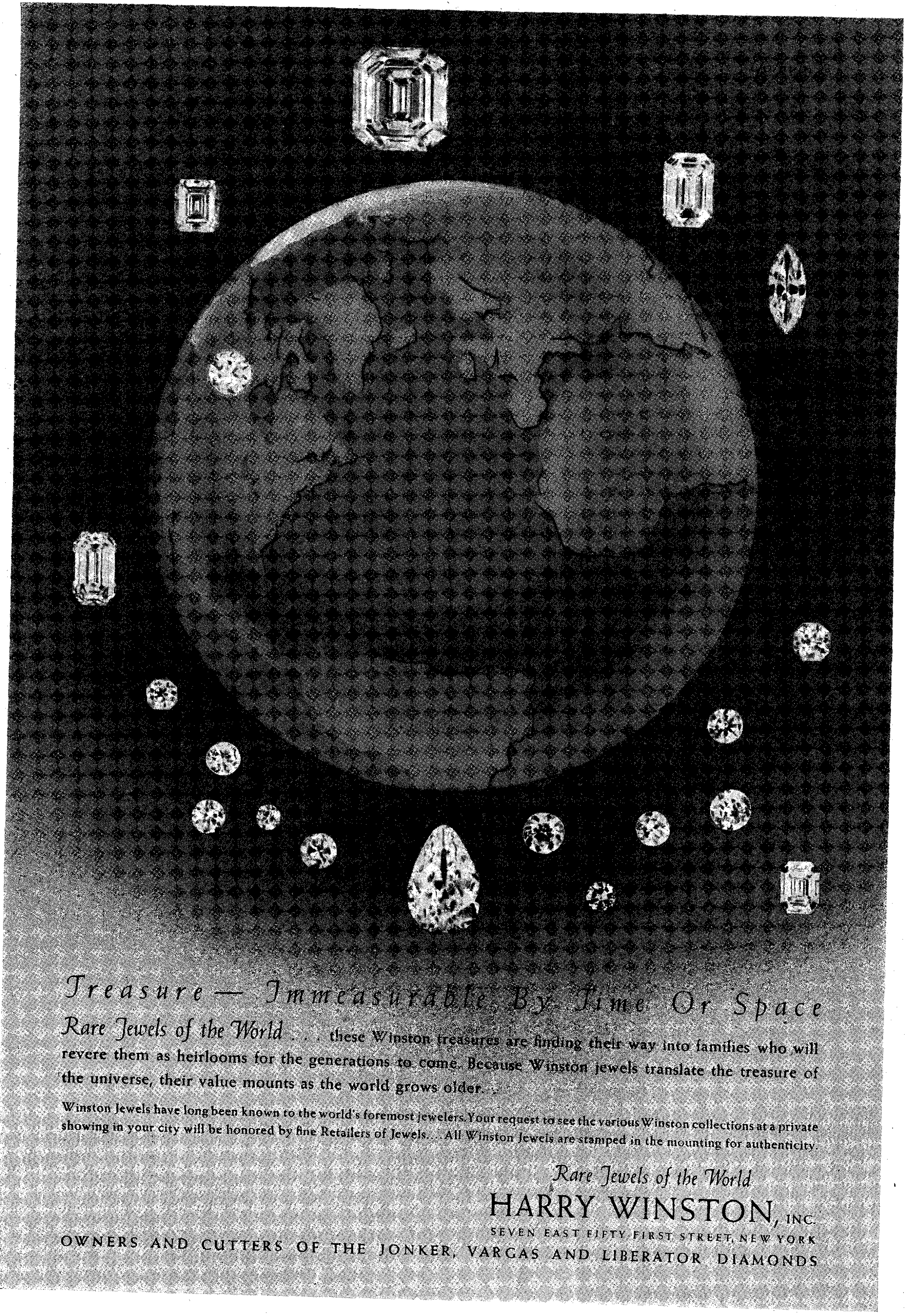
LETTER FROM LONDON

MAY 12 (BY CABLE)

THE big day started off here with a coincidence. In the last hours of peace, in September, 1939, a violent thunderstorm broke over the city, making a lot of people think for a moment that the first air raid had begun. Early Tuesday morning, V-E Day, nature tidily brought the war to an end with an imitation of a blitz so [illegible]listic that many Londoners started awake and reached blurrily fo[illegible] the bedside torch. Then the[illegible] remembered, and, sighing wit[illegible] relief, fell asleep again as th[illegible] thunder rolled over the capita[illegible] already waiting with its flag[illegible] The decorations had blosso[illegible] streets Monday afternoon. [illegible] night, Piccadilly Circus and other focal points were jam[illegible] cheerful, expectant crowd[illegible] waiting for an official statement from Downing Street. Movie cameramen crouched patiently on the rooftops. When a brewer's van rattled by and the driver leaned out and yelled "It's all over," the crowd cheered, then went on waiting. Presently word spread that the announcement would be delayed, and the day, which had started off like a rocket, began to fizzle slowly and damply out. Later in the evening, however, thousands of Londoners suddenly decided that even if it was not yet V-E Day, it was victory, all right, and something to celebrate. Thousands of others just went home quietly to wait some more.

When the day finally came, it was like no other day that anyone can remember. It had a flavor of its own, an extemporaneousness which gave it something of the quality of a vast, happy village fête as people wandered about, sat, sang, and slept against a summer background of trees, grass, flowers, and water. It was not, people said, like the 1918 Armistice Day, for at no time was the reaction hysterical. It was not like the Coronation, for the crowds were larger and their gaiety, which held up all through the night, was obviously not picked up in a pub. The day also surprised the prophets who had said that only the young would be resilient enough to celebrate in a big way. Apparently the desire to assist in London's celebration combusted spontaneously in the bosom of every member of every family, from the smallest babies, with their hair done up in red-white-and-blue ribbons, to beaming elderly couples who, utterly without self-consciousness, strolled up and down the streets arm in arm in red-white-and-blue paper hats. Even the dogs wore immense tricolored bows. Rosettes sprouted from the slabs of pork in the butcher shops, which, like other food stores, were open for a couple of hours in the morning. With their [illegible]read be- practicality, housewives put [illegible] the long fore circuses. They wait[illegible] bags of the bakery que[illegible]nd in one hand and the [illegible] Union Jack of the glad occasion in the other. Even queues seemed tolerable that morning. The bells had begun to peal and, after the night's storm, London was having that perfect, hot, English sum[illegible] which, one sometimes feels, [illegible]und only in the imaginations [illegible] poets.

THE girls in their thin, bright dresses heightened the impression that the city had been taken over by an enormous family picnic. The number of extraordinarily pretty young girls, who presumably are hidden on working days inside the factories and government offices, was astonishing. They streamed out into the parks and streets like flocks of twittering, gaily plumaged cockney birds. In their freshly curled hair were cornflowers and poppies, and they wore red-white-and-blue ribbons around their narrow waists. Some of them even tied ribbons around their bare ankles. Strolling with their uniformed boys, arms candidly about each other, they provided a constant, gay, simple marginal decoration to the big, solemn moments of the day. The crowds milled back and forth between the Palace, Westminster, Trafalgar Square, and Piccadilly Circus, and when they got tired they simply sat down wherever they happened to be—on the grass, on doorsteps, or on the curb—and watched the other people or spread handkerchiefs over their faces and took a nap. Everybody appeared determined to see the King and Queen and Mr. Churchill at least once, and few could have been disappointed. One small boy, holding onto his father's hand, wanted to see the trench shelters in Green Park too. "You don't want to see shelters today," his father said. "You'll never have to use them again, son." "Never?" the child asked doubtfully. "Never!" the man cried, almost angrily. "*Never!* Understand?" In the open space before the Palace, one of the places where the Prime Minister's speech was to be relayed by loudspeaker at three o'clock, the crowds



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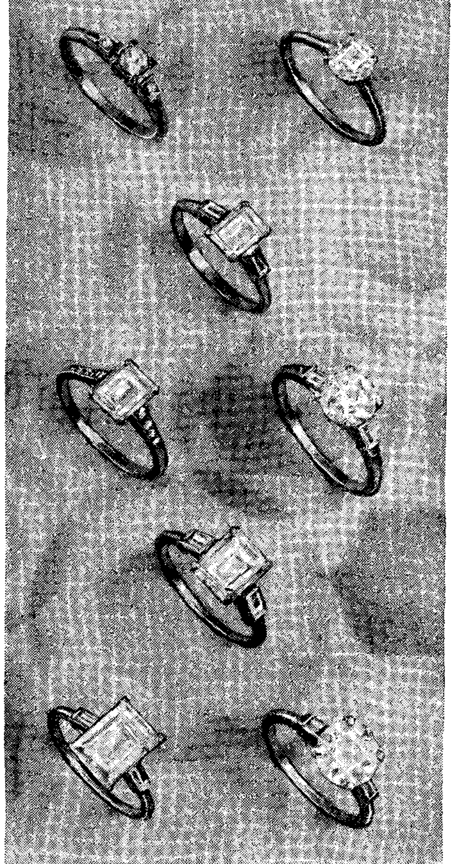

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seemed a little intimidated by the nearness of that symbolic block of gray stone. The people who chose to open their lunch baskets and munch sandwiches there among the flowerbeds of tulips were rather subdued. Piccadilly Circus attracted the more demonstrative spirits.

By lunchtime, in the Circus, the buses had to slow to a crawl in order to get through the tightly packed, laughing people. A lad in the black beret of the Tank Corps was the first to climb the little pyramidal Angkor Vat of scaffolding and sandbags which was erected early in the war to protect the pedestal of the Eros statue after the figure had been removed to safekeeping. The boy shinnied up to the top and took a tiptoe Eros pose, aiming an imaginary bow, while the crowd roared. He was followed by a paratrooper in a maroon beret, who, after getting up to the top, reached down and hauled up a blond young woman in a very tight pair of green slacks. When she got to the top, the Tank Corps soldier promptly grabbed her in his arms and, encouraged by ecstatic cheers from the whole Circus, seemed about to enact the classic rôle of Eros right on the top of the monument. Nothing came of it, because a moment later a couple of G.I.s joined them and before long the pyramid was covered with boys and girls. They sat jammed together in an affectionate mass, swinging their legs over the sides, wearing each other's uniform caps, and calling down wisecracks to the crowd. "My God," someone said, "think of a flying bomb coming down on this!" When a firecracker went off, a hawker with a tray of tin brooches of Monty's head happily yelled that comforting, sometimes fallacious phrase of the blitz nights, "All right, mates, it's one of ours!"

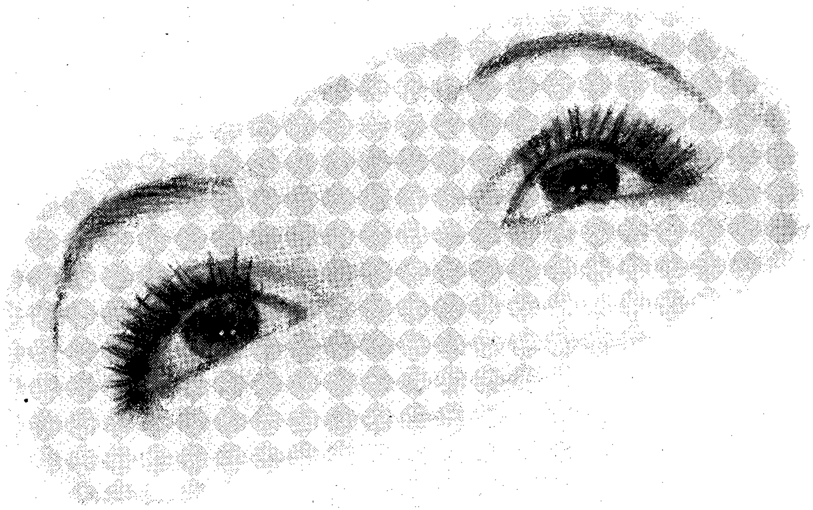
All day long, the deadly past was for most people only just under the surface of the beautiful, safe present, so much so that the government decided against sounding the sirens in a triumphant "all clear" for fear that the noise would revive too many painful memories. For the same reason, there were no salutes of guns—only the pealing of the bells, and the whistles of tugs on the Thames sounding the doot, doot, doot, dooooot of the V, and the roar of the planes, which swooped back and forth over the city, dropping red and green signals toward the blur of smiling, upturned faces.

IT was without any doubt Churchill's day. Thousands of King George's subjects wedged themselves in front of the Palace throughout the day, chanting ceaselessly "We want the King" and cheering themselves hoarse when he and the Queen and their daughters appeared, but when the crowd saw Churchill, there was a deep, full-throated, almost reverent roar. He was at the head of a procession of Members of Parliament, walking back to the House of Commons from the traditional St. Margaret's Thanksgiving Service. Instantly, he was surrounded by people—people running, standing on tiptoe, holding up babies so that they could be told later they had seen him, and shouting affectionately the absurd little nurserymaid name, "Winnie, Winnie!" One of two happily sozzled, very old, and incredibly dirty cockneys who had been engaged in a slow, shuffling dance, like a couple of Shakespearean clowns, bellowed, "That's 'im, that's 'is little old lovely bald 'ead!" The crowds saw Churchill again later, when he emerged from Commons and was driven off in the back of a small open car, rosy, smiling, and looking immensely happy. Ernest Bevin, following in another car, got a cheer too. One of the throng, an excited East Ender, in a dress with a bodice concocted of a Union Jack, shouted, "Gawd, fancy me cheering Bevin, the chap who makes us work!" Herbert Morrison, sitting unobtrusively in a corner of a third car, was hardly recognized, and the other Cabinet Ministers did no better. The crowd had ears, eyes, and throats for no one but Churchill, and for him everyone in it seemed to have the hearing, sight, and lungs of fifty men. His slightly formal official broadcast, which was followed by buglers sounding the "cease firing" call, did not strike the emotional note that had been expected, but he hit it perfectly in his subsequent informal speech ("My dear friends, this is your victory . . .") from a Whitehall balcony.

All day long, little extra celebrations started up. In the Mall, a model of a Gallic cock waltzed on a pole over the heads of the singing people. "It's the Free French," said someone. The Belgians in the crowd tagged along after a Belgian flag that marched by, its bearer invisible. A procession of students raced through Green Park, among exploding squibs, clashing dustbin lids like cymbals and waving an immense Jeyes Disinfectant poster as a banner. American sailors and laughing girls formed a conga line down the middle of Piccadilly and cockneys linked arms in the Lambeth Walk. It was a day and night of no fixed plan and no organized merriment. Each group danced its own dance, sang its own song, and went its own way as the spirit moved it. The most tolerant, self-effacing people in London on V-E Day were the police, who simply stood by, smiling benignly, while soldiers swung by one arm from lamp standards and laughing groups tore down hoardings to build the evening's bonfires. Actually, the police were not unduly strained. The extraordinary thing about the crowds was that they were almost all sober. The number of drunks one saw in that whole day and night could have been counted on two hands—possibly because the pubs were sold out so early. The young service men and women who swung arm in arm down the middle of every street, singing and swarming over the few cars rash enough to come out, were simply happy with an immense holiday happiness. They were the liberated people who, like their counterparts in every celebrating capital that night, were young enough to outlive the past and to look forward to an unspoilt future. Their gaiety was very moving.

JUST before the King's speech, at nine Tuesday night, the big lamps outside the Palace came on and there were cheers and ohs from children who had never seen anything of that kind in their short, blacked-out lives. As the evening wore on, most of the public buildings were floodlighted. The night was as warm as midsummer, and London, its shabbiness now hidden and its domes and remaining Wren spires warmed by lights and bonfires, was suddenly magnificent. The handsomest building of all was the National Gallery, standing out honey-colored near a ghostly, blue-shadowed St. Martin's and the Charles I bit of Whitehall. The illuminated and floodlighted face of Big Ben loomed like a kind moon. Red and blue lights strung in the bushes around the lake in St. James's Park glimmered on the sleepy, bewildered pelicans that live there.

By midnight the crowds had thinned out some, but those who remained were as merry as ever. They went on calling for the King outside the Palace and watching the searchlights, which for once could be observed with pleasure and without apprehension. Tired couples sat down, holding hands, and watched livelier people dancing around the little bonfires that burned here and there in the parks. A Canadian boy said to his English girl, "I hope you never have to have another celebration like this in your lifetime, Pat, but if you do I'll be



Madame . . . your

eyes are showing!

Your eyes *can be* beautiful *but* betraying.
So *encourage* all that beauty with Helena Rubinstein
glamor touches. But be sure to *anticipate*
any "betrayals" by keeping the area around them
"smooth as youth"—the eyes bright—
the lashes long, dark and luxuriant.

Each night, fingerprint SPECIAL EYE CREAM to the sensitive area around your eyes. This blend of fine oils and rich emollients helps to keep it smooth and supple. 1.00, 2.00, 3.50

When you have tired or "over-used" your eyes—saturate cotton with EXTRAIT—apply to your eyes and relax. The look of fatigue will have vanished—your eyes seem wondrously "awake." 1.25, 2.25, 5.00

For glamor-strategy! A mere swish of Helena Rubinstein's WATERPROOF MASCARA—your lashes look longer, more luxuriant, darker, instantly. Black, brown, blue. 1.00

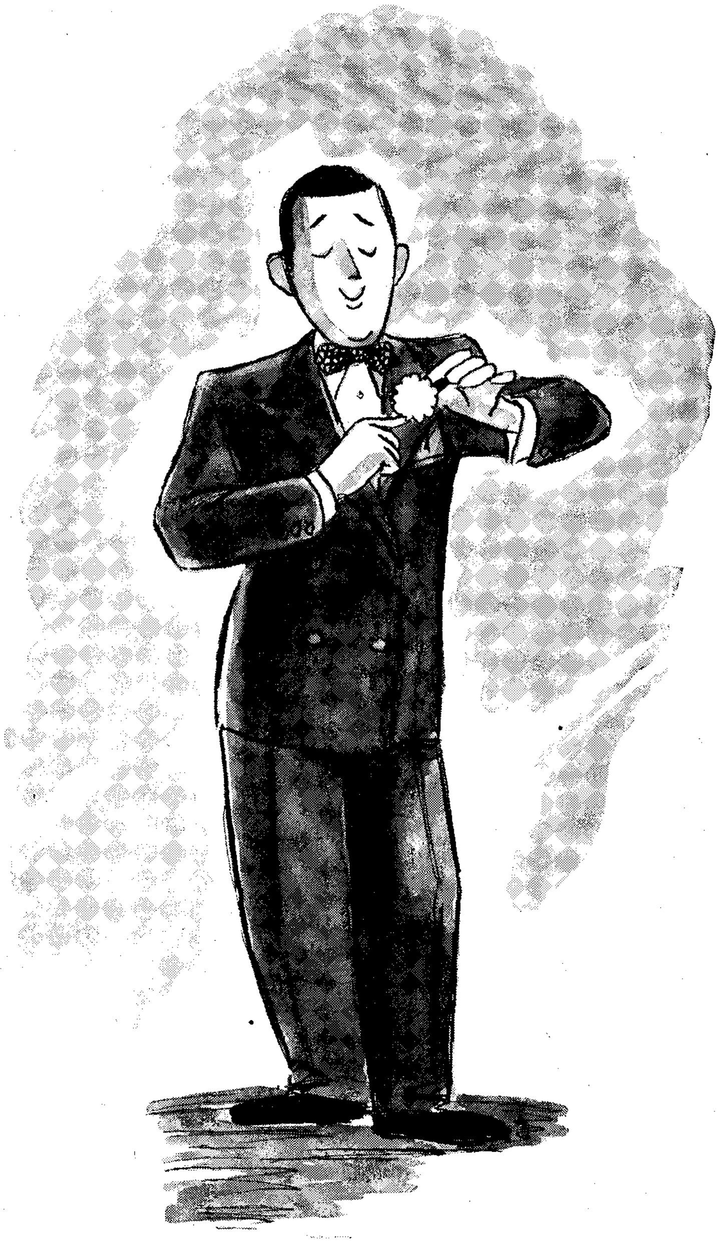
Plus tax

Helena Rubinstein

back to help out. You can depend on that."

At last, when the floodlights were turned off, people began to straggle home, some of them still singing. For thousands of them, home that night had to be a sheltered doorway or the grass under a tree in the park, because the tubes and buses had stopped running hours before and taxi drivers, like everyone else, had taken the day off. The celebrating spirit continued through the next day, which was declared a holiday, and more crowds poured into the center of town to sing, cheer, wave their colors, and yell for Churchill. On V-E Day plus one, it seemed fitting that the first visit of the King and Queen should be to the East End, a section of town which had particularly good reason to celebrate. In Stepney, the visit was announced only at the last minute, by police who drove through the district in cars equipped with loudspeakers. Consequently, the narrow, dirty little streets were lined with hundreds of people instead of the thousands there would have been had there been more notice. In the crowd were three spectacled rabbis, some old ladies clutching shawls, lots of noisy, excited kids climbing up on walls, service men home on leave, and girls with frizzy, elaborate hairdos. At one point along the route, there was a huge crater where the last V-2 to fall on London had crashed down one March morning among some large blocks of Council flats, destroying two of them and killing more than a hundred and thirty people, including the members of some family parties that had been celebrating the return of soldier sons. "As soon as ever I was told the King and Queen was coming, I knew they'd come to our incident," one of the shawled old ladies said proudly. Dozens of little flags made a good show among the ruined houses and the excitement of the people was, if anything, wilder than it had been in the West End the night before. When the royal car turned up, the people broke through the cordon of good-humored policemen and stormed toward the visitors. It was evident that everybody in the battered street interpreted the royal visit as a personal compliment. A young man with a pale, intelligent face said, "They're feeling fine round here. You should have seen the bonfires last night. Every little street had one. Burning the bunks out of the shelters, they were. Well, they've had a bad time and now it's over. They've got a right to feel fine if anybody has."

—Mollie Panter-Downes



Only a Small Bouquet

● Pinning on roses for achievement isn't something we normally go in for. But we do take pride in being versatile enough to do war jobs ranging from furnishings and equipment for naval and merchant ships to equipping army camps and hospitals. We're looking forward to applying this added experience to what *you* want done...and hope we'll be able to start on it soon.

Contract Division
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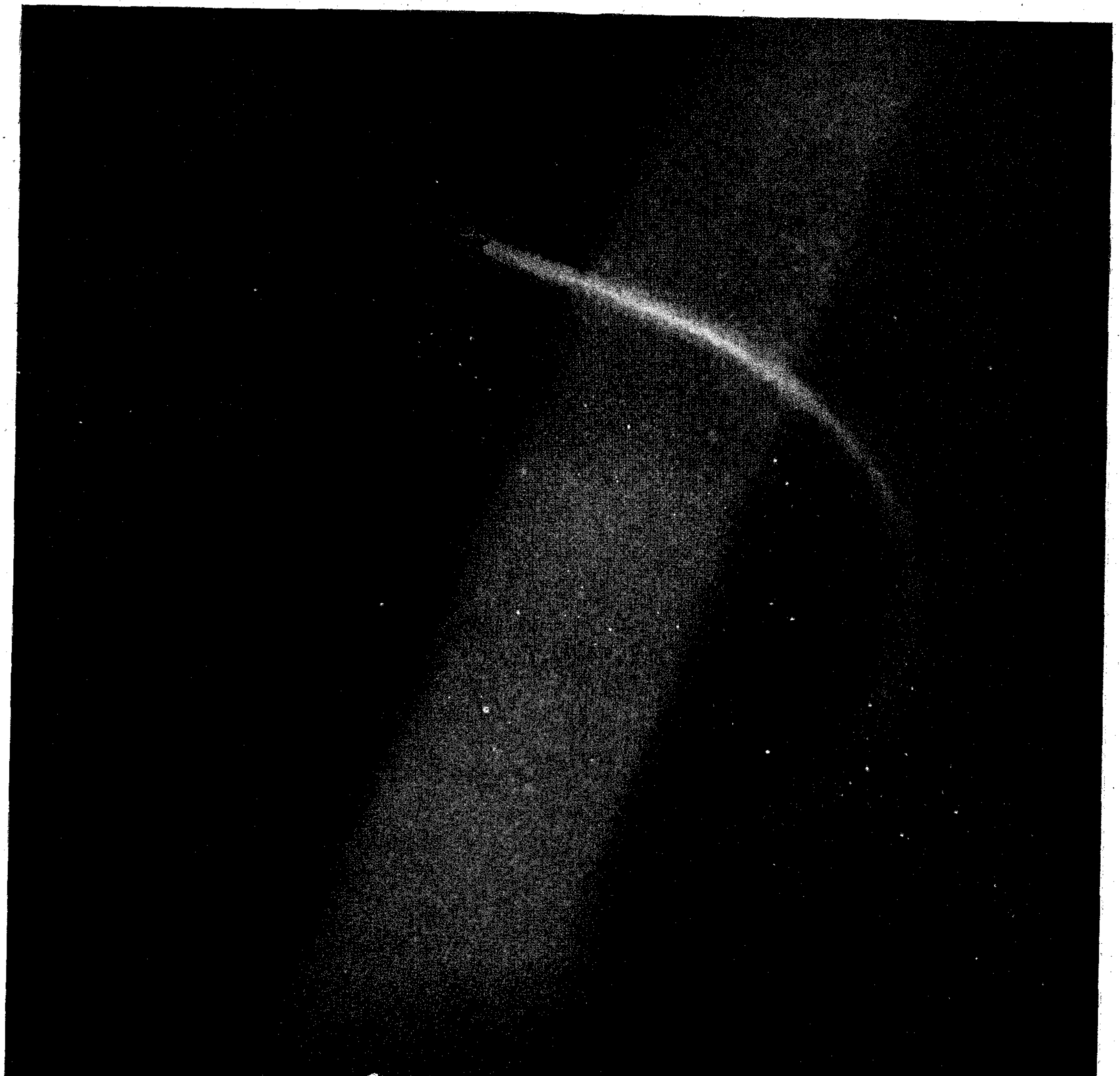
575 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK



JET PROPULSION

Lockheed leads again. The sensational jet-propelled Lockheed SHOOTING STAR is the fastest, highest-flying super-fighter in all the world. Again proof that Lockheed is years ahead in the science of flight.

LOOK TO **Lockheed** FOR LEADERSHIP

LOCKHEED AIRCRAFT CORPORATION, BURBANK, CALIFORNIA

"My beer is
RHEINGOLD
-the DRY beer!"
says PAT BOYD,
MISS RHEINGOLD 1945

PHOTOGRAPH BY HESSE-PATSTON

It's beer as beer should taste!

Rheingold
EXTRA DRY
Lager Beer

BREWED BY *Liebmann Breweries,*
BREWERS FOR OVER 100 YEARS EST. 1837-IN NEW YORK 1855

Rheingold
EXTRA DRY
Lager Beer
Rheingold
EXTRA DRY
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DRY tells you WHY!

● Rheingold is light but hearty—not bitter, not sweet. Its quality of DRYNESS lets the clean, clear, real-beer flavor come through.

Due to the ever-increasing demand for Rheingold, your dealer may not always have enough to supply you.

But to up the quantity, we'd have to cut the quality. And that is something we'll never do. You can be sure that Rheingold will always be beer as beer should taste.

UNITED STATES BREWERS FOUNDATION MEMBER

Copr. 1945, Liebmann Breweries, Inc., Brooklyn, N.Y.

ALL OUT FOR THE MIGHTY 7th WAR LOAN

LETTER FROM PARIS

MAY 11 (BY WIRELESS)

IN Paris the war ended the way it began—with marching. It began with the French soldiers marching off to the war and it ended with the French civilians marching around into the peace. A frenzied spirit of enlistment seemed to take hold of the people of Paris the moment peace ceased being a rumor and became a fact, and by the hundreds of thousands they settled into restless rank and began their parade. They started marching on Tuesday afternoon at three o'clock, just after the voice of General de Gaulle announced the great news over the government's street loudspeaker system, and thousands were still marching at dawn the next morning. The crowds marched in the sunshine and on into the night with the collective, wandering rhythm of masses who are not going anywhere but are feeling something which their marching together expresses. V-E Day here was like an occupation of Paris by Parisians. They streamed out onto their city's avenues and boulevards and took possession of them, filling them from curb to curb. They paved the Champs-Elysées with their moving, serried bodies. Around the Arc de Triomphe the marchers, pouring in from the spokes of the Etoile, solidified into a dangerous, living, sculptural mass which was swayed and pushed by its own weight until the marchers, limping and dishevelled, disengaged themselves to march back down the avenues and boulevards, in the dusty, beautiful spring heat.

The babble and the shuffle of feet drowned out the sound of the stentorian church bells that clanged for peace, and even the cannon firing from the Invalides and from the precincts of the Louvre were audible on the Place de la Concorde only as rumbling explosions, muffled by the closer noise of feet and tongues that were never still. The people in the crowds seemed to draw nourishment from each other, and the strength to go on down one more street, up one more avenue. Except for whatever food they may have brought from home and carried in their pockets, the marching masses lived on air and emotion. Restaurants were closed, apéritifs were scarce, beer was feeble. Peace and spring found the Parisians as badly victualled as they had been during the war and the winter, but now no one thought or cared about being hungry. All any one cared about was to keep moving, to keep shouting, to keep singing snatches of the "Marseillaise"—"*Le jour de gloire est arrivé . . . marchons, marchons.*"

By midnight, on side streets near the Rond Point, the crowds had thinned enough for long lines of boys and girls, arms high and holding hands, to run, to crack the whip, to curvet and stretch out in antics, like long lines of noctambulistic paper dolls. Youth dominated the day and the night. It was youth that shouted with delight at the occasional skyrockets which cometed through the night sky, and it was youth, earlier in the day, that had screamed with joy at the giant American planes which roared above the tops of the chestnut trees on the Champs-Elysées and flirted deafeningly around the Obelisk. It was young Paris that was on foot and underfoot. It was the new postwar generation, running free and mixed on the streets, celebrating peace with a fine freedom which their parents, young in 1918, had certainly not known. And those Frenchmen, with their old ribbons and medals, who had fought through the last war were the quietest, the least free-moving of the Parisians among the street crowds during this week's peace. As one of these tired, middle-aged French veterans said, "That great world insomnia which is war has come to an end once again."

FRANCE and the rest of Europe are tired to death of death, and of destruction. Much of the comfort which should have arrived automatically with the peace has been lost in the news of the German concentration camps, which, arriving near the end of the war, suddenly became the most important news of all its nearly six years of conquests, defeats, campaigns, and final victories. The stench of human wreckage in which the Nazi regime finally sank down to defeat has been the most shocking fact of modern times. Only dreadful natural phenomena like the earthquake in Lisbon in the time of Voltaire or the gases and ashes of Pompeii in the time of Pliny the Younger seem to have so horrified the world. The shooting is over, but the concentration-camp prisoners are now returning, or are being advertised for by families still waiting in vain at railway stations with diminishing hope. In *Le Monde*, under the brief heading "RECHERCHE," an ad-

MIDSUMMER'S DREAM

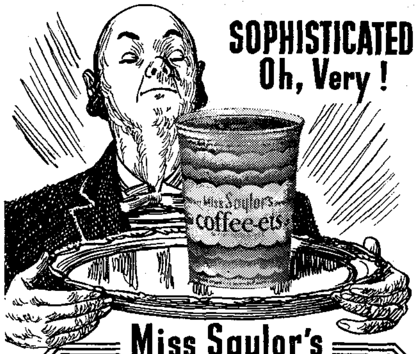
. . . mint-cool Oxford rayon crepe with little-girl neckline, in these heart-lifting shades . . . Surprise Red, Serene Green, Crocus Yellow. See it in our spirited collection of bright young dresses, hand-picked to flatter you. 10 to 16. 22.95.

Jaeckel

10 EAST 57th STREET

MAJOR H. F. JAECKEL • WALTER F. JAECKEL
TRACY JAECKEL • MURRAY JAECKEL

Rhonda Fleming wears
SPELLBOUND
perfume by Lynette
741 Fifth Avenue



Miss Saylor's
Coffee-ets

You can take them any place, for their good taste is their ready acceptance. You'll like the delicately blended home-made flavor that only pure cream, fresh butter and fine coffee can give. So for that quick-up pick-up ask for those little pepper-uppers . . . . . Miss Saylor's Coffee-ets. Your dealer should have them soon.

MISS SAYLOR'S CHOCOLATES, INC.
Encinal Avenue • Alameda, California

RONRICO
White Label
Finest Quality
Distilled
Puerto Rican Rum

...by skilled hands

RONRICO is created by the skilled hands of a master distiller. Write for FREE booklet, "The Hands of Time"—fascinating analysis of human hands. Ronrico Corporation, Miami, Florida.

Ronrico Rum, 86 Proof. U. S. Representative: Import Div., McKesson & Robbins, Inc.

For the Connoisseur*
RONRICO*
Best RUM bar none*

*Trade Marks *Copyright 1945

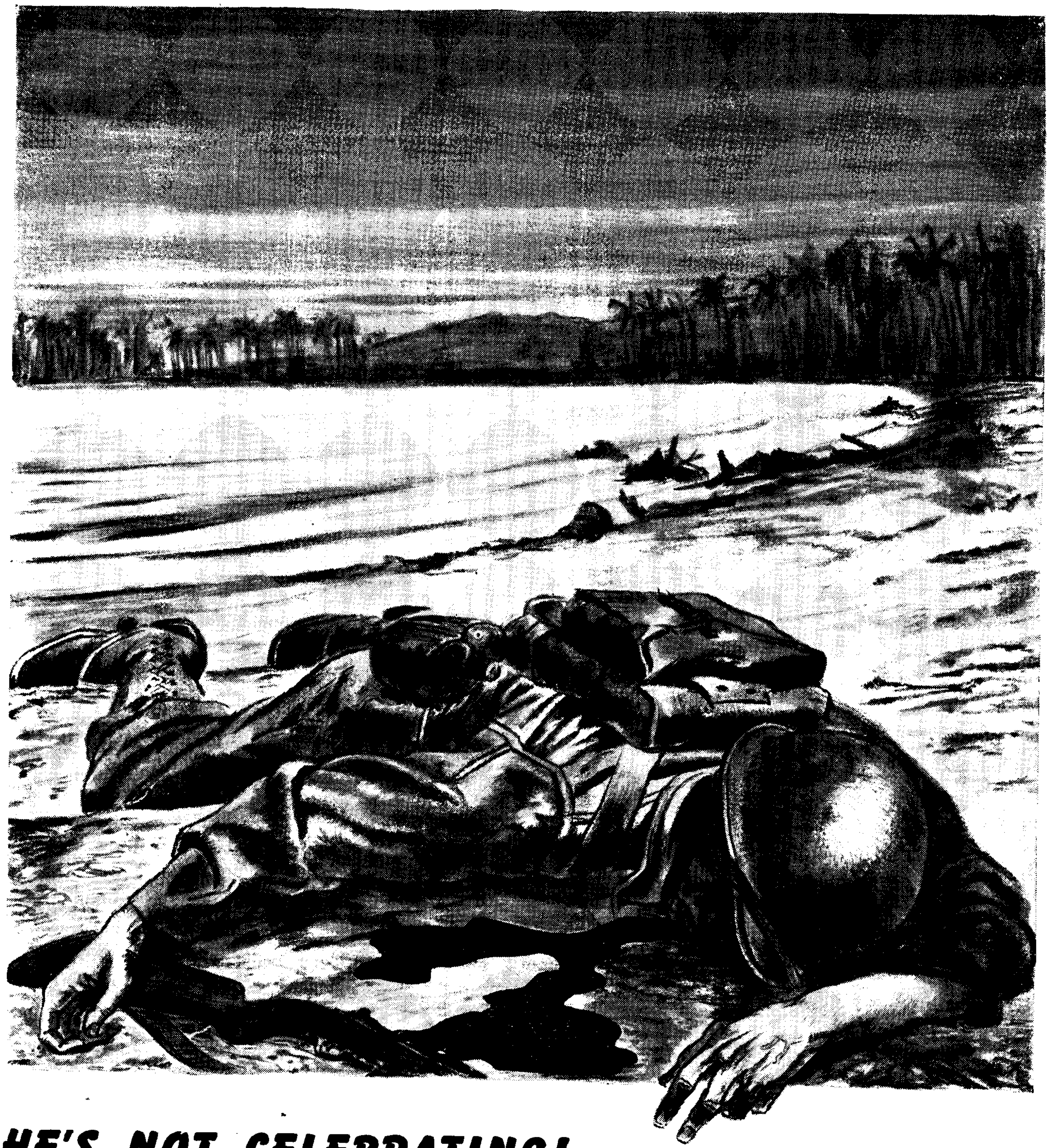
vertisement has just been run that said, "Any persons having known Mmes. Marie-Louise Roure and Adrienne Baumer, deportees at the camp of Ravensbrück, and Louis Baumer, deported from the camp at Compiègne in June, 1944, are begged to furnish their information to Monsieur Remy Roure." The Nazi program of non-military destruction has not been affected by the peace; it is still continuing in the bodies of the camp prisoners now home but still sick or still crazy or still mutilated or still stone-deaf from blows head or still malodorous with sores.

The vigilant resistance new *Franc-Tireur* has demanded turned prisoners who are stron be selected to serve as jurym still to come trials of collaborationists, of which the trial of Marshal Pétain, in June, will be the climax. The same paper has also had the disagreeable courage to say what thousands of prisoners' families know is the truth—that the Ministry of Prisoners and Deportees functions, as it has functioned from the start, with inefficiency and confusion. Many prisoners have arrived without being met by officials, or even by their unnotified families, at the railway stations; the Ministry has not provided trucks, or even ambulances, for transportation; and the pitiful thousand francs each prisoner receives as a government gift on returning home is doled out by an office which sportily observes *la semaine anglaise* and so is closed Saturdays to penniless prisoners who for years have lost all count of money, let alone time. Furthermore, the wretched Spanish Republican prisoners who were plucked out of prewar French concentration camps by the Nazis and sent off to Germany are, on their return to La Belle France, being popped back into the same old camps again.

Some of the best and most highly educated brains of France, after imprisonment in Germany, are now being returned, ripened by isolation, suffering, hope, and misinformation. When a questionnaire was submitted to a select group of such men a few days ago, three trenchant reactions turned up repeatedly: No. 1, since they, the prisoners, had been informed in Germany that France was overrun by famine, anarchy, and civil war, they were relieved to find France merely suffering as usual from political party wrangles at the expense of national unity; No. 2, it was their opinion, ned in prison camp, that fear and lack of faith are what push any nation into self-destructive attitudes, such as Munich and Collaboration; and No. 3, it was their opinion, formed since leaving prison, that the post-liberation Frenchmen are "somewhat too inclined to easygoingness, immorality, and selfishness."

NONE of the Paris newspapers thought of the great and simple headline "VICTORY," which both the Paris *Herald Tribune* and the *Stars & Stripes* used on their front pages on the Tuesday, May 8th. Most of ch dailies described Germany han the Allies in the favorite , which proclaimed, "L'ALLE- A CAPITULE." General de s paper, *Les Nouvelles du Matin*, ver its front page to a fancy g of a female figure symbolic of France, with wings, laurels, Allied flags, and the headline "LA GUERRE EST FINIE." *France-Soir's* headline was a great white "JOUR-V" on a deep black band. The Socialist *Populaire* used as its headline "LE REICH NAZI ABBATU." The Communist *Humanité* had no Tuesday headline at all, since it ignored the victory that day but celebrated it Wednesday, Moscow's V Day, with a seven-tier headline—or more headlines than anyone in Paris had ever seen before—which declared (we translate), "VICTORY! ACCLAIMED ALL DAY YESTERDAY BY THE PEOPLE OF PARIS IN CELEBRATING THE MILITARY TRIUMPH OF THE UNITED NATIONS OVER HITLERISM. IN INNUMERABLE PARADES, IN IMPROVISED MASS MEETINGS, EVERYWHERE WAS DECLARED THE WISH TO CRUSH THE RESIDUE OF HITLERISM. FROM ONE END OF THE LAND TO THE OTHER, BUT ONE UNANIMOUS CRY: PETAIN TO THE GALLOWS! VIVE LA FRANCE! VIVE LA REPUBLIQUE!" The incorrigible *Canard Enchaîné*, Paris's favorite satiric gazette, celebrated the victory by publishing a cartoon of Hitler, dead and gone to heaven, where he starts the New Order by pinning a Jewish star of David on God's chest.

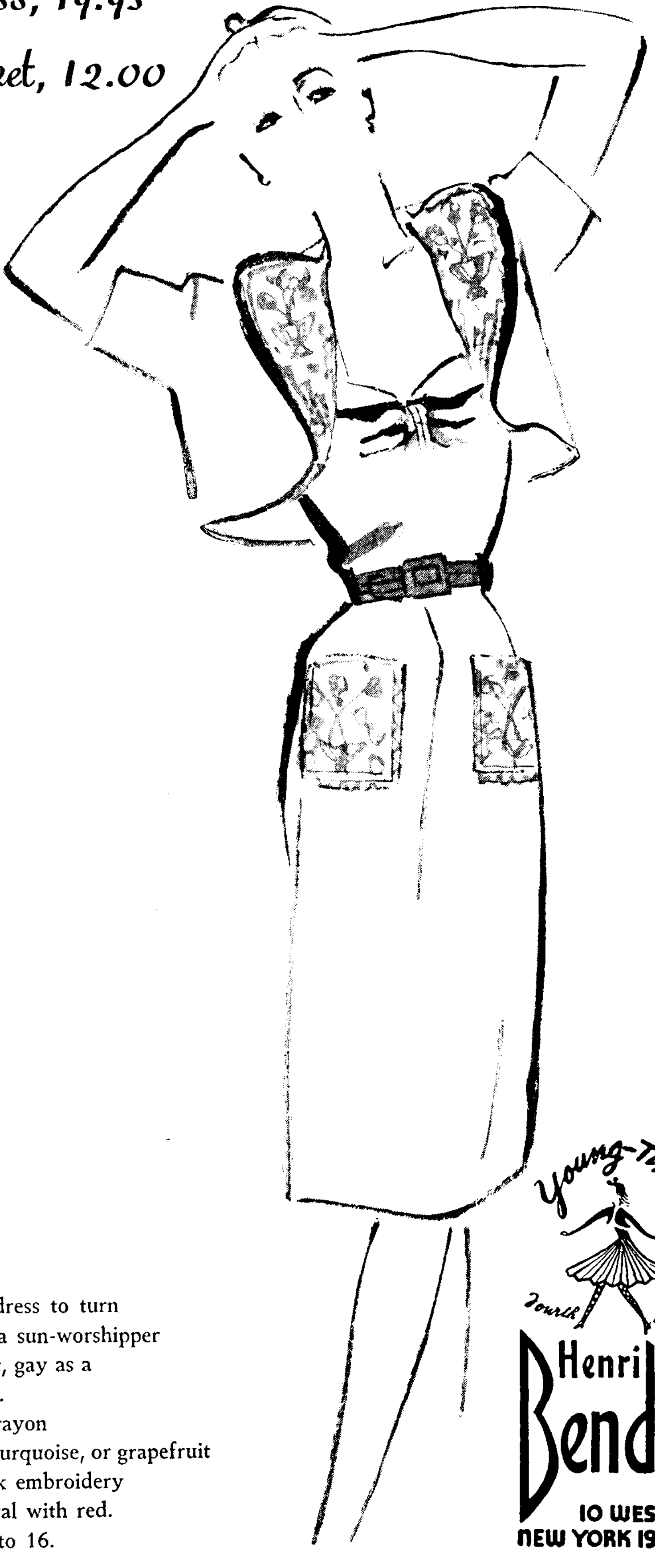
Ironically enough, it was the Germans who had the last, as well as the first, word of the war, since it was Admiral Doenitz's "cease prowling" order to his submarines that provided the peace news here. The headline in an early-Monday-afternoon special edition of *France-Soir* let the cat out of the bag. *France-Soir's* studied headline once more made French the language for disseminating diplomatic information all



HE'S NOT CELEBRATING!

So the war's all over! So you're celebrating . . . taking a few days off . . . having fun! Wait a minute, brother! Know what it's like to lie in a foxhole and hear the unearthly scream of "Banzai" in the night? How it feels to have your guts torn out by shrapnel? How you'd face the future with aluminum where a leg used to be? Or with your sight in the head of a dog? For God's sake, get back to work . . . buy more bonds . . . give more blood. Every little bit you do *is* important. Remember, *the shorter the war, the fewer American boys killed.*

Jones & Lamson Machine Company, Springfield, Vermont, U. S. A.



Young-Timers bob up as "good neighbors" in a Mexican-embroidered Bolero Costume

Dress, 19.95
Jacket, 12.00

Backless dress to turn
you into a sun-worshipper
. . . jacket, gay as a
toreador's.
Of spun rayon
. . . lime, turquoise, or grapefruit
with black embroidery
. . . natural with red.
Sizes 10 to 16.

Young-Timers
Fourth Floor
Henri
Bendel
10 WEST 57
NEW YORK 19 NY

over Europe. This headline announced, in huge type, "FIN DE GUERRE," and in small type beneath, "Sous-Marine," since in French the adjective dutifully follows the noun it modifies. The headline sold the paper like hot cakes; trained by four years of food shortage, Parisians queued up to buy the paper as they would queue up to buy anything good to eat if they could find it. But no one on the streets showed much reaction to the news. Expectant but still incredulous, a small crowd gathered after dinner on the Place de l'Opéra. There, at eight-thirty, a voice from a street loudspeaker announced that the peace had been signed that morning at Reims. The Allied national anthems were played. Strolling American soldiers, who understood no French but knew anthems when they heard them, stood on the sidewalk at salute, then lounged on; the French on the Café de la Paix terrace continued sipping their beer in the balmy evening twilight.

At half-past-ten that night, in the Allied Servicemen's Club in the Grand Hotel, an orchestra leader whose men had just finished playing and singing "And the tears flowed like wine" suddenly shouted to the dancers that the war was over, that tomorrow was V Day in Europe. A wild groan of joy went up from the men in uniform. Then they began capering extravagantly, their girls in their arms, to the tune of "Hallelujah." Afterward, tumbling out onto the boulevards, they started spreading the news to all Joes and to anyone French who would listen. But that night it was only the Americans, the optimists from across the Atlantic, who believed the good news about Europe.

Next morning, though, the French papers announced that at 3 P.M. the great news would be officially true. All Paris was dressed in its not very fine best and standing on its handsome boulevards waiting in the sun for the "Marseillaise" and the pronouncement of its leader de Gaulle. And then his for once impassioned, excited voice proclaimed victory, which had come at last.

Europe's Five and a Half Years' War is all over but the peace. —GENÊT

•

NO COMMENT DEPARTMENT

[*From the bulletin of a church in Charleston, W. Va.*]

8 A.M.
THE HOLY COMMUNION

Each week at this service, we remember a group of our men and women who are absent from us in the armed services. Today, we remember those whose last names begin with the letters A through D.

OF ALL THINGS

THE United Nations' management would like the Japanese to know that the apparent lack of interest in their affairs was caused by pressing engagements elsewhere. The Japs are assured that their case will now receive everyone's undivided attention.

•

It can hardly be denied that the Nazis were consistent. They ended their war as they began it, by murdering the Czechs.

•

One of the most delightful reports of the week was that Montgomery had captured Heinrich Himmler. At last we had the makings of a really fascinating quiz program.

•

A million or more of our soldiers will be coming back before the year is out. They should be happy here once they get used to the American, or vegetarian, way of life.

•

Hermann Goering's attempts to whitewash himself were singularly unsuccessful. The War Crimes Commission has a list of his foul deeds as big as his waistline.

•

Dr. Soong says that China has received bushels of worthless peace overtures from the Japanese government. At any rate, the stuff must have helped to relieve the paper shortage.

•

The lack of harmony in the San Francisco opera house is distressing, but there is a silver lining. The Berlin propaganda bureau is in no position to enjoy the situation.

•

Eisenhower announces that soldiers who have fought on both the African and the European fronts will not be sent to the Pacific. The only other front these men will have to see is the home one.

•

The appointment of Robert Hannegan as Postmaster General is in accord with traditional American political practice. The man who manages a successful campaign is entitled to read everybody's postcards.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

Marlboro
The Cigarette of Distinction
For Him or Her } PLAIN ENDS IVORY TIPS
Specially for Her } BEAUTY TIPS (red)
IVORY TIPPED
MARLBORO CIGARETTES
PHILIP MORRIS & Co. LTD INC.
THE MILDNESS OF AMERICA'S BEST
THE RICHNESS OF THE CHOICEST LEAF
MADE IN U.S.A.
FOR VICTORY BUY UNITED STATES WAR SAVINGS BONDS STAMPS

DO SHARE your Marlboros with *him!* He *too* appreciates their superb blend of richer, rarer tobaccos. So much extra smoking pleasure . . . *merely a penny or two more!*

Cigarette of successful men and lovely women

Brittany Coat
LENTHÉRIC
Tweed

© Lenthéric, Inc., [illegible]

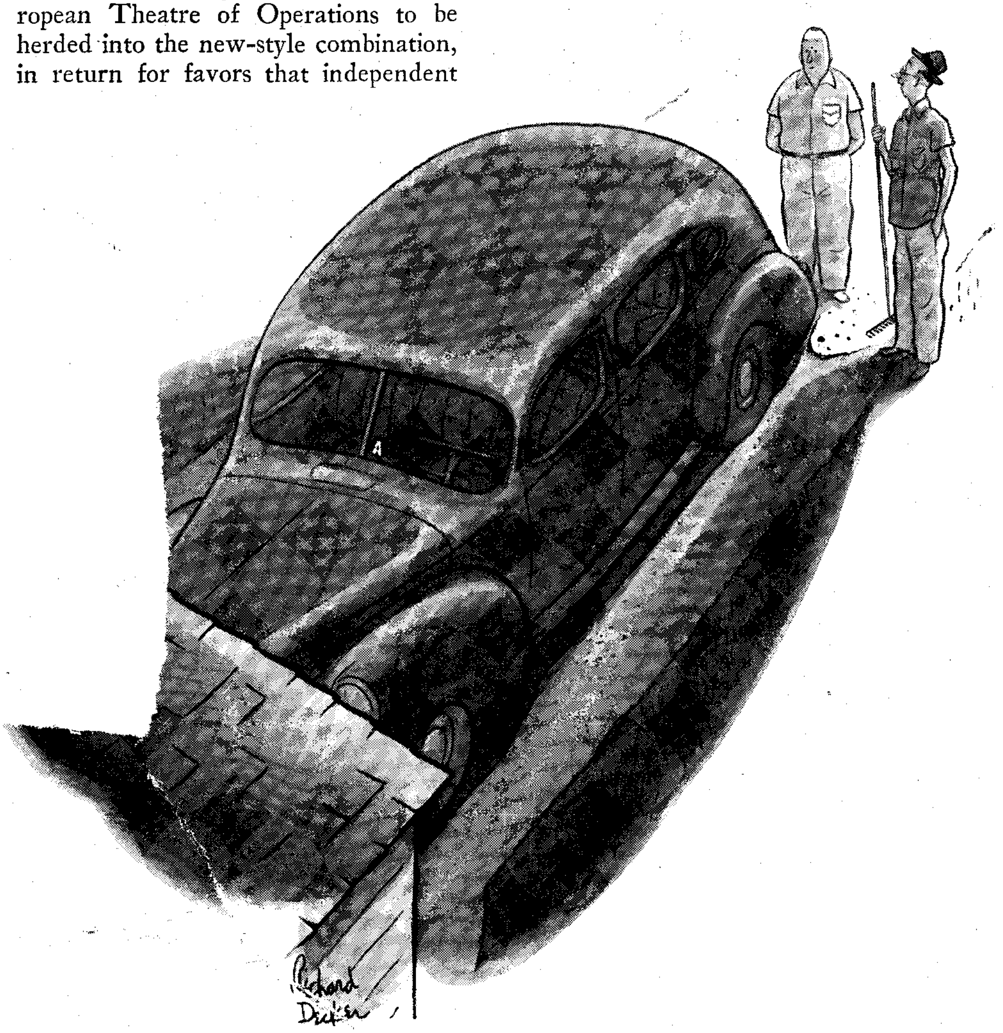
THE WAYWARD PRESS

THE A. P. SURRENDER

THE great row over Edward Kennedy's Associated Press story of the signing of the German surrender at Reims served to point up the truth that if you are smart enough you can kick yourself in the seat of the pants, grab yourself by the back of the collar, and throw yourself out on the sidewalk. This is an axiom that I hope will be taught to future students of journalism as Liebling's Law. The important aspect of the row, I am sure, is not that Kennedy got his dispatch out of Europe before the SHAEF Public Relations bosses wanted him to but that only three representatives of the American press were admitted to one of the memorable scenes in the history of man, and they only on condition that they promise not to tell about it until the brigadier general in charge of public relations gave them permission. *No* correspondent of a newspaper published in the United States was invited to the signing; besides Kennedy, Boyd Lewis of the United Press, and James Kilgallen of Hearst's International News Service, the official list included four radio men, an enlisted correspondent for *Stars & Stripes*, and a collection of French, Russian, Australian, and Canadian correspondents. Whether a promise extorted as this one was, in an airplane several thousand feet up, has any moral force is a question for theologians. The only parallel I can think of offhand is the case of Harold the Saxon who was shipwrecked in t territories of William of N mandy at a time when Ed the Confessor was getting years. William, taking H into protective custody, him swear not to clai English throne after Ed died, but when Harold home he cocked a snoot at liam. Anglo-Saxon hist have since expressed a deal of sympathy for Har point of view, but the Chu held with William. I suppo that Kennedy should have refused to promise anything and thus made sure of missing an event that no newspaperman in the world would want to miss, but I can't imagine any correspondent's doing it.

I do not think Kennedy imperilled the lives of any Allied soldiers by sending the story, as some of his critics have charged. He probably saved a few, because by withholding the announcement of an armistice you prolong the shooting, and, conversely, by announcing it promptly you make the shooting stop. Moreover, the Germans had broadcast the news of the armistice several hours before Kennedy's story appeared on the streets of New York, and Absie, the O.W.I.'s American Broadcasting Station in Europe, broadcast it in twenty-four languages, including English, within an hour after. The thing that has caused the most hard feeling is that Kennedy broke a "combination," which means that he sent out a story after all the correspondents on the assignment had agreed not to. But the old-fashioned "combination" was an agreement freely reached among reporters and not a pledge imposed upon the whole group by somebody outside it. Incidentally, the *Times* used to make its reporters at Police Headquarters stay out of combinations. The willingness of the large American news organizations in the European Theatre of Operations to be herded into the new-style combination, in return for favors that independent journalists didn't get, had led directly to the kind of official contempt for the press that the Reims arrangements indicated, with the accompanying view that opportunity to report history was what SHAEF calls a "SHAEF privilege," like a Shubert pass. The Associated Press was a leader in establishing this form of organized subservience, and the jam it now finds itself in is therefore a good illustration of the workings of Liebling's Law.

For many years before this war, the editorial end of the American newspaper business had been turning from news gathering to shopping for a packaged, mass-produced wordage sold by the press associations and syndicates. A few newspapers, such as the *Times* and *Herald Tribune* here and the *Tribune* and *Daily News* in Chicago, went into wholesaling in a modest way themselves by setting up their own syndicates, principally to peddle European news. The war, coupled with the excess-profits tax (which made many businessmen decide that they might as well pay their extra



"As near as I can figure it, I get fourteen miles, 956 feet to the gallon."

money to employees as to the tax collector), put an end, in a number of cases, to the newspapers' depending entirely on this sort of ready-made, or store, news, and scores of writers for magazines and newspapers began to arrive in the European Theatre of Operations. The large news organizations then faced the problem of proving that boughten coverage was not only cheaper but better than "original" reporting—say, Ernest Hemingway's. To accomplish this, they either suggested or accepted enthusiastically—it is not quite clear which—the Army's present principle of "limited facilities" for the coverage of news events. This meant that they concurred in the rear-area military maxim that there were never enough accommodations for the number of correspondents who wanted to see anything. The military, in return, conceded that the correspondents of the organizations which had large London bureaus should have first call on whatever accommodations there were. These bureaus established their importance with a SHAEF Public Relations personnel that seldom got out of London. The clearing house for the allotment of "facilities," which from then on assumed the character not of rights but of favors, was the Association of American Correspondents, whose headquarters were in London and which was dominated by the representatives of the large press organizations, and any facilities that were left over were distributed among the independent correspondents whom the members found most "reasonable." The key members of the Association further impressed the Public Relations soldiers with statistics about the number of readers each of their organizations served. The Associated Press claims to "fill the news needs of eight hundred million people," I.N.S. two hundred and twenty-five million, United Press (unaccountably modest) fifty-five million "in the United States alone," the Chicago *Tribune* syndicate a hundred and ten million, the *Herald Tribune* syndicate ten million, the *Times* syndicate six million, and Time-Life, Inc., which managed to wedge its way into the Association at an early date, twenty-two million. Together with the major radio chains, which reach a good billion people each, these press associations and syndicates served about twice the population of the world. This total does not even include the readers of the Chicago *Daily News* syndicate, figures for which are not on hand at this writing. Having once accepted the principle of limitation (i.e., to members of the Correspondents' Association) and having made a habit, for thirty months, of shouting publicly, "Headquarters is always right!," the dozen or so ruling members were hardly in a position to object when the Army decided on a further limitation of newspaper facilities—this time to zero.

The story that amused me most during armistice week was the one that appeared in the *Times* of Wednesday, May 9th, under the headline "Fiasco by SHAEF at Reims Is Bared: Reporters Barred from Seeing Historic Signing of the German Surrender." It was signed by Raymond Daniell, a sententious little man who, as chief of the *Times'* London bureau, had been the chief promoter of the limitations scheme, back in 1942. "The correspondents never liked the Army's plan, but they accepted it with reservations," Daniell wrote. "What made them especially angry, however, was the fact that when the time came for the surrender, it was the Army's plan for coverage in Berlin that was adopted, instead of an order of precedence drawn up at Dieppe by the newspaper representatives and followed ever since until last Sunday night by the Army where space was limited." Daniell, as president of the Correspondents' Association, had practically imposed the "order of precedence" on the Army press-relations chief in London after the Dieppe what-was-it. His reason was that it turned out after the raid that Quentin Reynolds of *Collier's* had been along without the sanction of the Association. It was never hinted that Reynolds' presence had anything to do with the sanguinary unsuccess at Dieppe, but Daniell and his opposite numbers in the other large news organizations nevertheless felt that magazine men should be discouraged. The bureau chiefs of the syndicates, conspicuously including Robert Bunnelle of the A.P., who is now involved in the Kennedy trouble, simply transferred to Europe the tendency of American district reporters to play ball with the police lieutenant on the desk. It is that which makes the rather spluttery rage of Brigadier General Frank Allen, the Supreme Head-

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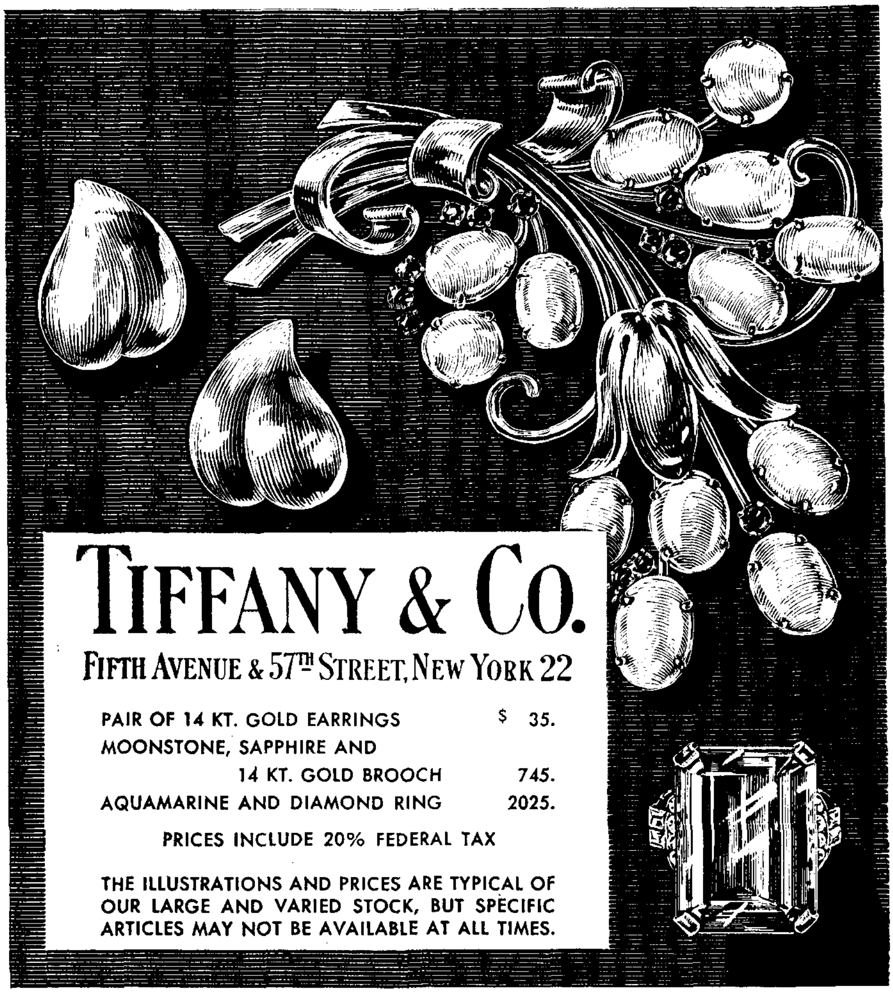
ters Press Relations chief, so comprehensible. The Brigadier feels like a keeper at the Zoo who has been butted in the behind by his favorite gazelle. What made Daniell especially angry, apparently, was that the military found room at the surrender ceremony for twenty women friends of officers but left him standing outside. He seemed to feel that this was rubbing it in.

THE Kennedy explosion has, I imagine, done no harm, except possibly to Kennedy—one of my favorite reporters, I might add. The Russians have not declined to end the war because of it. Maybe, in the absence of opposition, the Russians would have had to stop anyway, although this does not seem to have occurred to Supreme Headquarters spokesmen. The Russians had their own surrender show in Berlin, and probably had a better publicity break on it than they would have had if the two surrenders had been announced simultaneously. (They could do with a public-relations counsel, anyway.) One unconditional surrender of the Reich a day is about as much as the public can absorb. Moreover, the row can do a lot of good if it brings into the clear the whole disturbing question of military censorship imposed for political, personal, or merely capricious reasons and reveals the history of the prodigious amount of pure poodle-faking that has gone on under the name of Army Public Relations. I remember the period in North Africa when, for reasons of "military security," no correspondent was allowed to say anything against Admiral Darlan even after he was dead, and when a dispatch of my own was censored because I said that anti-Fascist Frenchmen thought our indulgence of the Fascists silly (information which obviously would have been of great interest to the German General Staff). In France, last summer, another of my stories was held up a week because I wrote about the torture and execution of an American parachutist by Vichy militiamen. It was evidently important to military security that the American public shouldn't think hard of our enemies. "Horror stuff," by which the censors meant any mention of ugly wounds or indecorous deaths, was for a long time forbidden, but recently it has been found compatible with security. Somebody must have told whoever makes the rules that the Germans know about it. But the worst form of censorship was the preventive kind exercised by Public Relations, which, in any echelon higher than an army in the field, acted on the



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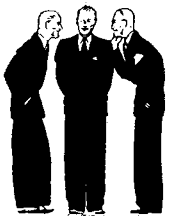
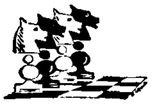


principle that an inactive correspondent was potentially a source of less bother than a correspondent who was going somewhere. While the correspondent was in the United States, the object was to keep him from crossing to England, and once he got to England the game was to stop him from reaching Africa, Italy, France, or any other place he might find subject matter. If he arrived in any of those countries, there was one more line of defense—P.R.O. would try to hold him in Algiers, Naples, or Paris, as the case might be. Actually, he was safe only when he got to a front. He had nothing to worry him there but shells, for the higher echelons of Public Relations left him alone. To give Army Public Relations the only credit due it, some of the younger officers in the field were helpful, hard-working, and at times even intelligent.

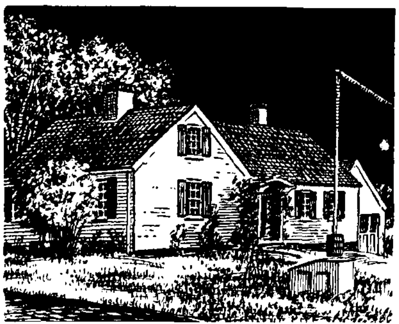


The Public Relations situation reached a high point in *opera-buffa* absurdity in London in the spring of a year ago, before the invasion of France. There were at one time nine separate echelons of Public Relations in London at once: P.R.O. SHAEF; P.R.O. Twenty-first Army Group (Montgomery's command); P.R.O. FUSAC (First Army Group, which later became Twelfth Army Group); P.R.O. First Army; P.R.O. ETOUSA (European Theatre of Operations, U.S. Army), which handled the correspondents' mail, gave out ration cards, did publicity for Services of Supply, and tried to horn in on everything else; P.R.O. Eighth Air Force; P.R.O. Ninth Air Force; the P.R.O. for General Spaatz's highest echelon of the Air Forces command; and the Navy P.R.O. The Air Forces publicity people were unpretentious but aggressive; the Navy was helpful; the five other echelons spent most of their time getting in each other's way.

The P.R.O.s, mostly colonels and lieutenant colonels (a major, in this branch of service, was considered a shameful object, to be exiled to an outer office), had for the most part been Hollywood press agents or Chicago rewrite men in civilian life. They looked as authentic in their uniforms as dress extras in a B picture, but they had learned to say "Army" with an unction that Stonewall Jackson could never have achieved. One rewrite lieutenant colonel used to predict casualties as high as eighty per cent in the first assault wave on D Day. He had never heard a shot fired in anger. Others would seriously tell correspondents, that they, the correspondents, couldn't go along on D Day because there wouldn't be space enough on the landing craft to hold another man. The P.R.O.s were perhaps under the impression that you load ships for an invasion the way you would ferry boats, without regard to the organization of combat units. There was room for ninety more men on the Coast Guard LCI on which I finally crossed. The one point on which all the London officers were united was their detestation of the field army. One division commander who requested that a certain correspondent be allowed to accompany his outfit into action stirred such resentment in the London army that he was reprimanded by the Chief of Staff of SHAEF. The London P.R.O.s felt that the division commander, being a mere major general rich in battle experience, was guilty of insubordination when he disagreed with non-combatant lieutenant colonels. Daniell, Bunnelle, and the rest of the news-agency men adapted themselves to this squalid milieu and flourished in it. They agreed with everything the dress extras said, especially with the thesis that on fifty miles of Norman coast there would be room for only about twenty correspondents, who would of course represent the larger news organizations. The habit of saying yes to people you don't respect is hard to break, which is one reason I think well of Edward Kennedy for breaking it. Also, I think that if any severe punishment is inflicted on the first journalist to disobey an unreasonable order, an era of conformity will set in that will end even the pretense of freedom of the press in any area where there is a brigadier general to agree with.

HAVING finished with what I consider the deeper implications of the Kennedy case, I would like to say that it has produced some delightful examples of journalism right here in this country. On the afternoon of Tuesday, May 8th, after most of the papers had played up Kennedy's story real big and the Army had then denounced it as "unauthorized," Roy W. Howard, president of the Scripps-Howard newspapers and overlord of the United Press, the A.P.'s chief rival, broke into print with a plea for the Associated Press. Howard said that he himself had been pilloried like Kennedy in November, 1918, when he had reported the armistice four days before it had happened. The two cases were an exact parallel except that Kennedy's report was right and Howard's was wrong.

The *Times*, on that same Tuesday morning, carried Kennedy's story in



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America's *advertisers* made present-day radio possible. Competition among sponsors for large audiences made radio increasingly better.

Advertisers and their agencies will play just as important a part in *television*. That's why *we* are not planning to "take over" the building of commercial television shows. And that's why we approach television from the standpoint of *advertising economics*. Our policy, we believe, will make it *practical* for advertisers to get in and create good video shows; to utilize television more quickly. And as it did in radio, this will speed the growth of this new industry.

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Blue has a regular television schedule. Our televised programs are adaptations of successful radio shows; thus, they have an assured audience interest. *And we start out by taking advantage of what we have learned about listening audiences,* rather than by trying to interest them in some experimental form of entertainment.

Costly experimental work will, we realize, play its part. But it is most important now to give television a commercially practical birth. And the televising of proven and economical radio shows is the best way to do it.

Our programs are televised on a *regular weekly schedule*—like radio programs—because we know that this is the only way to build a television habit.

Every Sunday on General Electric's WRGB in Schenectady, we are televising "Ladies, Be Seated." On Du Mont's WABD in New York we presented "Quiz Kids," "On Stage, Everybody," and currently WJZ's John David show, "Letter to Your Serviceman."

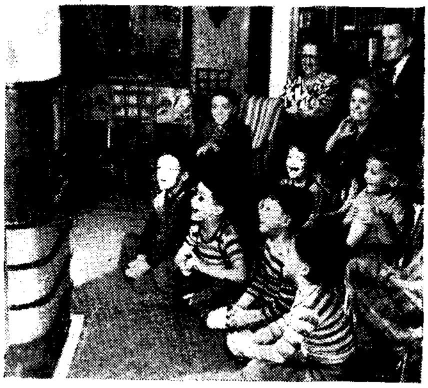
After one month of "Ladies, Be Seated," Schenectady audiences gave this program the highest rating ever obtained by a television show.

After two weeks, "On Stage, Everybody" was the most viewed and most popular with Du Mont's New York audiences.

We got these facts from these stations' polls. But we checked up on them by talking, ourselves, to the people who have watched and heard our shows.

We have great confidence in our television plan. People *like* the programs, and they are *economically sound.*

That, we think, is the foundation of practical television development.



Mr. & Mrs. W. J. McLaughlin, *family and friends of Troy, New York.*

"We always have enjoyed 'Ladies, Be Seated,' but we are very glad we have a television receiver so that we can also see it."

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The Blue Network

two columns on the right-hand side of the front page, in twelve-point type, under two cross-lines and two banks dropping from its four-line streamer headline. On Thursday it published an editorial saying Kennedy had done a "grave disservice to the newspaper profession." A *Times* man I met in a saloon that afternoon said they had run the story because it looked authentic but they had run the editorial because they didn't like the way the story had been sent out. On Tuesday they also carried a boxed dispatch from Drew Middleton, one of their own men in Paris, saying that all the correspondents except Kennedy had been caught in "the most colossal 'snafu' in the history of the war."

Wednesday morning brought Daniell's remarkable *Times* story, cited above (which read exactly the way a *Nebelwerfer* sounds) and a perfectly deadpan account of the Reims function by Drew Middleton, who presumably had not been there, since he wasn't on the list of correspondents invited by SHAEF. Middleton's story appeared twenty-four hours after the *Times* had carried the Kennedy story and was practically a duplicate of it. The *Herald Tribune* had an equally deadpan account by John O'Reilly, who presumably wasn't there either, and an editorial, better-tempered than the *Times'*, chiding Kennedy. It also had on its front page an excellent eyewitness story about Berlin in the final days of the Russian attack upon it, written by its own correspondent Seymour Freidin, who was still under suspension by SHAEF for having gone to Berlin without Brigadier General Allen's permission. The story had been held up six days. The *Times* had a similar story by the equally excommunicated John Groth, but it wasn't so good. *PM*, that same P.M., had a long, involved "Letter from the Editor," by the Editor, toward the end of which it came out that the Editor was in favor of the decision Kennedy had made.

After that, the excitement seemed to be dying away, but Friday morning, Robert McLean, publisher of the Philadelphia *Bulletin* and president of the Associated Press, issued a statement censuring Kennedy. Friday afternoon brought an editorial in *Editor & Publisher*, the trade journal of the newspaper business, a publication that usually reflects high-echelon newspaper sentiment. *Editor & Publisher* made a magnificent grab for the best of both worlds simultaneously, just as if it were a newspaper. It said, "We agree with Kennedy that no military security was involved and that it was political censorship. . . . The Paris correspondents also declare they have no degree of confidence in the Public Relations Division of SHAEF, and we don't blame them. [Actually, when a motion of no confidence was proposed at a correspondents' meeting in Paris after the surrender incident, the correspondents tabled it, preferring to gang up on their colleague Kennedy.] We hope this will serve as a lesson to the military and political leaders of the Allied nations that a story of that magnitude cannot be kept secret." But the editorial also said, "Kennedy apparently violated one of the cardinal principles of good journalism—that of respecting a confidence. No amount of explanation . . . is justification." Of course, the Allied leaders would not have learned the lesson if Kennedy had not repudiated the confidence. Neither McLean nor *Editor & Publisher* challenged SHAEF's right to impose such a condition. The top side of the newspaper business obviously believes that freedom of the press goes no farther than the right to complain about corporation taxes.

To wind up, and illustrate, my morality tale, the *Times*, on Saturday morning, carried a story that SHAEF was going to retain control over correspondents in Europe even though fighting has ceased and that censors have been empowered to suppress anything they consider "unauthorized, inaccurate, or false reports, misleading statements and rumors, or reports likely to injure the morale of the Allied forces (or nations)." This means that correspondents may send no news, even though it is verified and vital to American understanding of what is happening, unless it is "authorized" by some Army political adviser like Robert Murphy, who in 1942 gave a sample of his stuff by stopping all stories unfavorable to the State Department filed in North Africa. It also means that the censors—or rather, in the last analysis, the censors' Army superiors—will decide what is true and accurate or false and misleading, and what is calculated to injure the morale of Allied forces. For example, a correspondent might say there was a strong republican movement in Italy, but the censor might decide that such knowledge would diminish the Royal Italian Army's enthusiasm for the Royal House the Allies insist on propping up. So he would stop the correspondent from sending the story to America. And so it might go—and will, if the press continues to truckle to the dress extras.

—A. J. LIEBLING

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LETTER FROM MUNICH

MAY 13 (BY WIRELESS)

IF you ever knew Munich, you would recognize it, all right, but you would have trouble finding some of the places you knew. By the time the R.A.F. and our Eighth Air Force had finished with it, things were pretty well clobbered. When I arrived here, last Monday, I was put in touch, in a roundabout manner, with a certain young Bavarian wearing a beret. He looked the way a French aristocrat is supposed to look and he had once worked for Hoppé, whose photographs used to appear in *Vanity Fair*. The beret wearer drove me to the hideout of Captain Ruprecht Gernegross, head of the Freiheits Aktion Bayern, or Bavarian Freedom Movement. It was the F.A.B. that, on the night of April 27th, put on the sensationally atypical Munich uprising. It seized radio stations, issued confusing orders to the Wehrmacht, cut communications between headquarters and all divisions in and around Munich, and so thoroughly paralyzed the Volkssturm, or Home Guard, that the city's defenses were extremely *aufgelaust*, or loused up. Their call to action that night was the word "*Fasanenjagd*," or "pheasant hunt," which referred to the big-shot Nazis whose light-brown uniforms, smothered in gold ropes, medals, and tassels, made them look quite a bit like golden pheasants. When our Seventh Army's Twelfth Armored and Third, Forty-fifth, and Forty-second Infantry Divisions rumbled along a few days later, the capital of world Fascism fell to them quite easily.

Even though the Seventh Army was in the neighborhood, I had a moment of fright when the beret wearer and I reached the driveway of Captain Gernegross's house and found the grounds filled with scores of determined-looking men in civilian clothes. "Oh, oh," I said. "This is Himmler's Sicherheitsdienst. They have finished poor Gernegross off and now they will get us, too." The young Bavarian burst out laughing. They were not the Sicherheitsdienst, he said; they were members of the company of Wehrmacht interpreters that had spearheaded Gernegross's revolt. In civil life they had been writers, artists, teachers, language students, and musicians—all of them travelled men. For three years they had been plotting against the government. They had had nothing to do with the attempt on Hitler's life on July 20th, but the dreadful heat Himmler put on the entire Wehrmacht after that incident had made it necessary to reorganize the F.A.B. from the ground up; they figure they had a close call. The Bavarians are the handsomest Germans, and these rebels look to me like the handsomest Bavarians. There was not a single Nazified face in the group. Someday I hope that I'll be able to write in detail about Captain Ruprecht Gernegross and the Freiheits Aktion Bayern. In the meantime, I'll have to con-ent myself with reporting ie fairly incredible fact that mewhere in Germany I sa.. ermans who had risked their lives ıg. ting the Nazis.

THEN there's the other side of the picture. Late in the afternoon of the same day, I called on Trude Eipperle, Nazi Munich's foremost opera singer, a substantially built blonde of the sort featured in Nazi art exhibitions. She is a soprano. Her husband, a man named Heinrich Simon, was a *Stabsleiter*, only two rungs below a *Gauleiter*. The press camp I am living in is in Grünwald, a lovely wooded suburb of Munich that was favored by important Nazis. Down the road from us is the house of Dr. Robert Ley, the Nazi labor boss, and Simon's house lies between Dr. Ley's and ours. *Stabsleiter* Simon was a kind of executive and finance officer for Ley, and he evidently did a tip-top job, for both of them obviously had it very lush at home. When I arrived, Frau Simon was standing in the courtyard with two men and three girls of the companion-secretary-housekeeper-practice-accompanist type that is standard equipment with opera singers. One of the men was a blond of about eighteen, dressed in a green huntsman's uniform. The other man, who almost immediately informed me that he was sixty-two years old and a gynecologist, was wearing a yodeller's hat and plus-fours and was carrying a little whip, the sort they sell at American circuses. He was a short, clean-shaven man with a huge, potato-shaped nose and an enormous paunch. His clothes were of expensive material but altogether wrong, like those of the heiress's father in the Newport scene in a burlesque show. Frau Simon, I soon learned, had been taking a pounding. All day long, be-

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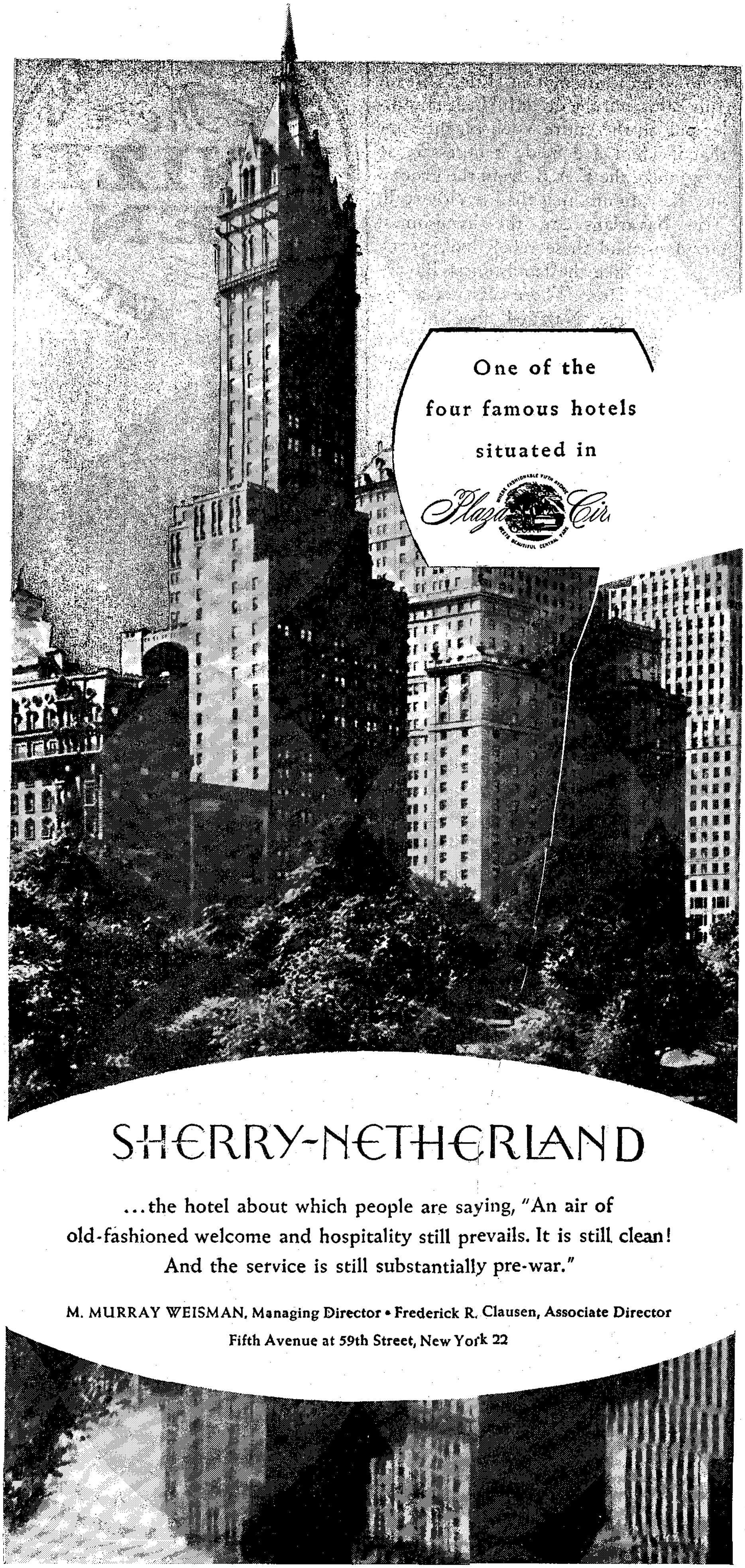
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fore her very eyes, her beautiful house had been looted by displaced persons in the area, among them liberated political prisoners from the nearby Dachau, roaming the land in their blue-and-white awning-striped uniforms. Frau Simon was too exhausted to talk about it herself, but the little gynecologist was most voluble. "*Zuchthäusler*," he said to me angrily, "*es sind diese verdammten Zuchthäusler*." Now, a *Zuchthaus* is
jail, so to speak, so I pointed
these displaced persons were
inals but political prisoners.
äusler," he insisted. Two of
ad tried to steal his bicycle that
ng, but, *Gott sei Dank*, he had
is whip with him. He showed us
t he had done with it.
turned to Frau Simon and asked if
ight look around the house. She said
ourse. I didn't take long. Everything
been pulled up by the roots; you can inspect a plundered house in a few minutes. The youth in the huntsman's suit slyly asked me how we Americans were getting along with the Russians. We got along with them *fabelhaft*, I informed him happily, simply *fabelhaft*—why did he ask? We went into this for quite some time, and suddenly there was Frau Simon in front of me with an armload of pictures. I am now the owner of two cabinet- and four postcard-size autographed portraits of Trude Eipperle as Marguerite in "Faust," Eva in "Die Meistersinger," Maria in "The Bartered Bride," Elsa in "Lohengrin," Djuelor in "Eros the Rogue," and Daphne in "Daphne."

THAT night at nine o'clock, over the B.B.C., some other Americans and I heard the news of the surrender at Reims. We had some singing of our own, in which Trude Eipperle did not join. It is *Bockbier* season in Munich, and there were those who went into the kitchen and worked out until dawn on two victory odes called "Dear Old Girl" and "Honey, Honey, Bless Your Heart." —JOEL SAYRE

•

EAST RIVER VIEW

Queens and Manhattan
Ride the tide
Like loaded barges
Side by side.

Only a bridge
In heavy weather
Keeps the boroughs
Lashed together.

—MILDRED WESTON

MUSICAL EVENTS

Further Arrivals

ALTHOUGH the music season is almost over, premières of various kinds keep coming along. Last week, a new opera was introduced at Brander Matthews Hall, up on 117th Street, by the Columbia Theater Associates in coöperation with the Columbia University Department of Music. It was "The Scarecrow," a two-acter based on Percy MacKaye's play, with libretto by Dorothy Lockwood and music by Normand Lockwood. The new opera made a good impression, but further work on it may be necessary before all its possibilities can be realized.

Mrs. Lockwood's libretto had clarity, movement, and sense—three elements you don't always encounter in opera books. Mr. Lockwood's music was melodious, singable, and always related to the words—three elements you don't always encounter in opera scores. Nevertheless, it seemed to me that Mr. Lockwood didn't give the lyrical and dramatic high spots enough time to develop. More breadth and sweep here and there would have made "The Scarecrow" into a more compelling creation. It shouldn't take much revision to give the opera the extra momentum it seems to need, because Mr. Lockwood has shown that he knows how to write effectively for the stage. The singing and acting were for the most part competent and well coached, but the romantic and fantastic moods of the opera were not always captured. Otto Luening conducted expertly, and the stage settings by Richard Bernstein were both picturesque and practical.

"THE SCARECROW" was one of the attractions in Columbia University's first Festival of Contemporary American Music, sponsored by the Alice M. Ditson Fund. Among the other offerings was an orchestral matinée by the N. B. C. Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Howard Hanson, who conducted four works, one of them his own, that hadn't yet had concert performances hereabouts. Mr. Hanson was a helpful guide to the new music, taking charge of it with stylistic sensitivity and forceful, enthusiastic conducting. His own fourth symphony, elegiac in its general tone, was persuasive music if not consistently distinctive. David Diamond's "Rounds for Strings" was attractive and well wrought, but the finale didn't seem to have the directness and conciseness of the first two movements. A concerto for saxophone by Henry Brant proved to be a viable vehicle for the remarkable saxophone of Sigurd Rascher, but most of its musical interest was concentrated in the mockery and brilliance of its closing movement. The fourth of the offerings, Walter Piston's second symphony, was best, I thought, in its gayer episodes. All of it was skillfully and thoughtfully written, but the quiet passages were not especially absorbing.

TO the list of recent American premières, I should add Norman Dello Joio's "Western Star," a symphony for voices and orchestra, which, under the direction of Robert Shaw, was introduced at Fred Waring's Carnegie Hall concert late in April. Mr. Dello Joio based his work on a poem by Stephen Vincent Benét and he succeeded admirably in conveying the sturdy eloquence of the text. Sometimes the words were handed over to a narrator. Sometimes they were sung in recitative fashion. Sometimes they were built into rousing ensembles. And occasionally singers and orchestra were blended into a composite tone that projected the spirit of the poem rather than the words themselves. There were spots in which the Benét lines were somewhat over-elaborated in the music, but that may be ascribed to the perennial difficulty in making music fit words. All told, "Western Star" was a strong, vital addition to our choral literature, and the performance by the Collegiate Chorale, soloists, and orchestra was superbly directed by Mr. Shaw. Mr. Waring's presentation of many popular airs and folk songs was equally outstanding. —ROBERT A. SIMON

•

The district of Wilmersdorf was seized up to Berliner strasse, while another 12,000 German troops surrendered En Masse in the city.—*Cleveland* (*Ohio*) *Plain Dealer.*

A nice district, too, as we remember it.

•

FULLER EXPLANATION DEPT.

[*From the masthead of World Magazine*]

WORLD is published monthly, except for the months of January, February, May, July and October.

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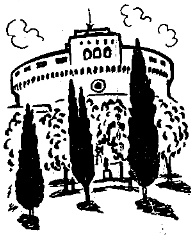
LETTER FROM ROME

MAY 8 (BY WIRELESS)

HAVING lived for a year in a troubled semblance of peace, Rome has accepted the news of peace itself with the helpless and tired shrug of the defeated. My guess is that few cities are sadder today. V-E Day has pointed up an unpleasant fact many people here had tried to forget: that Italy lost the war and can advance no claims for the rewards of peace.



To the Italians I've talked with, peace in Europe means at the moment little more than a dreary continuation of their present misery—fantastic prices, black markets, unemployment, the struggle to regain national pride, and the even more difficult struggle to get people to think for themselves after two decades of stupefaction. The German surrender seems to have increased the Roman's capacity for introspection; his comprehension of the situation his country is in is almost morbid, and his personal problems have suddenly loomed larger and become more pressing: how can a young man get to Turin to discover whether his parents survived the German occupation; does the American know someone who will deliver a letter to a lady's husband, a Partisan, in Milan; please, will the United States permit Italians to leave home and settle in America; at the far end of town a wealthy friend has food enough for his friends tonight, but can the American arrange to get them there and back by jeep?

Today, Tuesday, is V-E Day, but the bars and restaurants are deserted, the streets practically empty. No more bells than usual have been rung. To be sure, some flags are out and the sirens have sounded, but something is lacking. Occasional noisy groups of young Italians parade the streets, trying with almost pathetic desperation to crash the gate of victory, but the victory is not theirs and the enthusiasm is hollow. One such procession—fifteen to twenty poorly dressed young men, a boy beating a drum, and another boy carrying a large red flag—straggled down the Via Sistina this afternoon and stopped before a British mess. Through the door they could see men laughing and drinking. "*Finita, finita, la guerra è finita!*" cried the paraders, and a British sergeant, glass in hand, stepped outside, bowed gracefully, and thanked the parade for stopping by. "Good of you to come," he said, and went inside. The procession slowly moved down the street a few doors to a hotel where some Americans live. "*Finita, finita, la guerra è finita!*" the Italians cried. Several Americans stuck their heads out of windows and yelled "Hooray!," and one man with a camera leaned out and said, "Hold it till I get this!" Then everybody stuck his head back in again. The parade disappeared around a corner, the drummer half-heartedly sounding a roll. Of all the troops in town, only the British seem to be in a rejoicing mood. Arm in arm and six or eight abreast, groups of them have been marching through the city, singing. Victory in Europe appears to have accented only the homesickness of the American troops, and, knowing very well that for most of them the end of one war means simply the beginning of another, still farther from home, they have shown little enthusiasm. Tonight I saw hundreds of them sitting alone on curbstones staring into space or ambling along the streets, hands in pockets, looking into shop windows.

ITALY last week was Milan, and, unlike Rome, Milan had its victory, a victory all the more pleasant, perhaps, because it came from within rather than from without. Our troops were greeted there almost with hysteria, but this exhilaration had already been touched off, first by the Partisan uprising in the city and then by the execution of Mussolini and his most infamous henchmen. When the Germans in Italy finally surrendered, the news went almost unnoticed in Milan. The newspapers welcomed the capitulation in modest headlines but continued to devote their biggest ones to Partisan activities. On the whole, the efficiency and triumph of the Partisan tactics seemed to stun even the Partisans, and for the first three or four days after the liberation large groups of them—almost all of whom were dashing around town in captured German cars, rounding up or finishing off lingering Fascists—could be seen embracing one another in the streets.

Because Milan is in the plains and would have been difficult to defend against any reinforcements the Germans might send in to aid the garrison troops, the Committee of National Liberation had to move slowly. Nevertheless, from the beginning of the German occupation, in September, 1943, at least fifteen thousand copies of clandestine newspapers were circulated every week. The newsprint for them was bought on the black market. In March, 1944, the Committee put on a successful eight-day general strike in Milan. In September of that year the Partisans began to attack the Fascists and Germans in the mountains of northern Italy, but they knew that it would be futile to attempt a fight in Milan yet. "Justice and Liberty" squads—one squad to almost every block in the city—were formed and told to provide themselves with arms. The main source of weapons was the garrison of twenty thousand Fascist troops, many of whom were willing to sell their arms if paid high enough prices. Many others were killed at night and robbed of their arms. The acquiring of arms was accelerated last December, when the Allies gave the Committee of National Liberation the task of leading the resistance movement in northern Italy. The Allies not only began to supply arms but also gave a lot of money to a trusted Partisan in Rome, a banker. By intricate financial maneuvering, he was able to transfer the money to the north.

Meanwhile, in Milan, the Partisans shifted their headquarters about once a week, settling now in the office of an obscure razor-blade distributor, now across town in a dismal restaurant. Mussolini, who had a villa on Lake Garda, north of Verona, appeared less and less frequently in Milan. When he did appear, he and his heavily armed cavalcade usually raced through the city, bound for somewhere beyond. By last January, work in the factories making supplies for the Germans had almost entirely stopped because Allied bombing of the Brenner Pass had cut the railway over which coal was sent into the country. In April, the Committee of National Liberation ordered railroad and tramway workers in Milan to strike, snubbed the Fascists when they suggested that everybody let bygones be bygones and that one big brotherly "sacred union" of all Italians might be created, formed a Committee of Revolt, mobilized the Justice and Liberty squads, and finally, on the twenty-fifth, told its ten thousand armed and ten thousand unarmed Partisans to start taking over the city. By noon the following day, a hundred Fascists had been killed and the Committee was in control of Milan. The Germans fought in the suburbs until the twenty-eighth, the day of Mussolini's execution, but those inside the town barricaded themselves in several hotels and refused to come out and

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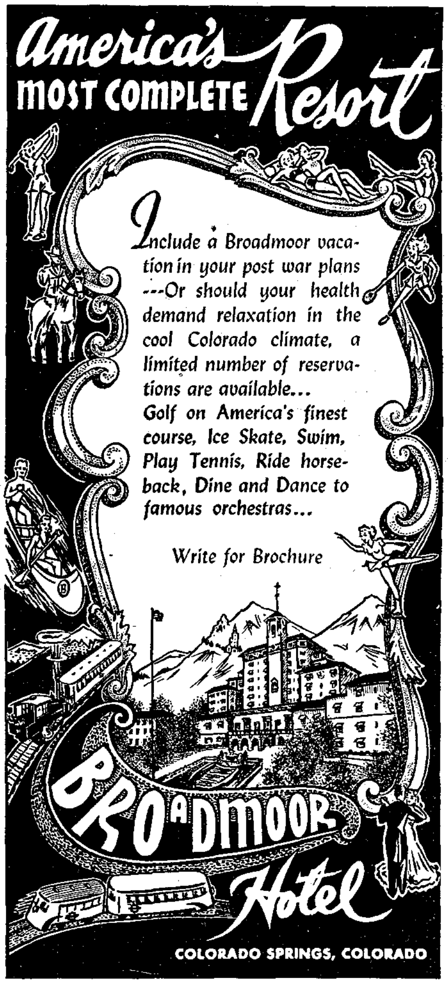
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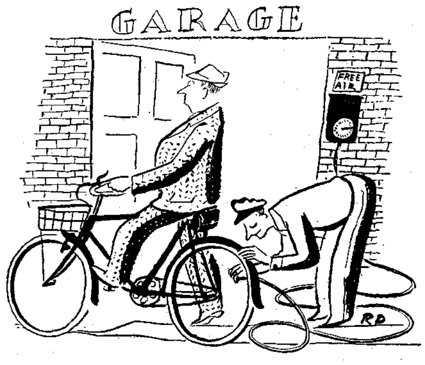
fight, preferring to await the arrival of the Allies and to surrender to them.

Although many Romans—and quite a few American correspondents—deplore what went on in the Piazza Loreto on the morning of Sunday, the twenty-ninth, to the Milanese these events will probably always be symbols of the north's liberation. To an outsider like myself, who happened to be on hand to see Mussolini, Clara Petacci, Pavolini, Starace, and some of the other Fascists dangling by their heels from a rusty beam in front of a gas station, the breathless, bloody scene had an air of inevitability. You had the feeling, as you have at the final curtain of a good play, that events could not have been otherwise. In many people's minds, I think, the embellishments of this upheaval—thousands of Partisans firing their machine guns into the air, Fascist bodies lying in a heap alongside the gas station, the enormous, pressing crowd—have been overemphasized and its essential dignity and purpose have been overlooked. This is best illustrated by the execution of Starace—the fanatical killer who was once secretary of the Fascist Party—who was brought into the square in an open truck at about ten-thirty in the morning. The bodies of Mussolini and the others had been hanging for several hours. I had reached the square just before the truck arrived. As it moved slowly ahead, the crowd fell back and became silent. Surrounded by armed guards, Starace stood in the middle of the truck, hands in the air, a lithe, square-jawed, surly figure in a black shirt. The truck stopped for an instant close to the grotesque corpse of his old boss. Starace took one look and started to fall forward, perhaps in a faint, but was pushed back to a standing position by his guards. The truck drove ahead a few feet and stopped. Starace was taken out and placed near a white wall at the rear of the gas station. Beside him were baskets of spring flowers—pink, yellow, purple, and blue—placed there in honor of fifteen anti-Fascists who had been murdered in the same square six months before. A firing squad of Partisans shot Starace in the back, and another Partisan, perched on a beam some twenty feet above the ground, turned toward the crowd in the square and made a broad gesture of finality, much like a highly dramatic umpire calling a man out at the home plate. There were no roars or bloodcurdling yells; there was only silence, and then, suddenly, a sigh—a deep, moaning sound, seemingly expressive of release from something dark and fetid. The people in the square seemed to understand that this was a moment of both ending and beginning. Two minutes later, Starace had been strung up alongside Mussolini and the others. "Look at them now," an old man beside me kept saying. "Just look at them now."

No city could long remain in the emotional fever of the first days of liberation in Milan, and by the middle of that week there were signs of weariness. Fewer Partisans roamed the streets, and they were less rambunctious. Only isolated shootings took place, and these at night. The slow process of rounding up the twenty-four hundred Fascists in the city continued; they were placed in San Vittoria Jail, in cells recently occupied by their captors. A good many Partisans dropped their clandestine names and resumed their own, which created some confusion among the Partisans themselves, who had never known one another's real names. It suddenly became apparent that the days ahead, like any morning after, meant a slow and complicated readjustment.

As for the city itself, its population has, in a few years, jumped from a million to a million seven hundred thousand. A sixth of Milan's buildings were bombed, a considerable number of them in the center of town. The Duomo, however, has survived; only two of the hundreds of delicate statues along its sides were chipped by bomb fragments, although five of its seven organs were wrecked by the concussions of nearby explosions. On the first day of liberation, a crude sign over the door of La Scala (whose roof had been bombed out) said, "We Want Toscanini," but someone took it down after the entrance of the Allied troops and substituted the American, British, and Russian flags. Most of the church of Santa Maria delle Grazie and all of its cloisters are now rubble, but there are hopes that da Vinci's "Last Supper," in the refectory, is intact. Be-



fore the first bombings of the war, the fresco was lovingly buttressed with heavy wooden scaffolding and bags filled with stones. The framework withstood the bombings and looks sturdy enough from the outside, amid the wreckage, but so far, understandably, no one has had time to begin the painstaking work of removing the wood and the bags of stones to find out whether da Vinci's masterpiece has survived the second World War.

—PHILIP HAMBURGER

•

ALL ACTION IS DIVIDED INTO TWO PARTS

[*Interoffice memorandum received by some people in a branch of the War Production Board*]

SUBJECT: ACTION

Since I came to this type of work—this being my first venture as a Secretary—I have had to build myself and everybody else here up on this matter of action. This is primarily an action office.

May I suggest to each of you, and I mean every single person in this office, that we should examine each piece of paper we pick up with an eye to ACTION. Has the action been planned? If so, check it for weak spots. If not, how would you plan it? Put your notes down on it and then refer it to whoever should see it!

Action divides itself in this office into two parts—referring the project to someone else for action and bringing it to his attention solely for his information. In the first case, this means the matter is referred to a member of one of the Committees, to a group, or to one of the Committees. As I have so often said, we must get the work out of this office. We must *initiate* it rather than do it with few exceptions.

Should the action be put into writing for purposes of insuring its receipt, giving a satisfactory record, etc., etc.?

After that question has been decided and the action put in writing, who should get copies? This question of who should get copies is everlastingly with us. Check lists I find invaluable to meet this question of who should get copies. Please make check lists when feasible.

Now another phase of action here is; that we need to inform a lot of people about various developments they don't have anything to do about. Therefore, it is not a matter of initiating any action by them.

To summarize, our action on projects here divides itself into two parts:

a) initiating action, and

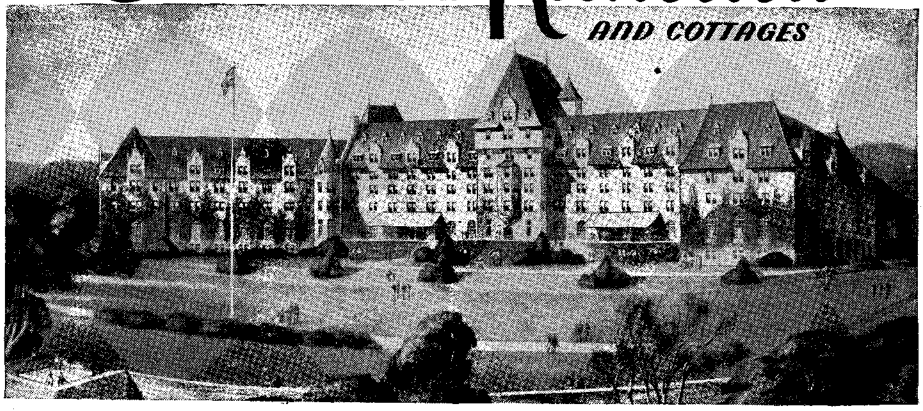
b) informing certain parties.

There is also the question of *follow-up*. Insofar as we can, we need to have automatic follow-ups, so as to bring up actions which are not completed—a system which will enable us to check action items from time to time and to see that they are completed.

We are doing a good job on these lines; but can do better. I am more anxious to point up our action-attitude than anything else,—at this time. Thank you.

COLONEL H——

Manoir Richelieu
AND COTTAGES



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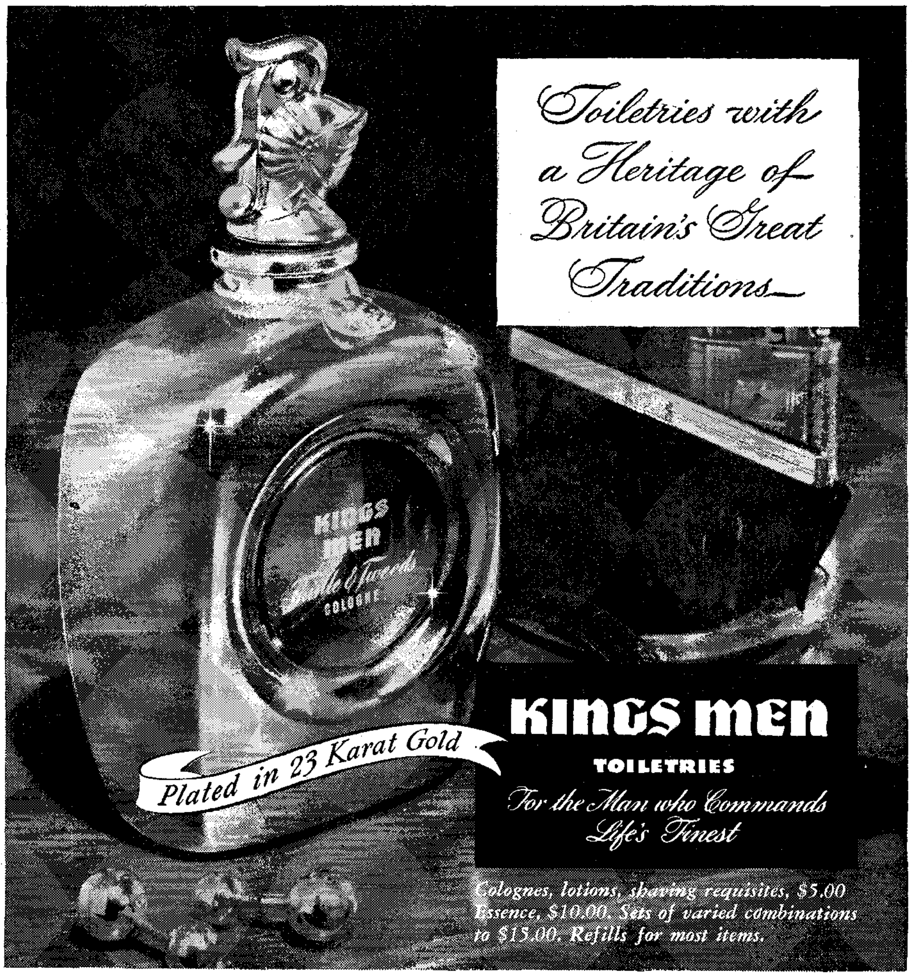
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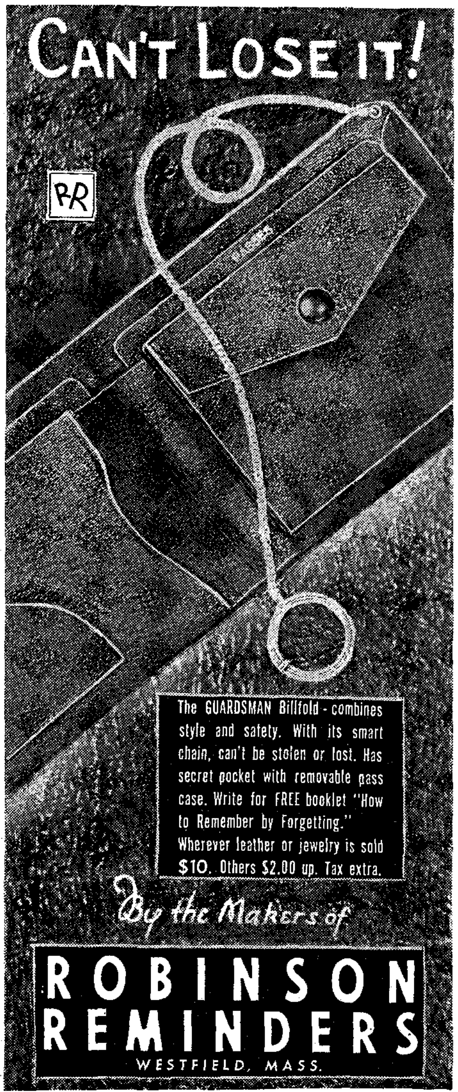

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WONDERFUL MISS MACOMBER

THE house, a remodelled brownstone with gray shutters, was in the eighties near East End Avenue. A good-looking young man in evening clothes opened the door when Edith rang and smiled warmly at her. "Oh, you must be the girl," he said, and stepped back into the hall. "You've saved our lives," he said. "Here, let me have your coat and hat. We called everyone we knew. I was even prepared to send a taxi to Washington Heights to get this maiden we thought was willing, but who proved at the last minute not to be." He took Edith's hat and coat and went to hang them in the closet. "You go to high school?" he asked.

"Yes," Edith said demurely, smoothing her collar, which her coat had wrinkled. "I'm a junior. I don't often go out to sit with kids any more, but my mother said she knew your wife in the Red Cross and that I really should." She looked beyond him at the living room, which had lamps here and there, a great, solid-colored rug, and flowers in white vases on the mantel.

"No," the young man said. "I imagine you're taken up with boy friends, eh? Too occupied at night for this sort of thing." He laughed understandingly as he shut the closet door. Then he looked up the stairway, the fingers of his right hand tugging at the cuff of his left shirt sleeve. "Joan, the girl's here!" he called. He glanced at Edith. "What was your name, now?" His smile was so boyish that Edith felt a little thrill run through her.

"Edith Macomber," she said.

"Edith Macomber is here, darling. Wonderful Edith Macomber, the eighth telephone call."

"Dan!" The voice from above had a note of warning in it. In a minute a young woman appeared at the top of the stairs and descended them rapidly. She wore a black evening gown and was fastening a string of pearls about her neck. Her head was a mass of soft brown curls with a great black-velvet bow on top. Edith stared at the young woman's bright eyes and straight, powdered nose, her beautiful rouged mouth. The young woman hurried past her to the closet and took out a luxurious evening wrap. As her husband helped her into it, she sent a vague, quick smile at Edith and said breathlessly, "The children are in the room at the head of the stairs. You'll hear them if they wake up, but they probably won't. There's nothing you have to do, really, but just be here." She fastened the wrap at her throat, her eyes darting about the hall. "Where's my purse? Oh." She snatched it up and hurried to the door, her perfume lingering behind. Her husband winked at Edith as he worked his way into a black overcoat.

"We'll be home a little after midnight," the young woman said as they went out the door. The young man called, "Good night!," and closed the door heartily behind him.

EDITH drew a deep breath and stood for a moment, her hands clasped, enjoying the sudden loneliness. The living room beckoned to her, a lovely, empty stageset. She moved slowly into it, looking about her. How different from the house she lived in! Here the furniture was fat, deep, and wide, covered with a cream-colored material on which great red poppies bloomed. There were brass andirons in the fireplace and a Mexican basket, on the hearth, holding neatly arranged birch logs. On the small, polished tables here and there were lamps and glass ashtrays.

There was a desk in the corner. Edith moved toward it and lit the small lamp, the base of which was an old-fashioned lantern. Her eye was attracted by letters tucked in the cubbyholes and she regarded them gravely for a while before she reached out a hand and pulled one out. She read it slowly. She read quite a few others.

Finally she turned, a dreamy, surfeited look on her face, and looked about the room again. She saw a cocktail shaker and two glasses on the coffee table. Crossing to it, she lifted the shaker, discovered that it was not empty, and poured herself a lukewarm drink. She sipped it fastidiously, her nose wrinkled. She didn't know what it was, but it burned her throat and stomach pleasantly. She was sorry there was not more.

After this she walked into the dining room and kitchen, inspecting each room with a bright, flat gaze. In the kitchen she discovered half a chocolate cake under a glass cover on the table and cut herself a generous slice. She found an apple in a fruit dish in the pantry, and, alternating her bites between apple and cake, she went upstairs.

She peeked into the nursery. By the

dim light of a lamp, she made out two white cribs. She went and looked into them, staring at the sleeping children with an expression of mild disdain. The room smelled sweetly of talcum powder and fresh cotton clothing.

She went into the master's bedroom and put on the light. Her face tightened as she looked about the lovely room. She went over to the bed and put her hand on the rosy satin puff folded at the foot. Her fingers clenched and unclenched a handful of the rich, smooth stuff. At the bureau she opened drawer after drawer, a dull, heavy look in her eyes as she stared at piles of scented handkerchiefs, tissue-thin underwear, layers of sport sweaters, socks, and stockings. "Oh!" she moaned as she lifted a slip, the color and weight of a cloud, and held it against her. Then, glancing at the windows to see that the shades were drawn, she took off her plain, cheap dress and the faded, sleazy slip beneath it. She put on the other slip and stood looking at herself in the mirror, smoothing her hands down over her hips. Then she pulled on her dress, rolled her own slip up into a ball and went into the bathroom. There she buried it, at the bottom of the clothes hamper. She went slowly downstairs, feeling the slip against her thighs as she lifted and lowered her legs.

Edith was sitting primly in a corner of the sofa reading a magazine when the young man and his wife returned at twelve-thirty.

"Thank you so much, wonderful Miss Macomber!" the young man called to her as he entered the room. He was bright-eyed and his cheeks were flushed. His wife's brown curls looked rather limp, but her eyes were happy and luminous and she smiled warmly at Edith.

"Thank you *so* much, dear," she murmured, as she put a bill into Edith's hand.

"Oh, that's all right," Edith said. "I didn't do much."

—DOROTHY HUNT SCHOFIELD

•

PERISH THE THOUGHT DEPT.
(YELLOW PRESS DIVISION)

[*From the Honolulu Star-Bulletin*]

Weary of perpetual changes in ships' plans, bored with promises that are seldom fulfilled, at the mercy of the unions, forced to employ any human who has at least one hand and one leg; stuck with incompetents by the manpower freeze, management looks on postwar optimism with a jaundiced American Mercury.

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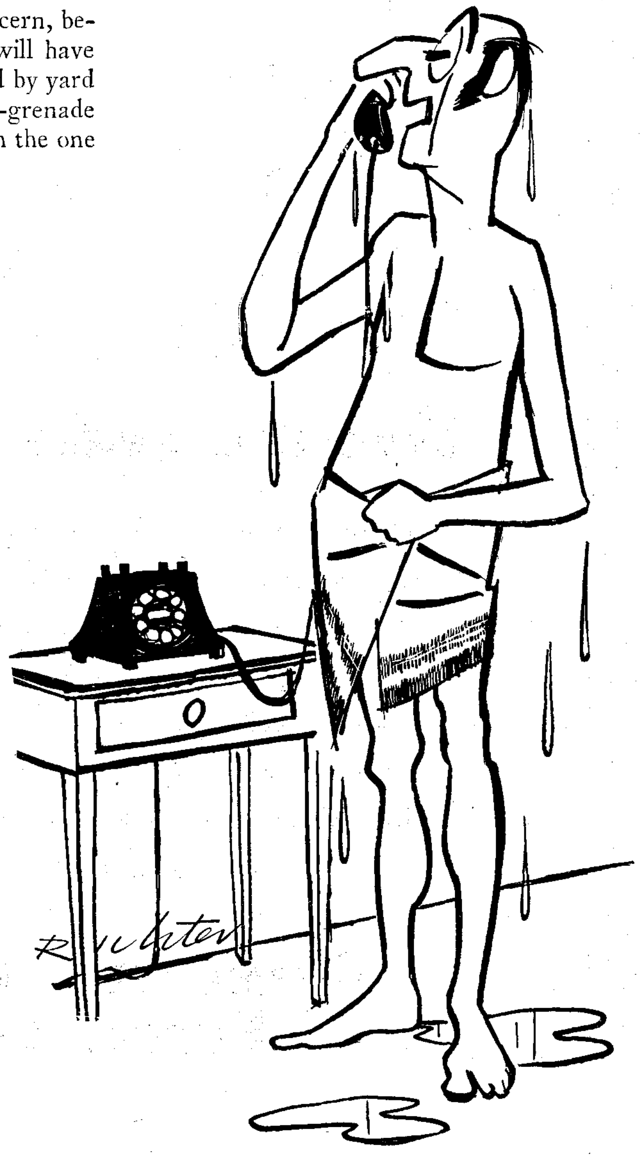
A REPORTER AT LARGE

A BEAT-UP SWASTIKA AND FIFTY SEN

ONE of the high-priority results of our victory over Germany will be the large-scale shifting of our combat forces to the Pacific, a migration to which the War Department has given the formal name of "redeployment." From a lofty and strategic point of view, redeployment is an impersonal, quantitative matter: obviously, the quicker we can throw vast numbers of men and missiles against the Japanese, the quicker will be their defeat and the release of all soldiers from danger and hardship. From the somewhat narrower point of view of the soldier in Europe, whose geographical thoughts seldom encompass an area more than a few hundred yards in diameter, redeployment is a highly personal matter. Pretty soon it is going to be an accomplished fact. Large units of infantrymen, to whom redeployment will be of special concern, because they are the men who will have to explore new battlefields yard by yard and meet new enemies at hand-grenade range, will be transported from the one front to the other. It will be quite a change for them.

Most troops fighting in one theatre of operations have been understandably too busy to pay much attention to any other. A soldier in Germany had a legitimate excuse for knowing only vaguely the shape of things on Okinawa. A soldier's interests are dominated by his own experiences, and, despite the length of this war, only a very small number of men have actually been in front-line ground combat against both the Germans and the Japs. Quite a few airmen have flown missions against both Germany and Japan, and there are many sailors, staff officers, and transport people, as well as such samplers of warfare as military observers, who are entitled to wear on their chests both the yellow ribbon of the Pacific-Asiatic Theatre and the brown-and-green one of the European-Middle Eastern-African Theatre. But the doughboys who wear both, and who already know the answers to the questions a lot of redeployables will soon be asking, are still a tiny group. Several days ago, out at Camp Kilmer, New Jersey, first port of call for many men returning to this country from Europe, I ran into one such man and had a talk with him. He was Staff Sergeant Edward F. Allison, of Alameda, California, who had arrived in the United States from Europe a few hours earlier and was being processed before boarding a train for the West Coast to go on furlough. He is one of the few men who, in a sense, have already been through redeployment.


"Maitland residence."

I met Sergeant Allison in an Army building called the Circus, the interior of which had been appropriately camouflaged with cages, stuffed animals, a brightly costumed band, and the like; it was the scene of a welcome-home party the camp was giving for a group of men just back from Europe. Most of them had blue-and-silver Combat Infantryman Badges on their chests and infantry division insignia on their left shoulders. They looked tired and they looked tough, but they all made polite table talk with the batch of New Jersey young ladies who had been invited to act as hostesses at the party, and they were all grateful for the sandwiches, Coca-Cola, and beer being passed around by the officers and enlisted men permanently assigned to the camp. The hostesses asked them if American girls weren't prettier than English and French girls, and the soldiers said yes. The hostesses urged them to dance and asked them if American girls weren't better dancers than English and French girls, and the soldiers said yes again. Then the soldiers said how much they were looking forward to seeing their wives or girls at home, and the young ladies nodded and said they knew how the men felt. Sergeant Allison, a blond, ruddy, stocky man, was drinking beer with another soldier at one side of the room. Because of the golden acorn on a green background which they wore on their shoulders, I knew they belonged to the Eighty-seventh Infantry Division, which began fighting in Europe last December. They had Combat Infantryman Badges, and Allison was wearing the ribbon of the Silver Star, which is awarded for gallantry in action. I noticed, too, that he had the ribbons of the American, Pacific, and European Theatres, with stars denoting battle service in the last two. When I asked him how he had happened to get into action in both places, he told me to grab myself a beer and sit down beside him.

FIRST of all, the Sergeant explained that before going to Europe he had had two years' service in Alaska and the Aleutians and had fought the Japs on Attu. He had returned to the United States in the spring of 1944 and had, at his request, been assigned to a combat unit which was later shipped to France. He said

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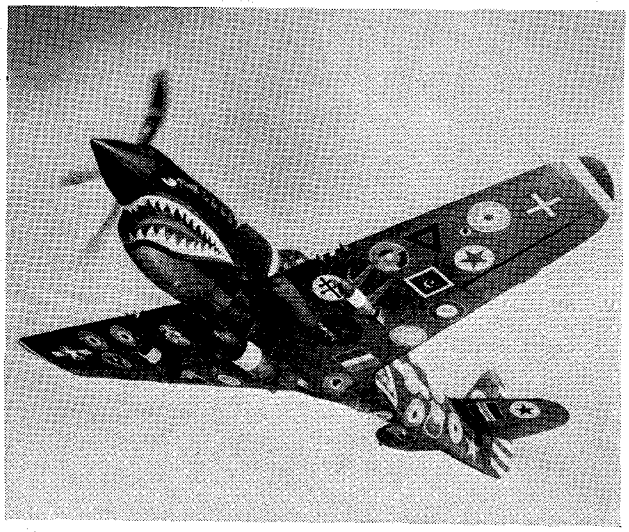

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that he had never heard the word "redeployment" before but that he got the idea. Allison is thirty-two. His military career began when he enlisted on December 3, 1941. I asked him how he had come to pick a date only four days before Pearl Harbor. "I just decided then to join up out of respect for my father," he said. "He was killed in the last war. He was in the infantry, too." Allison was sent to Dutch Harbor, Alaska, in March, 1942, where he was assigned to the Thirty-seventh Infantry, a Regular Army regiment. After training there for a year, he was made a sergeant and became leader of a squad of riflemen. He took his squad through eighteen days of battle on Attu, one of the first campaigns distinguished by the stubbornness of the Japs involved, an exceedingly small percentage of whom ended up as prisoners.

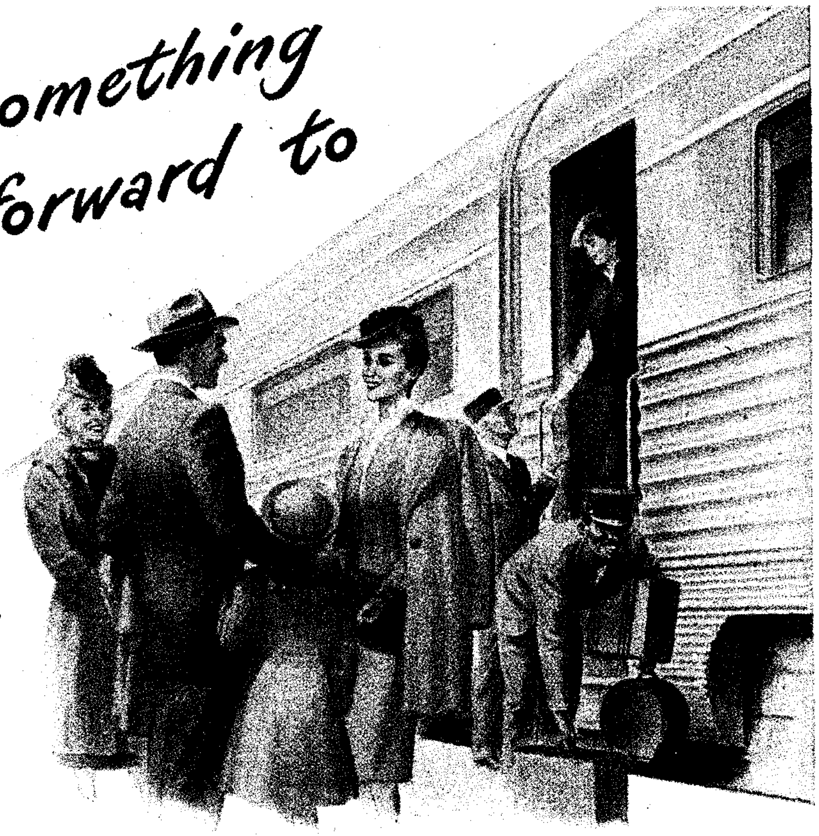
Allison returned to this country in the spring of 1944, he told me, and, as the result of rather strenuously celebrating his homecoming in Seattle, was reduced to the rank of private. "They called it misconduct," he said. He was, however, permitted to keep the Good Conduct Medal, for which he had already qualified. Depressed by the monotonous pattern of the garrison duty to which he was assigned in this country, he asked to be put in a combat unit, was transferred to the Eighty-seventh Division, went with it to Fort Jackson, South Carolina, for training, then began working his way back up through the non-commissioned grades. "I used to be a bad boy," he said, "but the Army made a good boy out of me." He took a long, appreciative swig of beer. "That European beer is no good," he said. "Not even the English. You can drink that all night and never get high. At least sake can get you high. It's made of rice and it tastes terrible." He paused. "But then, I guess schnapps is just about as bad." Such comparisons will probably be made thousands of times at future gatherings of veterans.

The Eighty-seventh sailed in October, stopped briefly in England, and then crossed the Channel and headed for the front. The division, which for the most part fought with the Third Army, was first committed to action at Metz, shortly after Thanksgiving, and later was rushed toward Bastogne at the time of the Nazi breakthrough. Allison's regiment was fairly close to the 106th Infantry Division, which caught the full force of the German assault and was knocked to pieces. "When we saw what was done to them," he said soberly, "our outfit really got together and started working as a team." They were still working, without having been relieved, in the middle of March, when the Sergeant was offered a furlough as an additional reward for the act that won him his decoration for gallantry.

I asked him about his Silver Star. "It wasn't anything," he said. "It just happened to be that a general was looking at me through high-powered binoculars—that's all." What the general saw, I learned when Allison showed me a copy of his citation, was the Sergeant, all by himself, rushing a house containing a German machine-gun nest that had a platoon he was leading pinned to the ground. When he captured the house—he insists that his men deserved as much credit as he did—he bagged six German soldiers, two civilians, and a cache of radio equipment. Allison is inclined to depreciate his exploit. "It was a more or less simple thing to capture a German," he told me. "You went in after him and he yelled '*Kamerad!*,' and there you were. But with a Jap it's different. He's not going to give up till he's really licked or he's dead. You can't just go up to him. The Germans didn't maintain a very good guard around their positions, either, like the Japs do and like we do. One time, in Europe, I had a boy on patrol with me who could speak German. We caught a whole enemy outpost sleeping in their foxholes. This fellow hit the first kraut he saw on the head with his rifle butt, and then, having some fun, bawled him out in German for being asleep and reminded him of the consequences of being caught sleeping on guard. Then he stopped kidding and told him to get his hands up and get the hell out of his hole quick, and that went for his buddies, too. You don't try that sort of stuff with a Jap."

In Europe, Allison said, the Americans more often than not attacked after dark, having found the Germans relatively unskillful at night fighting, whereas on Attu, the Americans dug in at night and didn't budge from their holes, while the Japs prowled around, made confusing noises, and now and then put on one of their frantic banzai charges. "I remember one night they counter-attacked waving long sticks with bayonets tied to the ends of them," Allison said. "They overran a hospital and a command post and we fought them right in the middle of our position. The Germans stayed farther away. As a rule, there aren't many hand-to-hand encounters in war—I've never been in a bayonet fight myself—but I've seen both the Japs and the Germans in them,

Isn't this something to look forward to



"Did you sit up all night?"

"Goodness no! We reclined. We slept like a couple of tops. It was a wonderful trip."

"I must say you both look as fresh as a daisy."

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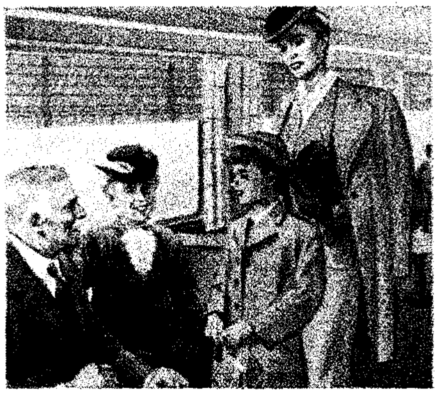

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WILLIAMS IMPORTERS, a Division of R. C. Williams & Co., Inc., 610 5th Avenue, New York and the Japs are better. The Germans didn't have the training for bayonet fighting. I never saw an American lose in a bayonet fight with a German.

"When you come right down to it, the Jap's the better infantry fighter of the two and the German's the better artillery fighter. The Jap works more by the book. The German has more tricks. He was liable to pull anything out of the hat. He'd shoot high with tracers, and when you came out of your hole to look around, he'd let you have grazing fire with a machine gun, using ball ammunition. Or, if he fired at you at night and you fired back, he'd put mortars or eighty-eights on you and make you wish you hadn't said a word. Or, if you were new in the line, he'd shoot high, and while you were shivering down in your foxhole, his infantry would run in under their own fire and shoot into your hole. So when the overhead fire started, you had to raise your head and look around. It paid, if you didn't raise too much of yourself for too long. The Germans are smarter, but they aren't the fighters the Japs are. They don't have the old gumption. They didn't stick it out. American boys did. That's why we won."

A GIGGLING girl threw a peanut at our table and it glanced off Sergeant Allison's ear. "Shrapnel," he said, without looking up. "You know, it's a funny thing, but I never got wounded once." He rapped on the table. "Duds have landed within killing distance of me. Shell fragments and bullets have gone through my clothes. That's close enough. When they gave me a chance to come home on this trip, I decided I'd better take it. You can't duck 'em all. You've got to play your hunches. You know, I left a lot of good boys over there who'll never come back. After three months in the line, about thirty of the hundred and eighty-seven in my company were still in action. The squad I started out with had a heavy turnover. Every time we went out on patrol, there'd be a new lineup. But we won the war because we didn't run weak. We always had fresh blood to throw into the line. I think about the boys I left back there every day. That's the least I can do for them."

I asked Allison if he felt any satisfaction in having been close enough to German and Japanese soldiers to kill them with his own rifle. "Killing is my business," he said matter-of-factly. "Germans are easier to kill, all in all, but I always figured my real fight was with the Japs, because they were the first ones I was up against. There were a few of us in the Eighty-seventh who had fought against both of them, including our division commander, Major General Frank Culin, who was a brigadier with me on Attu. Most of us felt that the Germans' morale was weaker than the Japs', but of course maybe we didn't fight the best Germans. Any way you look at it, though, I preferred the European show. It was actually colder there than in the Aleutians, but you don't get that hard wind you get up north. You know, I'd like to fight in a nice warm jungle for a change. But I suppose you're never satisfied with your terrain. It was hilly and rocky on Attu. The only time we had any good holes for cover or concealment was when we took them away from the Japs. In Europe, we had almost every kind of ground. It's funny about terrain. When you're on open ground, you wish you were in the woods, and when you're in the woods, you wish you were on open ground. I guess I like the woods better, everything considered. There's always the danger of a tree burst, but a tank or a sniper can't get at you so easy."

Infantrymen are the only soldiers who, day in and day out, are obliged to perform their duties within range of enemy small arms, and I asked Allison how, as an experienced target, he felt about the marksmanship of Germans and Japs. "The German's a better shot," he said. "The Jap's not much with a rifle. His rifle has a smaller calibre, and besides, he's not trained to be the shot the German was. But his shooting habits are nastier. The German would always shoot for your head. That's where I think he was wrong. It's too easy to miss you. The Jap will shoot at your belly. Most of the boys I lost in Europe were shot in the head. In a way, that's where I'd sooner be shot at. There was always a chance

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the German would miss you—aim too high or hit your helmet without hurting you—and, if you got the business, you knew you'd get it quick. Of course," he added slowly, evaluating the problem from all angles, "with a stomach wound you usually have a fifty-fifty chance."

SERGEANT ALLISON had only a little time left in which to check his belongings before leaving for California on his furlough, so we left the Circus and headed toward his barracks. On the way, I asked if he had many souvenirs. "The usual stuff," he said. "A Mauser rifle, a couple of helmets, a beat-up old swastika flag, a cigarette lighter, and a pistol. I got the pistol on the boat coming home off a lieutenant who said he took it off that mad colonel of St. Malo. And then I've got a fistful of foreign money, naturally—German, French, Belgian, and some Italian I traded for." I asked how he had made out with Jap souvenirs, and he said he had some Jap money, too—fifty sen—along with a rifle and a helmet, out in California, at the home of a friend. He had no family, he explained, to send them to. He isn't married and he has no relatives that he knows of. A few years after he was born, in Batavia, Illinois, just outside of Chicago, his mother died, and, since his father was also dead, he was sent to an orphanage. After having had various odd jobs, he went to the West Coast in 1935 and when he enlisted, he was a bellhop at the California Club, in Los Angeles. He was planning to spend his furlough in Alameda, at the home of a lady with whom he boarded before he joined up. She is his official Army next of kin and is also listed as the beneficiary of his government insurance policy. "When I think back," he said, "I'm surprised she hasn't collected on it."

—E. J. KAHN, JR.

•

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No one can believe, what is more, that Russia really cares who is the chairman of the San Francisco conference. The job is largely ornamental.—*Raymond Moley, in the same paper, same day.*

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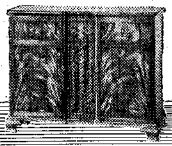

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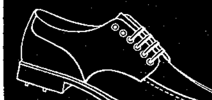

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THE ART GALLERIES

Repetition and Change

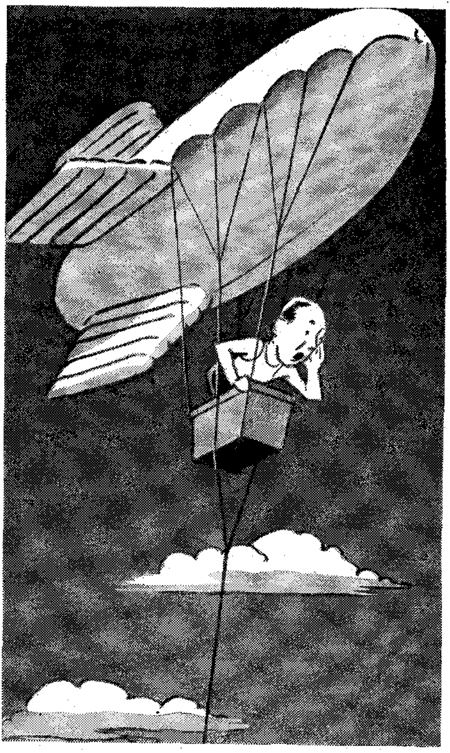
Yves Tanguy, the ex-naval officer who turned artist more or less in mid-career, has, for the past fifteen years or so, been painting an endless series of variations on a single subject, and he has been doing this with such assiduity that by now his oddly opalescent bone structures, set down gleaming on a cloudy, limitless plain, have acquired something of the value of a trademark. Like Chagall's floating bridesmaids and Utrillo's white houses, Tanguy's subjects have become fixedly and irrevocably his. No one else dares touch them, for fear of being branded instantly as an imitator, and it has come to the point where if you see a picture of some bones on a misty plain in a show, you can be pretty sure it's a Tanguy, while, conversely, if you go to a Tanguy exhibition—as, for example, the one now at the Pierre Matisse—you can be pretty sure of seeing bones on a misty plain.

Now, this is unquestionably a fault, as far as Tanguy's development is concerned, as well as dangerously close to being restraint of trade. No artist should confine his talent to so narrow a range of expression, whatever the reason, and I think Tanguy has probably fallen short of his full development as an artist by not striving for a broader outlook. And yet, having said so much in apparent dispraise of his work, I should add that in spite of its surface monotony, there is something about it that makes it perennially delightful.

That something is hard to define, but there's no doubt that its prime components are taste and a feeling for textures and pattern that, though limited in scope, are little short of impeccable. I think, too, that this side of Tanguy's artistic equipment—his ability purely as a craftsman, let's say—has been often overlooked in considering his painting. It is too easy to say, as some do, that he has merely stumbled on a formula which he keeps repeating. That would be to say that the formula itself—clouds, distances, glittering fragments—is the important thing, and that any combination of these ingredients must inevitably produce an attractive picture, a conclusion that on the face of it is ridiculous. There is more to his work than that—a kind of innocence, a bright, effortless evocation—and though these qualities may come from Tanguy's own mind, they would hardly be enough to give his painting value without the technical facility to back them up.

His work has little direct meaning, or even indirect suggestion, either. Philosophically, it is very hazy. But it seems to be almost a rule of modern painting (and it is one the Surrealists follow religiously) that the cloudier and more obscure the symbolism intended, the more exact and meticulously realistic its portrayal must be, and Tanguy has been wise indeed to develop his painting skills to this end in recent years. That he has done so with profit the current collection testifies. Seen purely as painting, as the faithful rendition of surfaces and textures, this show offers the best work he has done to date. The bones that fill his foregrounds are quite palpably bones, white and chalky, and the parchment-like covering in which he sometimes encloses them (see "La Tour Marine" and "Par Deux Fois") is dry and thin and brittle, as parchment should be. They may not mean much as symbols, and they may seem willful and arbitrary in their groupings, but they have at least the power of verisimilitude, and an uneasy and tremulous suggestion arises from them on account of it. It is this one thing, this quality of making the unreal seem real, so to speak, which lifts Tanguy's painting consistently above the level of pure decoration. There are times, as in "Les Couleurs Equivoques" and the large, rather intricately organized "Ma Vie Blanche et Noire," when it carries his work well up into the regions of true poetry.

If Tanguy paints much the same subjects year after year, Max Ernst, a fellow-Surrealist, is at the opposite extreme, letting hardly a year go by without radically changing his style. Last year, for example, it was jungles that interested him—the jungles of the mind and the subconscious, to be sure, but green and steamy and fringe-foliaged, nonetheless. This year it is geometry that has taken his fancy, and his new exhibition, at the Julien Levy, from the portrait called "Euclide" on through the half dozen or so pieces of sculpture that are on view with the paintings, is full of references to the triangle, the square, and the circle. The sculpture is a really new venture, since this is



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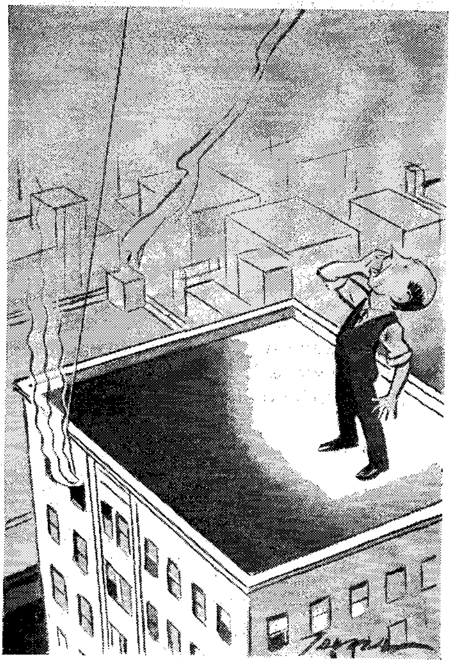

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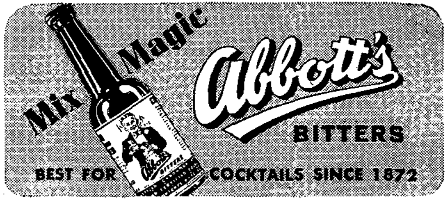

his first showing of any size in this medium, and I found it, surprisingly, rather better than the painting—surer, solider, and, in such pieces as "Two in One" and "Nude in Exile," endowed with a strong feeling for volume and balance.

AT the Midtown, they have some Guatemalan paintings by Doris Rosenthal, who till now has confined her attention rather closely to Mexico. There's not much difference in the scenery of the two republics, however, and there's a considerable similarity in the ways of life of their inhabitants, and Miss Rosenthal's approach to the new locale is as simple and sympathetic as ever. The great value of her work, now as always, is that there is not an ounce of the patronizing in her attitude toward her subjects. There is no dressing up of the facts and no toning down of them either, no striving for quaintness. If it's a poor little country inn she is depicting, as in "Comedor," she shows the heat and the sprawling crowdedness of the place, but she shows it without emphasis and without comment, as something perfectly natural and agreeable to the people in it, and the effect of immediacy and intimacy that results is remarkable. I liked, too, "Plume Dance" and the somnolent "Pensión Granada," as well as the lovely green "Flowers and Fruit."

—ROBERT M. COATES

•

Ned was exiled to the government leper colony on Culion Island off Manila. Here he lived like Crusoe for 30 years, kept sane by association with his 2,700 fellow patients.—*From a book review in the Chicago Daily News.*

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•

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•

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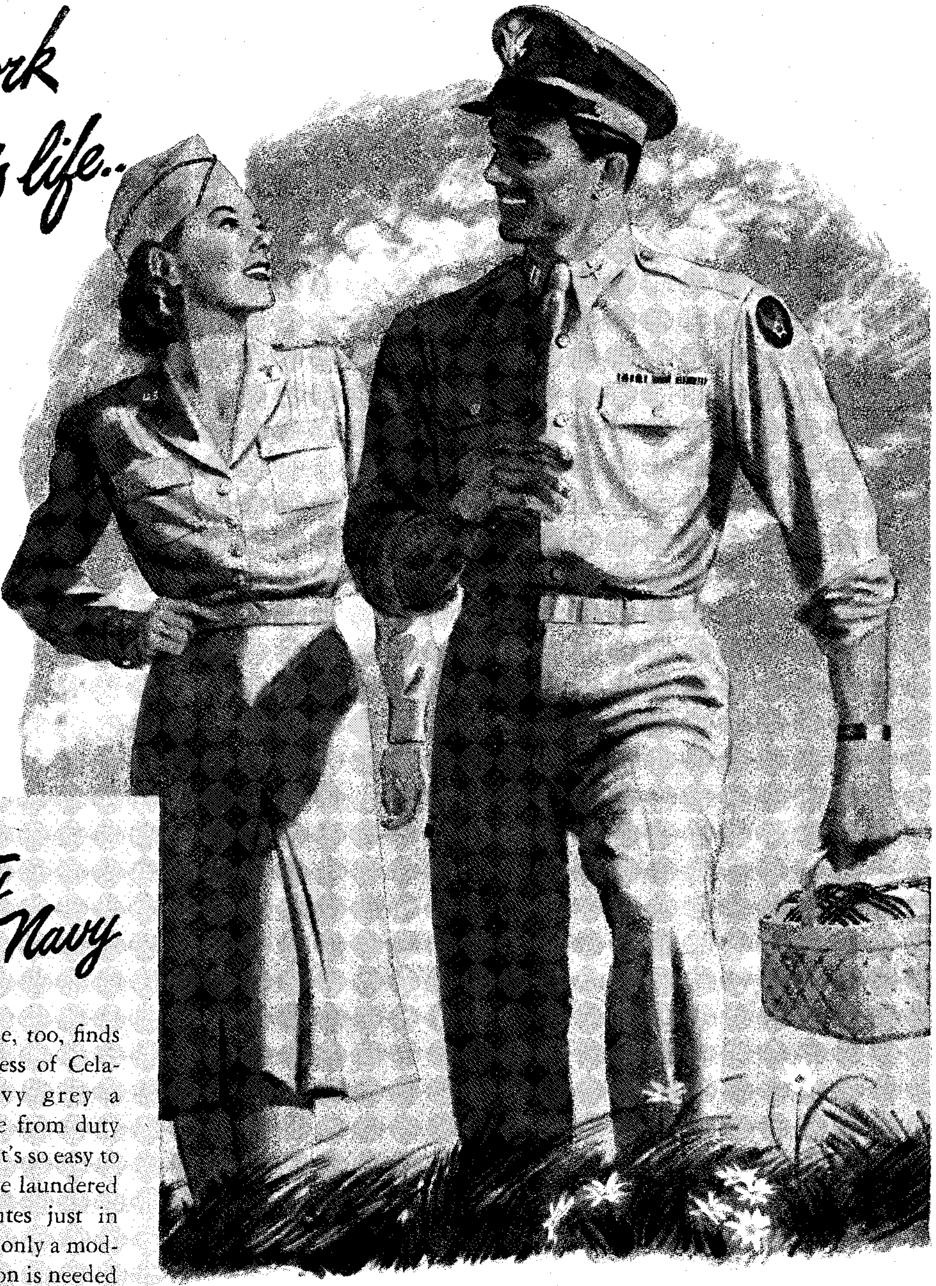
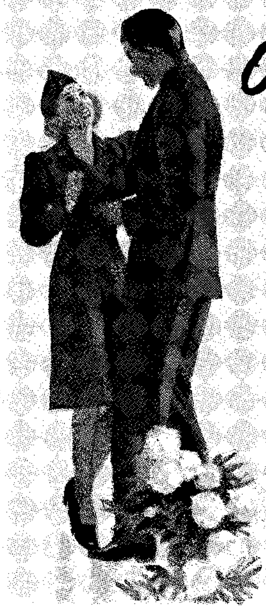


Off duty in the Navy



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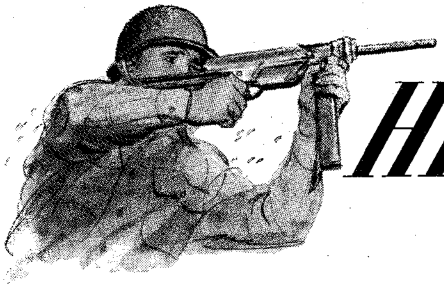

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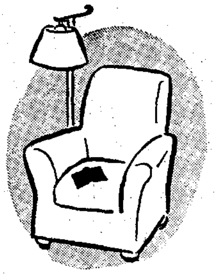
BOOKS

The Aesthetic Man

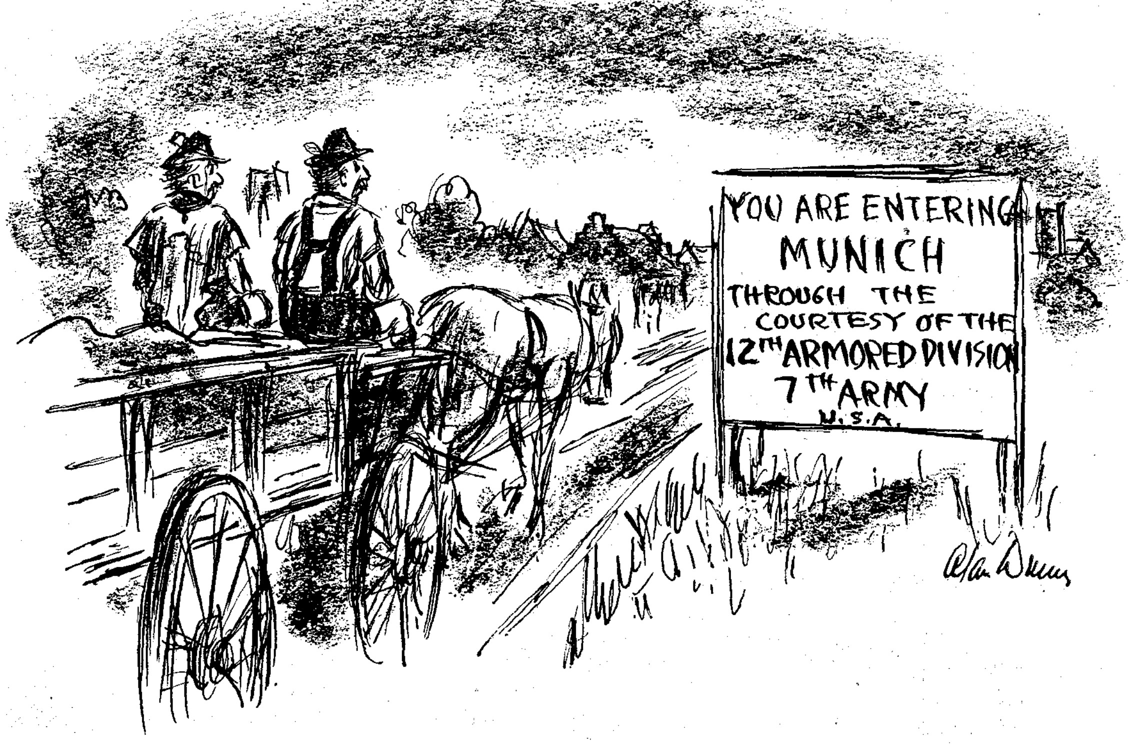


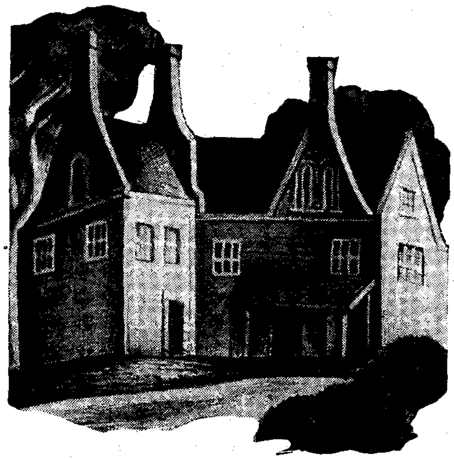
George Moore, in William Gaunt's "The Aesthetic Adventure" (Harcourt, Brace), is quoted as saying of Whistler, a rather small man, that if he had weighed a few pounds more he would have been the equal of Velasquez. After reading Mr. Gaunt's book, a comprehensive study of the writers and painters who figured in the so-called art-for-art's-sake movement in England, with references to its cross-fertilization by the similar movement in France, I wonder if, by revising Moore's judgment slightly, we might not cover that whole chapter in English letters (forgetting, for the moment, the painters involved) by saying that with a little more weight it would have been one of the great periods in literature. The fact that it wasn't, and that all its alarms and excursions seem a bit old-fashioned now, doesn't keep it from being a very interesting one. It also had an importance that is probably far greater than that of the literature it produced. The authors who participated in the art-for-art's-sake adventure in England—Swinburne, Pater, Oscar Wilde, and the rest—were not the best writers in the world, but, as Mr. Gaunt shows, they marked the emergence of a new kind of artist, using the word in the sense in which it generally has quotation marks around it, and they represented the crystallization of a special point of view. Just as the economists of the early- and middle-nineteenth century turned their subject into what it pleased them to call a science and invented the "economic man," so did the cult and cultivation of art for art's sake, as the author points out, produce the "aesthetic man." These two fellows may not look alike, but nobody need be fooled; they are the nineteenth century's unidentical twins.

The real theme of Mr. Gaunt's book, and its real interest, is the rise of the "aesthetic man." However, since he is shrewd enough to understand that few people would care much about this particular piece of genealogy, he has made it part of a larger design and written a social, literary, and artistic history of the period covered by the art-for-art's-sake experiment—quite a good history, too. It is not nearly so comprehensive as it might be, but it contains all the essential information about the somewhat *enfant-terrible* movement that began, roughly speaking, with the publication of Théophile Gautier's "Mademoiselle de Maupin" in 1835 and ended, still roughly speaking, with the trial of Oscar Wilde on a morals charge in 1895. Many persons appeared on the art-for-art's-sake stage in those sixty years—Gautier, Rimbaud, Verlaine, Mallarmé, Baudelaire, Manet, Monet, Toulouse-Lautrec, Cézanne, van Gogh, Whistler, Swinburne, Pater, Beardsley, the Rossettis, and so on. Each played a rôle, major or minor, in the movement; each had a part, major or minor, in the fathering of the "aesthetic man."

It's about time, I suppose, to point out this man, and the movement he represented, for what they were, or, rather, for what Mr. Gaunt, who brought the whole thing up, says they were. "The 'aesthetic man,'" the author says, "recognized no duties, pursued no interests, save those of art. . . . He was indifferent to religion, morality, education, political principle, or social improvement. . . . The aesthetic movement was fundamentally selfish. . . . Only, it seemed, by a determined egotism could the precious grain of beauty be separated from the common substance in which it lay concealed. . . . The movement was never popular in Britain. . . . Though it had a profound effect in a limited circle it was uneasily placed between the prejudice of idealist and Philistine alike. . . . The denial of moral purpose, the compression of what has to be said into an exact form . . . were alien to its [Britain's] complex and romantic genius."

There are two things about this summing up that bother me. The first is that I think Mr. Gaunt is making a mistake in presuming that the "aesthetic man" passed away with the nineteenth century (he is still very much with us, I'm afraid), and the second is that I feel that the failure of the art-for-art's-sake movement in England, as measured by the quality of the work that came out of it, had deeper causes than those Mr. Gaunt gives. We get near the root of the matter if we measure the work done in France, under the impetus of the same set of drives, against that turned out in England. The literary and artistic work produced by the art-for-art's-sake movement in England was not, as Mr. Gaunt says, altogether negligible, but certainly nobody is going to argue that this work was on the same high level as that in France—that Swinburne is the equal of Baude-





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DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

laire, for instance, or that Whistler, for all his merit, belongs in the company of van Gogh and Cézanne. More is involved here, it seems to me, than differences of talent and ability. What is strongly suggested is that whereas the Frenchmen of the time were following a natural and perhaps inevitable pattern of development, the Englishmen of the art-for-art's-sake group, as well as Whistler, that tumbleweed of an American, were moving outside the orbit of their own social frame and culture. They represented a rebellion against the standards and values of Victorian England, and they were a crowd of cultivated, perhaps overcultivated, Dead End kids, but I can't see that their rebellion got them anywhere except to another dead end. The less flamboyant writers of the time, men like Browning, Tennyson, and Matthew Arnold, who didn't hunt for their primary nourishment and inspiration in alien climates, left an infinitely more substantial body of work, and the more social-minded rebels of the era, such as Ruskin and William Morris, would appear to have kicked over the traces to a rather better effect—they, at least, made an effort to attack causes and not symptoms.

One thing that struck me over and over again, as I read Mr. Gaunt's book, was that the group of men he was writing about represented what might be called the original lost generation. If you don't look too hard, it's difficult to tell it from succeeding lost generations, including the one godmothered by Miss Gertrude Stein. I don't know what the moral is, or even if there is a moral. It may be, however, that the sensitive minority of every generation cannot help but feel lost (even Emerson did at times) and must find itself, if for no other reason than that it *is* a minority, outside the ordinary drift and current of its time. It may be, too, that one doesn't escape lostness by turning one's back on one's country, and that being lost in Paris, or any equivalent of Paris, isn't really much better than being lost at home. —HAMILTON BASSO

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

PRIDE'S WAY, by Robert Molloy (Macmillan). Those who have been complaining that we never get any more comfortable, old-fashioned novels which present few problems but are at the same time not too cozy for the intelligent reader ought to be pleased with this one. A novel with an old lady for a heroine is always a

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risk, and picturesque Charleston as a background is downright dangerous, but Mr. Molloy has set his old lady bang in the midst of crape myrtles, fish vendors, courtly old gentlemen, turbaned *maumas* on the Battery, and all that, and got away with it. Not in the least an important book, but a pleasing one, written with humor and a nice satiric touch.

BORDER CITY, by Hart Stilwell (Doubleday, Doran). A readable novel which, though it is rather glib, manages to draw you into the thick of the uneven racial conflict between Americans and Mexicans in a small town on the Mexican border. When a gentle Mexican girl is raped by the political boss of the town, a young reporter on the town newspaper makes her cause his own, only to discover that he has taken on the whole political setup of Border City. Needless to say, he takes on the girl, too. A brisk narrative style and plenty of sly digs at the Good Neighbor policy as preached (not practiced) by the town's white citizenry take your mind off the fact that the book is none too well written.

COMING HOME, by Lester Cohen (Viking). This is a great week for rape, and political bosses too. Mr. Cohen's story opens fortissimo with an attack by an aged but lively Pittsburgh political boss on a young Polish girl whose lover is in the Marines. When the soldier comes home from Guadalcanal and finds what has happened to his girl, he beats up the politician and lands in jail, from which there is every chance he will be railroaded to a long prison term. With the aid of a crusading lawyer, he manages, in his trial, to expose political corruption that reaches even beyond his enemy. Mr. Cohen has no more style than a jack rabbit, but his book affords a certain entertainment.

ASK NO QUARTER, by George Marsh (Morrow). A better than average historical novel by a literate writer who shows an easy familiarity with the special character of Colonial Rhode Island, where part of the scene is laid. The story is largely concerned with a poor boy who takes to privateering, gets command of a ship, and makes his fortune in a long cruise to the West Indies. He returns to Newport to deal satisfactorily with his enemies and marry the heroine. There are some chapters in which Mr. Marsh manages a sailing vessel superbly. If he only had equal ability to control his characters, who talk the

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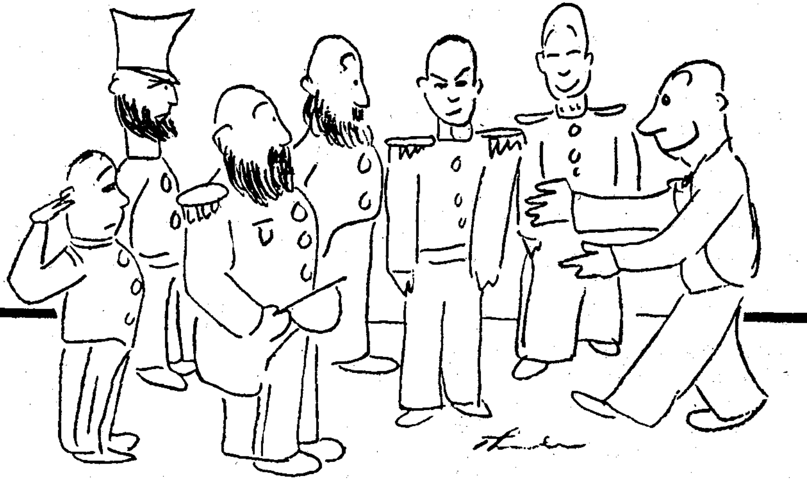

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reader's head off, his novel would have benefited.

THE HIGHER HILL, by Grace Campbell (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). The chronicle of a likable Ontario family before and during the War of 1812. Mrs. Campbell has a nice eye for women busy in a fragrant kitchen, a facility for picturing homey farmyard scenes, and a sincere sense of family loyalties, but in spite of that her novel is never more than a prettified story with careful historical trimmings.

GENERAL

JAPANESE MILITARISM, by John M. Maki (Knopf). Militarism and aggression, says Mr. Maki, an American of Japanese ancestry who was a college professor before he took a war job with the government, are only the tactical objectives of our war against Japan. The real objectives, beyond the military defeat of Japan, are the ideas, the attitudes, the social institutions, and the economic structure that have brought about her aggressive militarism. He examines these elements of Japanese society and urges the victorious United Nations to introduce into Japan new ideas that will enable the Japanese to grow out of their almost infantile political immaturity. This is much easier said than done, and Mr. Maki isn't very helpful at telling us how to go about it, but it is rather pleasant, for a change, to come across a man who doesn't know all the answers. Anyone who has not given Japan the hard and careful attention she deserves could hardly find a better book to begin with.

OF LIFE AND LOVE, by Emil Ludwig (Philosophical Library). Mr. Ludwig, who has already considered such diverse subjects as Napoleon, Beethoven, Goethe, and the life story of the river Nile, has now turned his attention to more complex matters. Among the essays included in this book are musings on jealousy, hate, greatness, Don Juan, Casanova, divorce, and just plain sex. He offers a few curious conclusions, such as that a great pianist who is married eight times is more inclined toward monogamy than most men who marry but once; he also presents many conclusions, such as that a man who doesn't notice his wife's new dress is a goose, that sound as though he had been taking a stiff seminar in Dorothy Dix. Mr. Ludwig's prose has a certain man-of-the-world strut, as if he were under the impression that it belongs in a devilish and highly sophisticated book, but this sort of deviltry, and this sort of sophistication, began to wear thin with Arthur Schnitzler and other members of the Austrian whipped-cream-with-coffee school.

FIGHTING LIBERAL, by George W. Norris (Macmillan). The posthumously published autobiography of the late dean of American liberals, with a detailed account of the legislative battles he engaged in. Mr. Norris writes as he spoke, plainly and bluntly, and the philosophy he puts forward, a mixture of Populism, Christianity, and the New Deal, is the philosophy he lived by. Few modern American legislators left a more substantial record of achievement behind them, but most of the politics in Mr. Norris's book is beginning to show its age; even his classic struggle against "Cannonism" seems to belong to a distant, happier, and more innocent time. In the earlier part of his story, in which he tells of his youth and young manhood in Nebraska, he has written an authentic American document that belongs on the same shelf as Hamlin Garland and other chroniclers of the middle border. Illustrated.

AN INVITATION TO CHESS, by Irving Chernev and Kenneth Harkness (Simon & Schuster). Two editors of a chess magazine have whipped up a manual, elementary enough at the start to explain the movements of the pieces but graduating before long to a discussion of principles and a step-by-step analysis of sample contests. Clear and cerebral, as a book on chess should be, and illustrated with photographs and diagrams.

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BY BUFORD SOMMERS
UNITED PRESS STAFF CORRESPONDENT

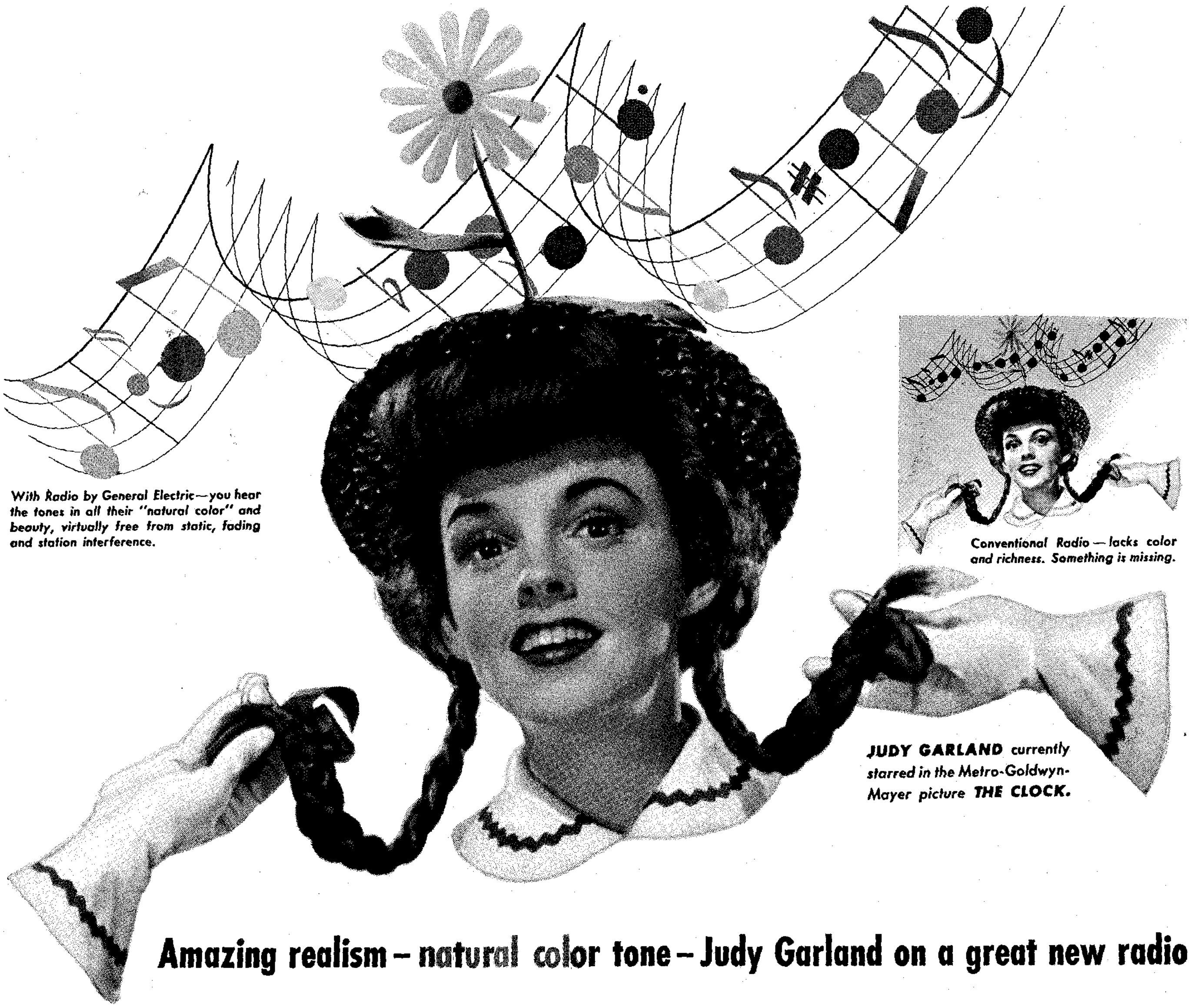
PORTLAND, ORE., APRIL 26.—(UP)—TEN THOUSAND ALCOHOLICS (ANONYMOUS AND PARTIALLY IDENTIFIED) TODAY WERE BEATING THE BRUSH IN THE HILLS OF SOUTHWEST PORTLAND IN QUEST OF THE TRAIL TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OREGON MEDICAL SCHOOL, EAGER TO GIVE THEIR THIRSTS TO SCIENCE.

THE ONSLAUGHT STEMMED FROM NEWS THAT LEAKED OUT OF THE MEETING YESTERDAY OF THE OREGON LIQUOR CONTROL COMMISSION DISCLOSING THAT THE MEDICAL SCHOOL WAS ABOUT TO TEST THE EFFECTS OF A SNOOTFUL ON THE HUMAN SYSTEM. A SAD NOTE WAS SOUNDED FOR A MOMENT WHEN IT DEVELOPED THAT THE

KILL IT

—*Teletype message sent by the United Press.*

Aw, shucks!



With Radio by General Electric—you hear the tones in all their "natural color" and beauty, virtually free from static, fading and station interference.

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♪ These revolutionary *Frequency Modulation* radios reproduce the thrilling tones and overtones of voice and instrument against a background of velvety silence . . . unbelievably free from static, fading, and station interference.

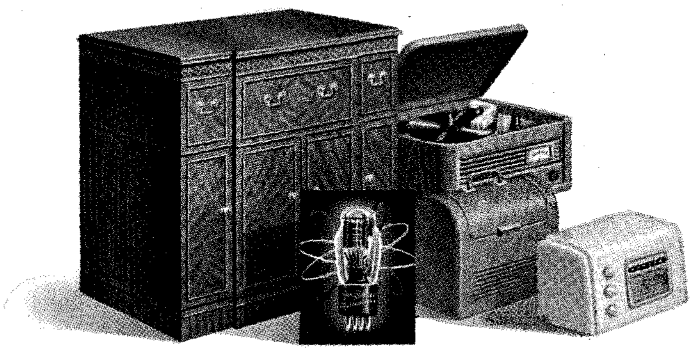
Everything in Radio and Television

♪ This newest kind of radio is only one of the amazing models at popular prices General Electric will offer after the war. There also will be standard radios, radio-phonographs with a startling new system of tone reproduction, and the new revolutionary self-charging portable.

♪ General Electric television receivers, too, with their large clear pictures, will set an entirely new standard in home entertainment.

FREE: A fascinating booklet, "YOUR COMING RADIO." 28 pages—handsomely illustrated in full color. A forecast of what radios—radio-phonographs and television receivers will be like after the war. For your free copy mail a postcard with the title, "YOUR COMING RADIO" and your name and address to Electronics Department, General Electric, Schenectady, N. Y.

Hear the G-E radio programs: *"The World Today" news, Monday through Friday, 6:45 p.m.,* EWT, CBS. *"The G-E All-Girl Orchestra," Sunday 10 p.m.,* EWT, NBC. *"The G-E House Party," Monday through Friday, 4 p.m.,* EWT, CBS.



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